The Transition

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THE TRANSITION.

"They sat—just two lovers—but all the dreams of the past, all the joys of the present, all the hopes of the future, seemed within their grasp."—Page 125.
(*Frontispiece.*)

The Transition

BY

JOHN L. HILL

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TO THOSE BEARING BURDENS BUT
GATHERING STRENGTH THIS
BOOK IS DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

FOREWORD

Religion has always been an essential, though a differential one. Time was when it was as a torch flaming in the darkness of misconception and superstition, lighting man on to worthy effort and successful achievement.

Though, ethically and altruistically, it has been the basis of all advancement, yet there are many of us who regard it as less important than the arts and sciences, forgetting that progression in these very branches has been due, mainly, to its influence.

Admitting, then, that it has been an absolute, positive factor in civilization, it is obviously inconsistent to relegate it to a secondary place in the affairs of man.

It should be a part of man's every day life, not a psychological phase to be entered upon on Sundays.

All the law and the prophets are contained in the golden rule and its greater adjunct; and the application of these two comprehensive truths in the conduct of business and in the social convenances can be productive only of immeasurable good.

Perfect equity we have long admired,

but with a passive admiration, and to render it less abstractly ideal, to bring it into greater subjectivity, so to speak, would certainly not tend to retard man's progress.

Religion, generally speaking, is to-day considered a profession and its expositors are styled "reverend," which title is a reminder of the days when the clergy drew harrowing pictures of Dante's Inferno and spoke as men having authority to deal out eternal damnation; when the laity accepted the Simon Stylites and the Flagellants as the scapegoats of humanity and continued to transgress, safe, as they thought, in the belief that such sacrifice would find acceptance in the sight of a just Creator.

Methinks respect for the clergy was due as much to a wholesome awe of pontifical supremity, armed as it was with the dreaded weapons of excommunication and anathema maranatha, as to admiration for and belief in the infallibility of the chosen few.

We, in a more enlightened age, believe that ordination is not so much the working out of any law of predestination as the outcome of a theological education.

It does not follow that because a man is well versed in the Scriptures, he has nec-

essarily risen superior to the temptations of the flesh, any more than he has escaped its ills.

The true preacher is he who declares any truth, whether political or sociological, not he who is an adept alone in sectarian polemics; that eloquence which is a primary requisite of effective persuasion in any line, is born of earnestness, not of homiletics.

In working out the industrial problems we have come to the conclusion that division of labor is the speediest solution thereof.

Each man has his work to do and it is only in descending, for the nonce, to our brother's level, in taking our place at his side, that we can best understand his needs, intellectually and otherwise. Only he who thoroughly understands the conditions under which his fellow men are working, only he who is fully conversant with their aims and aspirations, only he who is fully aware of the obstructions in their path, can best aid them to attain their ends and overcome their difficulties.

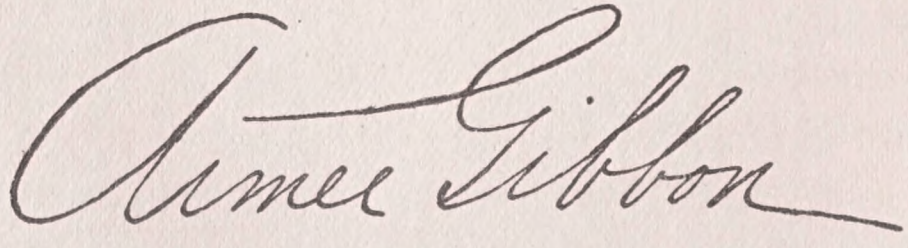
The clergyman of the future will differ "in toto" from the clergyman of to-day. He will command our admiration not as a being set apart, but as a broad-minded worker in the world.

He will no longer look upon the interpretation of the Word as a means to a livelihood; he will deliver his sermons, not at the rate of so much per annum, but because they will be helpful to his struggling fellow men.

His preaching will supplement his practice and not vice versa.

He will not be the exalted idealist of apostolic times, not the dispenser of execrations of the Middle Ages, but a man like ourselves, prone to err, though gifted with a keener insight into the light of things.

It is indeed a good and pleasant thing to be able to apply what I have said to the striking novel which follows—a work of fact not of fiction, yet teaching its fact-lessons with a delightful fiction-color; "philosophy," as Macaulay said of history, "teaching by examples." The author's strongest point is that he leaves US *to draw the moral, and the moral is the most tremendous that can concern the soul of man to-day.*



New York, April, 1909.

The Transition

CHAPTER I.

In the mail received by Dr. Haley, Dean of the Theological Seminary at Lebanon, Tennessee, on the morning of May 20, 1895, was a letter, as follows:

PRINCETON, KY., May 17, 1895.

REV. J. M. HALEY, D.D.,
Lebanon, Tenn.

DEAR DR. HALEY: As you are perhaps aware, Dr. Ferguson, who has been pastor of our church for the last twenty-three years, has tendered us his resignation, to take effect May thirty-first.

We feel that on account of the large number of young people in our congregation, we should have a young man, one sound in the faith and fully abreast of the times. Dr. Ferguson has consented to remain in our midst, and his successor, of course, will have the benefit of his long experience and conservative advice.

If you have in the graduating class a man you think would be suited to us, please advise me, and we will invite him to visit us and occupy our pulpit at an early date.

Very respectfully yours,
WM. J. TARVIN.

To the above communication the following reply was sent:

LEBANON, TENN., May 20, 1895.

COL. WM. J. TARVIN,
Princeton, Ky.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Your letter of the seventeenth instant received, and contents carefully noted. I am fully appreciative of the situation at Princeton, and the needs of that congregation. I regret to learn that Dr. Ferguson has resigned. He has maintained the dignity of the Princeton pulpit for more than two decades; but, on account of his age, and the more aggressive spirit of the times, a change might be advisable. It is wise, however, to have him remain as advisory pastor, and in view of this fact I am going to suggest a young man whom I should hesitate to recommend in different circumstances. His name is John Hatton. His grades are below a number of others in the class, but he has personality—he does his own thinking. While he is not always entirely orthodox, he has an earnest simplicity, and his straightforward manner at once disarms his critics and wins their sympathy and confidence. He is not a book-worm, but is a great student of human nature. He is bold and aggressive, but thoroughly loyal to the fundamental principles of Christianity.

He has been disposed to question some of our denominational tenets, but has no disposition to as-

sail any of our doctrines; his convictions are always honest.

My conclusions, then, are, that it would be a most happy arrangement to locate him in Princeton, for Dr. Ferguson can exercise a wholesome influence over him, and save him to our cause. Our denomination will need him, for he is bound to come to the front. I shall watch his career with great interest.

Hoping that you will give him due consideration, I am,

Most sincerely yours,

J. M. HALEY.

P. S.—Another point I failed to mention is that Brother Hatton is not what you would call a polished man. He comes of poor, but honest and sterling parentage, his family being connected with some of the best blood in the South.

When he forgets himself and becomes lost in the themes of his sermons he is a most inspiring and commanding figure.

I have entered into these details that you may not be disappointed on first acquaintance with him.

J. M. H.

Col. Tarvin was much impressed with Dr. Haley's letter, and on the following Sunday morning called a meeting of the church session and read the letter to the Elders. After considerable discussion it was unanimously decided that the Rev. Mr. Hatton be

invited to visit Princeton the following Sunday and preach at the morning service.

Dr. Ferguson, the retiring pastor, fully concurred in the wisdom of the action, feeling highly complimented by the suggestion in Dr. Haley's letter. Accordingly, on the next day, Col. Tarvin wrote the young minister an invitation to visit the Princeton church at the time suggested, and also to be a guest in his home.

The first great surprise of John Hatton's life was the receipt of Col. Tarvin's letter. Every other good thing that had come to him had always been the result of well planned and faithfully executed work. He, from very early boyhood, had looked forward to the advantages of a collegiate education, always keenly alive to the fact that they would be his only by self-denial and ceaseless toil. Through the eight years of school life he had not been thinking as to where his active ministry might begin, or of what position he should occupy. He had been content to prepare himself for some useful place, never worrying about what that place should be. A deep student of existing conditions, great problems, and the crying needs of human life, he had not been anxious about material might, or personal preferment. Honor he had not sought, and to be thus invited to visit the historic Princeton church, with the view of becoming its pastor, was a breath-taking surprise.

Without hesitation, however, he wrote the following characteristic note to Col. Tarvin:

LEBANON, TENN., June 1, 1895.

COL. W. J. TARVIN,
Princeton, Ky.

DEAR SIR: Replying to your communication received to-day, I beg to say that you may expect me to occupy the Princeton pulpit next Sunday morning. Please accept my thanks for the invitation to your home, for I shall be very glad to avail myself of your hospitality.

Very respectfully yours,
JOHN HATTON.

Meanwhile an announcement had appeared in the denominational paper published at Nashville, Tenn., to the effect that Dr. Ferguson had resigned the Princeton pastorate, and that most likely some member of the Senior Theological class at Lebanon would be invited to visit the church with the view of becoming pastor.

A group of students stood on the corner of the post-office square in Lebanon, discussing the Princeton announcement, which had come as a surprise. There was some speculation as to who would be called to succeed Dr. Ferguson, and several of the more pretentious seniors at once assumed an air of great importance. There was Finis X. Farrar, the most "cultured" as well as the most "exclusive" member of the class, and it was thought by the ma-

jority that he, most likely, would be the favored one; J. Frank Smithers was the handsomest man and the best orator in the class, and some thought that he would be the choice of Princeton; and then there was Herbert I. Wicker, decidedly the most pious man in the class. Wicker had made the best grades in the study of "Miller on Clerical Manners," and had even trained his clerical voice down to a degree of perfection which might well be the envy of many clergymen of experience.

Naturally there was much speculation, but as yet, no one knew whom the Princeton people had under consideration.

On the Friday morning before Hatton was to go to Princeton, Dr. Haley, at the close of the hour on Homiletics, called Hatton aside and asked him to remain in the classroom a few minutes after the others had gone out. In his blunt, frank way, he said:

"Hatton, have you heard anything from Princeton?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hatton. "I had a note from a Col. Tarvin. Do you know him?"

"Yes, I know him—met him at the Kentucky Synod. He is a fine man, the leading man in the church at Princeton and Chairman of the Official Board, I believe. What did he say to you, Hatton?"

"Oh, he asked me whether I could go to Princeton and preach for them next Sunday."

"And you are going, I suppose? Do you think you could fill the place?"

"I don't know, Doctor, but I could try."

"Hatton, I want to ask you one question, and if you can answer that, then you can fill the Princeton pulpit, or any other. Do you know the difference between a flagpole and a sapling?"

Hatton reflected a moment, then replied: "There are many differences, Doctor, but to my mind, the main one is, a sapling grows—a flagpole does not."

"Good, my boy," exclaimed the gruff Doctor. Then in his ruggedly pathetic way he said:

"Hatton, I want to talk to you a few minutes. I recommended you to Princeton. You may not have known it, but I have been watching you with very great interest since the time you joined the Presbytery. And when I heard your first paper as a probationer, I said the day would come when you would be heard from. I would not talk thus to you, but that the school of hard knocks has developed you beyond the point of being spoiled. You have yet much to overcome, but you will succeed. I can appreciate your difficulties, if they really are difficulties; they may be turned to great advantage, if properly used."

"I, too, was born in the backwoods. I thought my father's house stood exactly in the middle of the world, for in every direction the earth and sky seemed to come together, at just the same distance from our house. I never wore a pair of shoes until

I was twelve years old, and I never saw a railroad train until I was twenty, but the Lord has been good to me."

"You, being naturally endowed with strong physique, clear brain and stout heart, need have no fears as to your success. You will appear awkward to the Princeton people, but forget that you have hands and feet, and think only of your message. Be conservative in your thought, for they are a very conservative people. If Dr. Ferguson has any suggestions to make, hear him kindly. I have selected you out of all this class as the man for Princeton. Go, now, my boy, and make good. The Lord be with you."

John Hatton arose; a tear was in his eye, a tremor in his voice, as he extended his hand and said, "Thank you, Doctor. Good-by."

CHAPTER II.

The chivalry of American manhood, the beauty and culture of American womanhood, rose to high-tide in the southern states, in those golden days before the war of the sixties. The splendid aristocracy of that time and clime was never before equaled, has not been, and perhaps never will be surpassed. The real hospitality of the southern people in the ante-bellum days has long since become proverbial, and is no small part of the rich heritage so highly prized by worthy descendants of noble sires. Family name and family pride counted for everything, and this just pride, together with large possessions in landed estates and slaves, produced a distinct type peculiar to that time. Because of these conditions, two other types naturally existed; there were, then, three separate and distinct classes of people in the south at this period, viz.: "aristocrats," "poor white trash," and "niggers."

The results of the war, with subsequent events, have not only changed the social conditions in the south, but also the business and commercial life of the people. The emancipation of the slaves was one of the most tremendous sociological moves ever enacted in the history of civilization. The old time aristocracy ceased with the abolition of that very slavery to which, to a certain degree, it owed its

establishment; and the passing of the aristocracy obliterated the line of demarcation between it and the "poor white trash," bringing all to the same level.

The foregoing observations are made, because the two chief figures in our story sprang from those once widely separated classes.

Well nigh a half-century has passed since the close of the war between the states. Many of the sons and daughters of the poorer people of the old days have risen to opulence and eminence; many of the sons and daughters of the old aristocracy still retain their former prestige, and the commingled blood of these two classes has produced a type that, for brain, and brawn, and glorious achievement, the world had not seen.

It is blood that counts. Lines of distinction established by the possession or lack of material things are unnatural and cannot long remain.

Our hero and heroine were both descended from the Cavaliers. While his father and mother unfortunately, or fortunately, as the case may be, were poor in lands, yet no family in the south had finer blood coursing through their veins than the Hattons. A near relative was for years accounted the foremost orator, logician and debator in the United States Senate. Many of this family were eminent in the counsels of their native states, and not a few were distinguished in war, one in particular being a lieutenant general in the Confederate Army.

The father and immediate family of John Hatton were very plain people. An uncle was mortally wounded in the battle of Shiloh. John's father, Robert Hatton, enlisted at the first call, and remained till the end of the war. He surrendered with General Joseph E. Johnston and returned, ragged, worn and weary, but not broken in spirit, to the little house among the hills in Middle Tennessee, his only material possession being one Mexican dollar. Soon afterwards he courted and married Sarah Rewick, whose family, of Irish descent, had become a most substantial factor in the affairs of Sumner County. This combination produced an extraordinary type. Combined with the gravity and conservatism of the English, was the grit, fire and genius of the Irish. Such was the type of John, the second child of Robert and Sarah Hatton. There were two other children; the oldest a sister who died in the beauty and bloom of a life that gave promise of great brilliancy and usefulness, and a younger brother who chose to be a tiller of the soil, and is to-day one of the greatest planters and foremost citizens of his county. From boyhood, John inclined toward the more serious things of life. He read books, attended debating societies, loved people, and worshipped at the shrine of nature.

No more auspicious place could have been found for his birth and early life, than the little home among the hills of Sumner County. "Far from the madding crowd," the boy's early companions were

sloping hillsides, cool springs flowing out from great rocks, the wild bird's song, the few people who knew and loved him, and God, whose omnipresence he discovered in every flaming bush and blooming flower.

John Hatton developed rapidly. At fourteen he was physically, mentally and spiritually superior to the average young man of twenty. A number of things conspired to lead him to an early decision as to what his life work should be. His father's house was the stopping place for young clergymen who came from Lebanon, from time to time, to preach at the little country church in which his father was an elder. Some of these young men he liked, others he detested; the work they were trying to do appealed to him.

One bright morning, with rifle in hand and his faithful squirrel dog bounding before him, he went up the country road toward the mulberry trees where the squirrels fed. Coming into the great woods, he stopped to listen for his game, and soon became inspired and entranced by the music of the forest. He forgot to take aim at the graceful little animal in the tree above him; he only heard its voice, and beheld its beauty. He stood transfixed. The "rustling of the leaves was as the rustling of the robes of a great host rising up to praise the Lord;" ten thousand woodland echoes were as a great chorus lifting an oratorio to the skies. Then all seemed calm, and within his soul he heard strange

voices calling, calling from afar. He heard the voice of the multitudes in the distant cities calling for his speech; he beheld the thousands leaning to catch his words, and clamoring for his writings. He, for the first time, discovered himself, and knew that unto a certain end he was born. His was the vision splendid. In his imagination the roof-tree and rafters of his humble home vanished above him, the walls and confines of his boyhood life widened into invisible distances, and God whispered to his spirit, "the *world* is your field."

The following September John Hatton entered preparatory school. It was a long, difficult road between the day, when, in deep emotion, Robt. Hatton bade his son good-by, in front of old Divinity Hall, until the graduating day eight years afterwards. But John Hatton went at that as he went at everything, with no such idea as failure. Success might be far away, with many difficulties to be overcome; but as to the end, with him, there could be no doubt.

The Tarvins were among the first of the "First Families" of Virginia.

General Charles Tarvin won distinction in the Mexican war. After the close of that war, he, with his family, removed to western Kentucky, and settled on a large plantation two miles from the little town of Princeton. It was here that Wm. J. Tarvin spent his young manhood. Having graduated from a military school in Virginia, he was commis-

sioned captain of a company of Confederate soldiers, at the beginning of the war and, for ability and bravery, he was at different times promoted until he arose to the rank of Colonel. Soon after the close of the war, Colonel Tarvin married Miss Laura Radcliff, only daughter of Thomas Radcliff, a banker, one of the foremost citizens and the wealthiest man in Princeton. Reared in the lap of luxury, humored in every whim, educated in the finest schools of the land, courted and admired by many gallant men, and a wide circle of friends, she inevitably developed into the typical aristocrat; her haughty carriage and proud spirit commanded admiration without warming the heart. She was a leader in the church, as well as social circles, but her position in both was due to wealth and culture, rather than won by sympathy and love. The bluest of the blue Presbyterianism was woven into every fiber of her being and indelibly stamped upon her outward life. Hers was a creed that could never need revision. She believed it to the extent that where she saw a direct contradiction between her creed and plain Scriptures, so much worse for the Scriptures. In helping the poor she was generous, but dispensed her charities with a formality and coldness that fain would imitate the Lady Bountiful. But withal, she was easily the leader of Princeton society, the dictator to the Princeton church, and the most noted belle in western Kentucky.

Men of wealth and distinction paid her court, and

tried to win her hand; none had succeeded. Never a flirt, no man ever had an intimation by word, look or act that would encourage him to regard her as more than a friend. Her idea of virtue and propriety was as fixed as her religious dogmas. The opinion soon prevailed that Laura Radcliff would be hard to please, and that, should she marry at all, an extraordinary man would have to come upon the scene.

After the war was over, the Federal soldiers returned to their homes, and amid bonfire and bugle-blast, were received as conquering heroes. The remnant of those who wore the gray came home also, defeated but not conquered; with tears and open arms they too were received, and pressed close to throbbing hearts of eternal love.

Out of the company of one hundred and fifty that, four years before, had left Princeton with the gallant young Capt. Tarvin at their head, only forty-seven returned. With them was Col. Tarvin.

Squire Radcliff's home occupied a beautiful position on an eminence just outside the corporate limits of Princeton. The large house and spacious grounds were the scenes of many notable social functions. At the suggestion of Miss Laura, a reception was given to the returned soldiers. One morning she mounted her fine saddle-horse and rode from house to house, extending a public invitation to rich and poor alike, to attend the reception at her home that evening.

The people rejoiced and wept together. The boys who came back recounted the story of the long marches, the dreadful battles, the heroic bravery of their fallen comrades, while fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and lovers out of whose hearts hope had died, listened in silence and in tears.

After the rest of the company had gone, Laura Radcliff and Col. Tarvin sat upon a bench under a wide spreading maple tree on the lawn. For awhile they were silent, and then the Colonel said: "Miss Laura, my heart was touched as never before as I saw those beautiful girls weeping for the boys that fell in battle, and I almost wished that I were sleeping beneath the southern cypress, and that one of those gallant fellows were here in my place."

"Col. Tarvin, were it not better to have rejoicing because of your living presence, than to sleep the eternal sleep, unmourned in distant lands?"

"Yes," replied the Colonel, "if some one in particular should rejoice, but I feel that no one does."

"Then, sir, your fears are ungrounded," said she.

They arose and walked to the front gate. She extended her hand, and said, "Col. Tarvin, at this gate I bade you good-by four years ago. It was decreed that you should return. I can answer your question now, and it is 'yes.' I said to my heart then, if it was foreordained that you should be my husband, you would be sent back to me, and you are here because it *was to be.*"

The following spring they were married, and set-

tled upon the Tarvin estate, near Princeton. To them one child, a daughter, Eleanor, was born.

Like her mother before her, Eleanor Tarvin was reared in luxury. In type and temperament, however, she was entirely different. All the real beauty of her mother was reproduced in her, but with it a childlike simplicity that was indeed charming. She was fearless, frank and free, one of nature's own children. From her father she inherited that unsuspecting and generous nature which caused her to move among people with ease and confidence, inspiring admiration in all who knew her. Once this confidence was abused and the sleeping fires of her nature were aroused, she would maintain her position and defend her rights with the same determination and brilliancy that had made her father and grandfather famous on the battle field.

When Eleanor was fourteen, her mother insisted upon her joining the church, and at the same time endeavored to prevail upon Colonel Tarvin to become a member. The denomination with its peculiar tenets had never appealed to him. His religion, like his life, was of a practical turn. In fact, religion appealed to him as being necessarily a part of life; separated from everyday service to humanity, to him it could be but a name and baseless dream. In many regards he was not orthodox, and some of his habits did not conform always to the church rules. He enjoyed his pipe, and at times when old friends and comrades were around, a mint julep was not

to be refused. But for integrity or character, sympathy for the suffering, generosity to the needy, and self forgetfulness for the comfort of others, Col. Tarvin's fame was sung by all who knew him.

Seeming to fail in convincing him that he should join the church with Eleanor, Mrs. Tarvin invited Dr. Ferguson, the minister, to tea one evening, and after tea she left the gentlemen alone on the front porch.

Soon the preacher broached the subject by saying: "Col. Tarvin, next Sabbath is Easter, and it happens to be the fourteenth anniversary of your daughter's birth. Mrs. Tarvin feels quite sure that Miss Eleanor will unite with the church on that occasion, and we are hoping that you have considered the matter sufficiently to decide to come in with her. What do you think of it?"

"Well, doctor," said the Colonel, "you have put a direct question, and will allow me, no doubt, to give you a direct, candid answer."

"I am a believer in practical Christianity. I love my home, and try to make it happy. I am willing for other people to have their opinions even though they differ from mine. For this reason, I am a liberal supporter of, and a *fairly* regular attendant at church. I regard many things in your confession of faith as relics of Paganism, and practically the whole system of sectarianism as pseudo Christianity."

"Personally, I should like *you* very much better

were you less clergyman, and more man. I beg you not to misunderstand me, for I hold you in high esteem, and have great respect for your attainments. But if your garb were such as other men wear, and you would visit me and talk with me as a man, not as a clergyman, you would have much more influence with me."

"I should like to be in the church and actively engaged in the work the church is supposed to do, but I cannot subscribe to the creed."

"Well, Colonel," replied the doctor, "I fully appreciate all you have said. Mrs. Tarvin and I have talked it all over, and suspecting as much, at her suggestion the board of elders have agreed to receive you if you will come, upon your own terms."

"No, I cannot do that. It would be irregular," the Colonel replied; "I know scores of good men who would join the church, if they could name the terms. If you have a system, stick to it. If the system is faulty, correct it. No, let Eleanor join, but I'll remain out with the boys, do my best, and try to be like Christ, who, I believe they say, 'went about doing good.' I believe in Him, and with this belief I'll take my chances outside of any religious sect."

"So will I, papa," cried a voice from inside the parlor door. It was Eleanor who had been attracted by the conversation.

When Dr. Ferguson left and Col. Tarvin called

Eleanor to him, and as she sat upon his knee, with her arms around his neck, he said: "Daughter, did you want to join the church?"

"Well," she said, "I thought it would be nice to please mamma; but, father, do you know I have felt just as you do about it."

Sentiment and love did for him what reason would not do, and he said, "My child, I will not keep you out of the church; it cannot harm either of us. Let us put all the good we can into it. They will receive us upon a simple confession of faith in Christ, and say nothing about the creed."

When Mrs. Tarvin appeared on the scene the Colonel said, "Well, Laura, Eleanor and I have decided to join the church Sunday. What do you think of it?"

In a most stately manner, she replied, "I'm not surprised, Colonel, for certainly it was to be." After a pause she added, "Dr. Ferguson is such a grand man!"

Sunday morning Col. Tarvin and Eleanor came forward, and after a few well worded and meaningless questions propounded by Dr. Ferguson, on motion, and unanimous vote of the session, they were received into the membership of the church. There was much rejoicing, and many congratulations after the benediction.

Dr. Ferguson felt that he had gained a great victory and assumed an air of more than usual im-

portance because he had received the most conspicuous man in the community into his church.

Mrs. Tarvin's interest in the church was, if possible, more marked than ever before, and after a year had elapsed she suggested to the official board that at the next election of officers the Colonel be made an elder; and this met with their approval. The Colonel was averse to it, but as he had been active in practical charities, having taken the lead in all such affairs, he was finally persuaded to accept the office with the understanding that he did not accept the creed, and need not officiate as elder. He was soon made chairman of the general official board, and by virtue of his position and influence, was the dominating force in the general affairs of the church. Mrs. Tarvin was ever ready with suggestions and advice, and through the Colonel, practically dictated the policy of the congregation.

Eleanor went from the Princeton High School to Vassar, from which she was graduated with high honors. She spent one year in musical and art studies in Boston and New York and returned to Princeton the most beautiful, charming, and thoroughly accomplished young lady that community had ever seen. She was an artist of no mean ability, but music was her passion. In anticipation of her homecoming, the church at Princeton had installed a new pipe organ at a cost of seven thousand dollars, something before unthought of in the

smaller towns of Kentucky. She loved the church, but she loved the organ more. Every evening she rehearsed a chorus of young men and women, and prepared a special program for that Sunday, when a young man from Cumberland University, named John Hatton, was to occupy the pulpit.

CHAPTER III.

At the breakfast table Saturday morning, Col. Tarvin suggested that as he would be engaged in the afternoon, either Mrs. Tarvin or Eleanor should drive to town and meet Mr. Hatton. Accordingly, Uncle Stephen, who had been a slave in the Tarvin family, and a body servant to the Colonel all through the war, and who still remained faithful to his master, was ordered to have the carriage ready at two o'clock. Mrs. Tarvin having callers, Miss Eleanor went alone to the station, Stephen driving.

The train arrived on time, and on the platform to meet John Hatton were Dr. Ferguson and several members of the church. Some girls and young ladies who had "happened" to pass that way, had stopped at the depot to get a look at the new preacher, as they knew he was not a married man.

Dr. Ferguson met John as he stepped from the train, and received him in a courteous, but rather formal manner. He was introduced to the brethren present, and informed that Col. Tarvin's carriage was in waiting. Miss Eleanor had remained in the carriage, but as Dr. Ferguson and John Hatton approached, she gracefully alighted and bade him welcome.

John Hatton, when unconscious of himself, was an attractive personality. But in his long struggle against many disadvantages, he had had neither the time nor the inclination to cultivate personal appearance, or to polish his manners. On being presented to Miss Tarvin, John Hatton was thoroughly conscious of himself. His hands seemed the size of hams, and his feet were in his way to such an extent that in getting into the carriage, he stumbled and almost fell. Miss Tarvin realized his embarrassment and adroitly set herself to relieve the situation. As they drove away, the girls who were watching from the station platform giggled, while Mattie Gray remarked, "There's no chance for us, girls, so long as Eleanor Tarvin has him in charge. He seems awfully awkward, and embarrassed, but she will make him forget it, and he will fall in love with her before they get home."

"I wonder whether he will be at choir rehearsal this evening?" queried Sallie Brown.

"It would be just like her to bring him," remarked Lula Clark, "and if she does, I intend to have sore throat and will not sing, so I can talk to him while the rest of you are rehearsing."

"Yes, he will be there sure," joined in Lena Morrow, "for he isn't dandy enough to please Mrs. Tarvin, and the Colonel has an engagement down town to-night with brother Emmet, and you know Eleanor, the good thing, won't leave him with her haughty old mother."

"You'll all be there, anyhow, won't you, girls?" said Mrs. Marfield, who also "happened" to be at the station and who walked down the street with them.

As John and Eleanor drove on they were conscious of being observed and remarked upon, and they felt relieved as the spirited team turned into the country road.

John Hatton was strangely confused. His tongue was thick, and only the most commonplace things, in the most bungling way, escaped his lips. He was elated and depressed, confident and timid by turns.

Many emotions were stirred within the throbbing heart and reeling brain of John Hatton ere Stephen stopped the carriage in front of the Tarvin mansion.

Miss Tarvin stepped from the carriage, John Hatton followed, while Uncle Stephen brought up the rear with the preacher's grip.

Miss Eleanor, if possible, was more charming and gracious than before, as she said: "Mr. Hatton, will you come into the parlor, please, and meet mother? Stephen will carry your grip to your room; remember, you must make yourself at home."

"Thank you," was all he could say.

As they approached the parlor door Mrs. Tarvin stepped out and met them in the hall.

"Mother, dear, this is Mr. Hatton."

Mrs. Tarvin was chillingly polite. "How do you do, Mr. Hatton," she said.

Poor Hatton, more confused than ever, shook

hands with Miss Eleanor, and struck Mrs. Tarvin in the waist with his hat. Dropping his hat upon the floor, he stooped to pick it up, and in so doing, upset a vase of flowers. The water poured over the floor, sadly wetting his offending headgear. He stood trembling, almost speechless, and mumbled, "Please excuse me."

"Oh, that is all right, Mr. Hatton," said Eleanor, encouragingly, "accidents will happen, you know."

Mrs. Tarvin stood in amazement, carefully scrutinizing him from foot to head. Then turning, she said, "will you walk into the parlor and be seated?"

Sitting down, she addressed a few formal remarks to him, to which he could reply only in awkward negatives and affirmatives.

Miss Eleanor asked if he would like a drink of water, and he replied, "no, thank you, I never drink water."

Finally, after a conversation that consisted for the most part of banal commonplaces and desperate pauses, Miss Eleanor suggested that he go to his room and rest awhile.

"Thank you," he said, and Eleanor called Stephen, who showed him upstairs.

When within, and the door closed behind him, he dropped into a chair. Cold perspiration stood upon his brow, and for once in life he felt entirely alone, utterly helpless, and completely undone. For once he was disgusted with himself, and had no confidence in the future. Fate had led him across the

borderline, out of the world in which he had lived, into a realm where he did not belong. At length, he began to think what he should do. That he could appear again in the family circle of the Tarvin home, and redeem himself from the blunders he had made, seemed impossible, and the idea of his appearing in the aristocratic Princeton pulpit the next day was utterly unthinkable. Should he take his grip and run down the steps and dash out of the door, never again to appear as a preacher? Then he breathed a prayer to the God who had never forsaken him, and thought of his little home in the hills of Tennessee, and the great tears rolled down his cheeks.

While thus thinking his attention was arrested by strains of music. Eleanor was at the piano. After a harmonious, minor prelude, she sang, and her singing was soft and sweet and as soothing as a mother's lullaby.

"Oh, dry those tears
And calm those fears,
Life is not made for sorrow;
'Twill come, alas!
But soon 'twill pass,
Clouds will be sunshine to-morrow."

"Oh, lift thine eyes,
To the blue skies,
See how the clouds do borrow

Brightness, each one,
Straight from the sun;
So it is with sorrow.
'Twill come, alas!
But soon 'twill pass,
Clouds will be sunshine to-morrow."

Why did she sing it? *Perhaps it was to be.* As she sang, all fear left him. He forgot that he had ever appeared awkward, or made a blunder; he felt equal to any task. She continued playing, occasionally singing a line from some sweet old air. The music quieted his overwrought nerves and he fell into a peaceful sleep, where fairy fingers pictured his dreams.

"Oh! Oh! Eleanor, what does this mean! What shall we do! Oh! what a man to send here to preach in the Princeton pulpit! What does Mr. Haley mean by sending such a man here. He will certainly embarrass us all to-morrow. Did you *ever* see such rudeness, and did you ever dream of such an uncultivated man going out as a minister?"

Thus spoke Mrs. Tarvin after John Hatton had gone to his room.

"Oh, mamma, let us wait and see. We can't tell yet. Maybe he will be all right. According to your doctrine if it *was* to be, he will be all right."

But Mrs. Tarvin was taken with a violent headache and retired, saying she would not be down to supper.

A knock on the door aroused John Hatton from his restful slumber; he arose and opened the door.

It was Stephen, who said: "Miss Ellie say you may come down to supper in a few minutes. De Cunnel he done come, and supper is ready."

Miss Eleanor and Col. Tarvin met him at the dining-room door. Without the formality of an introduction, the Colonel grasped his hand and said, "Glad to see you, Brother Hatton. Walk right in and have a seat, sir, and let's have something to eat. I'm powerful hungry myself, and hope you are, too. I didn't have any dinner to-day—was too busy to eat, but think I'll make up for it now."

The Colonel was so informal and easy, Miss Eleanor so perfectly charming and Aunt Eliza, Stephen's wife, so handy in waiting upon the table, that John Hatton really enjoyed the meal.

Col. Tarvin soon learned by adept questioning, that John Hatton was a blood relative of Gen. A. P. Hatton, also of Senator Benjamin F. Hatton of Georgia; and John Hatton had a fixed place in his affection from that moment.

After cigars on the front porch, Hatton participating much to the Colonel's delight, Miss Eleanor suggested that Mr. Hatton accompany her to the church for choir rehearsal, as her mother was indisposed and her father had a business engagement.

In the evening twilight, they started for Princeton, and the Colonel told of Gen. Hatton's fall at

Gettysburg, and how he caught him in his own arms and bore him from the field.

"Well, this is the church," said the Colonel, as the carriage stopped in front of an imposing old structure.

"You two can get out and we'll drive by for you at half after nine. Good-by, sweetheart."

"Good-by, Dad," said Eleanor, throwing him a kiss as they ascended the steps of the church.

In Princeton there was an unusual amount of more than ordinary musical talent, and Miss Tarvin had succeeded in getting together a double quartette of splendid voices, most of whom had had some vocal training.

The choir members were all present when Eleanor Tarvin and John Hatton entered the church on Saturday evening, as were also a number of young people and several young married women. Miss Tarvin introduced the preacher and, after a little pleasant talk, asked the choir to assemble for rehearsal.

John Hatton took a seat in the rear of the church. The first practice was a solo, "Fear not ye, O Israel," sung in a rich, deep, full contralto voice.

Next, they rehearsed Gounod's anthem, "Hark, hark my soul!" Hatton had never heard it before. The words and the music interpreted his own feelings, and the peace that passeth understanding possessed his soul as the last strain had died away, while with closed eyelids, and lost in reverie, his soul echoed and re-echoed the lines:

"Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the song above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love."

During the singing, Mesdames Hall and Thomas came into the church. Mrs. Hall was the wife of one of the elders, and Mrs. Thomas' husband was an ex-preacher and retired physician who had seen active service in both professions, but had not been an eminent success in either.

"Aunt Lizzie," as Mrs. Thomas was called, made it a point to see every new preacher who came to Princeton, at the earliest possible convenience. It was incumbent upon her, she thought, to give him a full history of "Doctor," as she proudly called her husband, and to impress upon the stranger the importance of the doctor's position in the community and in the church. In common with Mrs. Hall, who accompanied her, she was full of curiosity, and was always looking upon others with an evil and suspicious eye. They both desired to look upon the young man and "size him up," that they might take to their indisposed husbands some estimate of the man who was to appear in the pulpit next day. Accordingly, having learned that the preacher was in the church, these two "guardian angels" of the faith, went in, and after listening to the music a few minutes, went around to where John Hatton was sitting. Mrs. Hall, with characteristic attempt

at appearing very pious, extended her hand and with tremulous voice said, "And is this Brother Hatton?"

"Yes, my name is Hatton," he politely replied.

"Well, I'm Sister Hall, and this is Sister Thomas, Brother Hatton."

"Glad to meet both of you," said Hatton. "Will you be seated?"

"Yes, just a few minutes. We happened to be passing this way and heard the music, so we thought we'd drop in and listen to it awhile. Don't you think it is grand?"

"Very fine indeed," said the preacher.

"Don't you think Miss Tarvin is very beautiful?" asked Mrs. Hall.

Reddening a little, he said, "she appears to be a very accomplished young lady."

"How do you like Mrs. Barton's voice?" asked Mrs. Thomas.

"I think she sings very well," he said, as he noticed the women glance significantly at each other.

"She is a stranger here," remarked Mrs. Hall, but so far as we know, she is a very nice woman. She is a vocal teacher and her husband is in the carriage business. Princeton people, you know, are slow to take up strangers. But if she joins *our* church, she can soon get a start in her work."

As these women proceeded to enlighten him upon different topics, especially the place and importance of their respective husbands and families in the past history of the church and community, John Hat-

ton, convinced that the least said to them was best, answered only their leading questions, and was as courteously silent as possible.

They went away as the choir was coming down from the platform.

"What do you think of him?" asked Mrs. Thomas of her companion.

"Can't tell yet," answered Mrs. Hall, "but he will bear watching. I noticed that while we were talking to him, he couldn't keep his eyes off of that Miss Tarvin."

When Uncle Stephen appeared at the church door, the singers were standing around Miss Tarvin and John Hatton, all talking pleasantly.

"Mr. Hatton," said Eleanor, "I think the carriage is awaiting us. Good night all. Will see you tomorrow."

The preacher said good night, and walked out of the church with her. The talk while driving home was mostly about the music, Miss Tarvin seeming very anxious that all should go well the following day.

It was half past ten when John Hatton retired to his room. It had been an eventful day, but his great anxiety was for the morrow. He felt that his hour was close at hand.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Tarvin did not appear at breakfast Sunday morning. Miss Eleanor explained that her mother was still indisposed, and feared she would not be able to attend church, but that if she felt better she would probably be there for the sermon.

John Hatton felt relieved at the thought of not seeing her again, and secretly hoped that she would not be at church.

The Colonel was in a talkative mood, but the preacher seemed uninterested in what was being said; at times he failed to heed remarks addressed directly to him. He ate in a mechanical way, apparently unconscious of what he was doing.

They did not know, but his sub-conscious mind was in action, and to all objective things he was completely oblivious. He was thinking of his sermon, marshaling his array of argument and eloquence, poetry and pathos, and drilling them into homiletic order.

He did not care to attend Sunday school, and asked to be excused from meeting anyone before church.

Five minutes before time for worship, Miss Tarvin handed him the program for the day, asking him to follow the same. Just at that time Dr. Fer-

guson entered the church and his greeting of the young preacher was, as it had been at the depot the day before, courteous, but formal.

"Dr. Ferguson, you will conduct the services, of course?" said Hatton.

"No," replied the doctor, "I think it better that you take entire charge; the congregation will want to see your methods. I will announce the first hymn and introduce you, and then you can proceed."

At that moment Miss Tarvin began the voluntary, Handel's "Largo." Words cannot describe the simple, but stately and majestic tempo of this, one of the sublimest pieces ever played upon an organ. The audience sat in almost breathless attention. John Hatton was lost in reverie, and deep emotion stirred within him.

The organ gave out "Old Hundred" and the audience rose and sang the Doxology. Dr. Ferguson made a short invocation and announced Hymn No. 325, "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord." With this the choir arose and sang the hymn announced, the congregation joining. Then Dr. Ferguson said: "It gives me great pleasure to announce that we have with us this morning the Rev. John Hatton, a member of Lebanon presbytery, and also of the graduating class of the Seminary. Brother Hatton comes well recommended, and for the purpose of getting acquainted with the view of becoming pastor of this congregation. He will conduct the services, and preach for us to-day."

John Hatton could but feel that Dr. Ferguson's treatment of him was not just fair. It was evident that the doctor wanted to put him on his mettle, and embarrass him if possible.

At the close of the hymn the young man arose, and in an unnatural voice that could not be heard in the rear of the church, said, "the Scripture lesson for the morning is taken from the eighth chapter of the gospel as written by John, beginning with the twelfth and ending with the thirty-second verse." He read the lesson without lifting his eyes from the Bible. His articulation was bad; at times his voice quivered and almost broke. On finishing he hesitated, then walked awkwardly, half-sidewise, half-backward and dropped into the chair. Everybody looked at him, and there was a painful pause in the proceedings, which, to Eleanor Tarvin, seemed an age.

Just at this moment Mrs. Tarvin entered the church, and walked down the main aisle, attracting everybody's attention. Dr. Ferguson stepped upon the platform and whispered to the preacher. Then, his face flushed with embarrassment, Hatton arose and announced the next hymn.

After this he gave attention to the program Miss Tarvin had given him, and at the close of the hymn led in a simple but touching prayer. A solo came next, during which the offering was taken. Then came the anthem, after which the preacher arose to deliver the sermon.

During the singing of the solo and anthem, he had time to partially recover from his embarrassment, but it was with no great confidence that he undertook the task before him.

"My text is from John, the eighth chapter and the thirty-second verse: 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' My theme is 'Freedom by the truth.'" He hesitated and cleared his throat. He stood awkwardly, with his left hand behind his back, and his right hand holding the lapel of his coat. At first his face flushed, but in a moment he turned pale as a corpse. Painful anxiety was written on every face in the audience except that of Dr. Ferguson, who sat stern and erect, expecting every moment that the young man would fail, that he would have to take the pulpit, having let the congregation see the folly of putting a *young* man in so important a place.

All this occured in much less time than is required to tell it. It seemed to Hatton that doom stared him in the face. A majority of the people could no longer look at him. Col. Tarvin's eyes were fixed upon the floor. Perhaps five minutes had passed since he had said, "and my theme is freedom by the truth." During that time he had been saying some incoherent things, he knew not what—neither did his audience know, for they were in too great sympathy with his distress to heed what he said.

Then he caught the anxious look of Eleanor, and in her sweet face read her feelings; it was all en-

couragement. She had seen him in a different light. She had that fine faculty of keen perception which enabled her to read character and estimate power. To herself she said, surely it is only because of his natural modesty and the utter absence of egotism that this foolish fear has seized upon him.

He caught the inspiration from her, and from that moment he was free. He was master of himself.

"'You might as well shoot some people with a bullet as with a new idea, for they both seem to take their breath away,' but it is in this way that the world fights its way forward. It is over slain bodies and slain opinions that humanity makes progress."

Col. Tarvin looked up, Mrs. Tarvin was astonished, Dr. Ferguson was puzzled and disappointed, and Eleanor's heart was bounding with joy. The audience drew a deep breath of relief upon looking up, when they saw, as it were, another man in the pulpit.

He was as composed as he had been disconcerted and abashed. Looking Dr. Ferguson squarely in the face, as though talking to him personally, he said, "the doctors of theology have often boasted that Christianity is the mother of freedom, but it is not true." Dr. Ferguson turned pale as Hatton gracefully lifted his hand, continuing, "When God breathed into man the breath of life, he placed there the eternal quest of liberty. All life desires to be free; we see it in the tender plant pressing its way

through the crevice between the rocks; we see it in the bird beating its frail body against the walls of its prison cage. We see it in the protest of the spirit of man against the rule of the despot within and without. Freedom and the love of it are co-existent with God."

Breathless silence prevailed, and the hearts of the thoughtful beat in astonishment when the preacher said, "Jesus Christ was an iconoclast, and came striking to the right and left, demolishing systems, doing away with people's most cherished beliefs and prejudices. He was continually saying new things, setting the truth in new light. He spoke not by prescriptive right as did the Scribes and Pharisees, but taught as one having authority. No wonder they were astonished at His teaching. Among the new things He uttered, were the words of my text, 'ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' While there was nothing new in the idea of liberty, it was entirely new that it should come to man through the truth. For thousands of years humanity has been in bondage of mind, soul and body. Liberty had been sought, but not found, through all the ages of groping in the world's dark night. Christ said, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Light.' He said, 'ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free,' which is but one way of saying ye shall know me, and I shall make you free. All other teachers had taught about a system, and set forth principles external to them-

selves. Christ not only taught, but *was,* and *is* the truth, the great mission of which is to give freedom to the sons of men."

Ollie Jamison and Ward Hepburn, much to everybody's surprise, walked into the church and took a seat in the rear, just as John Hatton recovered from his embarrassment. They were there because on Saturday afternoon Eleanor Tarvin had invited them to come, saying there would be a new preacher in the pulpit. Hepburn and Jamison were the leading young lawyers, not only of Princeton, but of Western Kentucky. Hepburn was reserved, cold, analytical, brilliant, but true as steel when his esteem and confidence were won. Jamison was jovial, sanguine, warmhearted and eloquent.

Neither of these gentlemen at that time made any pretentions to religion. They rarely attended church, and held the average preacher in contempt. They were attracted to John Hatton, who spoke with the plain directness of a lawyer, pleading before the bar of justice. Jamison whispered to Hepburn, "That's a smart fellow."

"By the eternal, it's a fact," said Hepburn.

While others in his class made better grades in Greek and Hebrew, while others knew more dead statistics and barren facts of history, yet, in Homiletics, John Hatton was head and shoulders above them all. He had the natural gift of grasping, analyzing and presenting facts, in logical order and

in unanswerable argument, but withal, in so simple a style that all could understand.

Before him on the pulpit was a sheet of note paper, on which was a brief outline. He did not noticeably refer to it more than twice during his discourse.

After the introductory remarks referred to, the preacher continued: "And now, in view of what I have said, I have three fundamental remarks to make, and they are these: *Civil or political freedom comes by the truth, religious liberty comes by the truth,* and *personal freedom comes by the truth.*"

Then launching into the grandeur of his theme, he spoke for thirty minutes, while his audience sat as under some strange spell. Judged from the ordinary standards of preaching, his sermon was most remarkable because of the conspicuous absence of so many things common to the average pulpit discourse. It was strange to a Princeton audience to note the absence of the manuscript, as for twenty years Dr. Ferguson had never preached without one.

John Hatton was not like a preacher, in appearance or voice. He used in the most natural way, the voice God had given him. His subject matter for the most part was different from others, because of the absence of hackneyed theological terms. His was the language of the people, in classic simplicity, at times rising to heights of real eloquence. There were no set phrases or perfunctory passages. Dead heart earnestness marked every word.

Ollie Jamison whispered to Hepburn, "that fellow is all right, for he means what he says."

"He is not preaching," said Hepburn, "he is telling the truth."

In discussing the point of political freedom coming by the truth, he showed that it has never been by forms of government or force of arms that true liberty has been won, but by divine ideas of righteousness, justice, and truth that nations have been blessed and have risen to sublimest heights. He applied the principles to the national life of the Jews, to whom Christ was speaking, showing that as a nation, they failed, and without a land or a home have wandered footsore and weary upon the face of the earth, all because they would not listen to, and understand, the meaning of Christ's words. At the close of this period, he said, "and how often are we reminded of Byron's song:

'Oh weep for them that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream—
Weep for the harp of Juda's broken shell,
Mourn—Where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell—
Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall you flee away and be at rest?
The wild-dove hath its nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country,—Israel the grave.'"

It was in the second section of the sermon, however, that a sensation was produced, not because the

people did not believe what he said, for it was self evident. His method of argument and manner of presentation scarcely allowed the listener any ground for disagreement, but left him astonished at his boldness in presenting facts so widely different from commonplace theological dogmas.

"Let us think for awhile about religious liberty coming by the truth. The religion of Christ is the great life-giving principle which alone can set man free. The supreme mission of the Saviour was that of a liberator. The great mission of the church of Christ, then, is to carry on His work of liberating the minds, hearts and lives, of men and women under the bondage of ignorance, superstitution and sin. But alas! how has the mission of the church been perverted! It has become the conservator of doctrines at utter variance with the mind of the Master. The so-called House of God has come to welcome only the select few. Behold the masses, many of whom have fallen into the depths of despair—the besotted man, the outcast woman, the poor, and the ignorant! Oh, how should they flock to the house of God, and with all true worshippers claim the right of saying, 'Our Father who art in heaven!' In the average church, they find no welcome. You say they are unfit. Did not sinful women follow Christ, eager to touch the hem of His garment, and did not the common people hear Him gladly?"

Continuing, he said, "another sad feature of the

religious denominations of to-day is that instead of going forth in untrammeled quest of truth which alone can bring liberty to, and unity out of the divided forces of Christendom, they are to a great degree harbingers of long-standing error, which can never again appeal to the intelligence of men."

"Never heard it that way before, but it's God's truth," said Hepburn.

The preacher went on, saying, "Christ said, 'when He, the spirit of truth is come, He will lead you into all truth.' All truth is a unit, and is as eternal and omnipresent as God. The real fact is, the truth is seeking men, and becomes effective only when incarnated in a life. This is supremely exemplified in the redemptive power of God's love incarnated in the Man of Galilee. Let us be freed from error, let us be receptive to the truth! Unless the theological seminaries learn this lesson, the day is not far distant when the teachers of the creeds men have made in the days gone by will no longer have pupils to teach. And unless the ministers of the Gospel lay aside their musty manuscripts, and get away from the old paths and old shoes of effete doctrines, they will no longer have listeners to hear discourses which can never be a message to the heart. Men and women to-day want light, salvation, truth! These can only be found in Christ. The trend of the thought and life of to-day is back to Christ!"

This was said with such earnestness that the audience was electrified. Dr. Ferguson sat pale and

still. He saw himself defeated and utterly routed by the young man whom he had secretly sought to embarrass. His clock had run down, his day had past, his grip upon the Princeton people had slackened forever. Mrs. Tarvin was perturbed beyond measure; never before in her life had she heard anything like this. Her cherished prejudices had been assailed. She felt that the Princeton pulpit had been outraged, and vowed to herself that John Hatton should never speak there again.

The young man drew a deep breath, and said, "Finally, my friends, will you consider, that, *personal freedom comes only by the truth.* He who is true, is free. These limbs may be bound in fetters, this body may be incarcerated within prison walls, but the spirit, the real self, may be freer than the bird on the wing, and may hie itself away among the distant stars. In the jail at Bedford, Bunyan sang divinely; with blind eyes Milton saw the glories of Paradise, lost and regained. The truth in Christ sets us free, free from the harm and danger of the world without, and free from our own selfish natures within. But you say 'I am free.' If so, then why the continued struggle and quest of your life? Are you not restless and ill at ease? Are you not always seeking something? Are you not trying to get away from your troubles, burden, pains and sorrows? It is but the unconscious effort of your being to get away from yourself. This is what Christ meant when He said, 'He that

loseth his life for my sake shall find it.' The truth frees us from self, causes us to render unselfish service to others, and discovers to us the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is among us."

Here the preacher stopped and announced the hymn, which was strangely appropriate, the first stanza being,

"Buried in bondage and sin,
At death's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine
To see a glorious day."

There was a general changing of position. For thirty minutes there had not been a stir, and at pauses in the address, one could distinctly hear the ticking of the clock. No such effect had ever before been produced upon a Princeton audience. The congregation sang with feeling, and Eleanor Tarvin's eyes were blinded with tears when her fingers pressed the keys for the last Amen!

John Hatton pronounced the benediction; a new order of service, not held, but rendered, had taken place in the Princeton church.

CHAPTER V.

After the benediction, the organist played a short postlude, an improvisation of her own.

John Hatton was perfectly composed as he stepped down from the pulpit. Dr. Ferguson was disconcerted, not knowing which way to turn for sympathy. Mrs. Tarvin, without noticing anyone, approached Dr. Ferguson, extending her nervous hand, and with tremulous voice said: "Doctor, you must go with us to lunch to-day. Something must be done at once."

The doctor, in an undertone, asked whether Mr. Hatton would be there also, to which she replied: "No, he has his grip with him, and will lunch at the hotel, as he must leave Princeton on the afternoon train. We shall be perfectly free to talk, and must win Colonel Tarvin and Eleanor away from this young heretic at once."

Meanwhile Colonel Tarvin was talking to the young preacher. He frankly said that never before had he heard anything like the sermon of the morning—it was new, and strange, and every word had appealed to him, the truthfulness of his statements being self-evident.

By this time, Eleanor had joined them. Many eyes were turned toward the little group, for the

unheard of had happened. Not only had Ollie Jamison and Ward Hepburn come to church, but they actually came front after the benediction, to meet the preacher. They had joined Miss Tarvin while the Colonel was talking; she greeted them kindly, saying how pleased she was to see them there.

Mr. Jamison asked her whether the preacher was going to her home for lunch, and she told them that she understood he was to go to the hotel, and would leave on the afternoon train. She could not suppress her glad astonishment when Mr. Hepburn said: "That suits us, for we want to meet him and have him lunch with us. He is the one and only preacher we have ever heard who interested us in the least. He is a great man. We want to talk with him, and if possible, save him from the fatal mistake of hiding his powers under the ministerial garb. He ought to be a lawyer, and a statesman. The ministry offers nothing to a man of his ability. Will you kindly introduce us?"

By this time many people had come up to meet the preacher.

"Oh, Mr. Hepburn, do not say that," said Eleanor. "Please let me speak with you gentlemen before you meet Mr. Hatton."

"I'm so pleased," she went on, "that you liked the preacher and the sermon."

"Like him," said Mr. Jamison, "that's putting it mildly. It was nothing short of marvelous from

beginning to end. Such perfect composure, and mastery of his subject, I have never seen before."

"He could make any jury do his bidding," said Ward Hepburn.

"Then you were not here when he read the text, were you?" asked Miss Tarvin.

"Oh, no, he was just getting started when we came in," they replied.

"Then I'm so glad!" she said. "But this is what I want to say," she continued, "please promise me that you will not try to discourage him from preaching. The church must have such preachers, or fail. It is a divine institution, but has so long been under the thraldom of incompetency and superstition, has been under the leadership of men who do not think, being slaves to fixed opinions and inherited doctrines, that both church and preachers have largely lost their influence in the world. I wish both of you were Christians, for then you would believe that God is raising up such men as Mr. Hatton, to save the church and the truth from utter defeat. Won't you promise me not to try to convince him that his work lies in other fields? I know you are both strong in argument and influence. I see they are about to go—promise me, and I'll introduce you!"

Mr. Jamison said: "It shall be as you wish, Miss Tarvin, but let us have the pleasure of his company, anyhow. He is not a man to be easily influenced; he has a mind of his own."

"All right," she replied, and then——

"Mr. Hatton, wait a moment, please. Here are two gentlemen who wish to meet you—Mr. Jamison and Mr. Hepburn."

The gentlemen shook hands cordially. John Hatton graciously accepted their invitation, and said good-by to the Colonel and Miss Eleanor.

At the breaking up of the little group Colonel Tarvin and his daughter walked down one aisle, and the two young lawyers with the preacher walked down the other.

Mrs. Tarvin and Dr. Ferguson were waiting by the carriage when Eleanor approached her mother, saying: "Mama, aren't you going to say good-by to Mr. Hatton? He is leaving on the afternoon train, you know."

Dr. Ferguson, who was about entering the carriage, felt the rebuke of the young lady's remarks to her mother, and with some embarrassment said: "That is true—let us speak to him."

Hepburn, Jamison and Hatton were descending the steps of the church as Dr. Ferguson and Mrs. Tarvin approached them.

The doctor said: "I suppose you will return to Lebanon this afternoon, Brother Hatton? Mrs. Tarvin and I wish to say good-by. Please give my regards to Dr. Haley when you see him," extending his hand.

"Good-by," returned John Hatton most deliber-

ately, adding, "I shall be pleased to bear your message to Dr. Haley."

It was now Mrs. Tarvin's turn to be timid and embarrassed, as she took leave of the young preacher, whose awkwardness only yesterday had thrown her into a fit of nervous excitement. She both feared and detested him. For the first time in life she lost her self-possession. She was fully conscious of his greatness, but hoped she would not see him again in Princeton.

"Good-by, Mr. Hatton," she said. "I am glad you met me—oh, pardon—I mean I am not"—then blushing and confused she tried to make amends, and further blundered by saying: "Really, I'm so confused and upset that I scarcely know what I am saying."

John Hatton, with uncovered head, bowed low, and with stern face, upon which could be seen the faint trace of a smile, said: "Good-by, Mrs. Tarvin."

The Colonel and Mrs. Tarvin, accompanied by Dr. Ferguson, turned away, but Eleanor lingered and said to the preacher: "Papa said to tell you he would see you at the station before you leave."

The three gentlemen walked away from the church, and had gone half a square or more before anyone spoke, so high had been the tension of the last few moments. Then Hepburn broke the silence, saying: "Pardon me, Mr. Hatton, but do you want to know why I think there are not

more people in the churches, and working at religion?"

"I am much interested to know your opinion, Mr. Hepburn, for this is one of the problems upon which I have thought a great deal, and as yet am far from a conclusion."

"Well, there are doubtless many reasons," said Hepburn, "but one of them is, there are so many d—— fools on the subject of religion, like this Mrs. Tarvin, for instance, who want to boss the preachers, and run the churches."

At this Jamison exploded with laughter, saying: "I would not say that, Hepburn, for you know Mrs. Tarvin is a very fine woman. She is just cranky on this one subject."

"I beg pardon, gentlemen," continued Hepburn, "it is very rude of me to speak so in connection with the name of so estimable a lady as Mrs. Tarvin. In many respects she is a most remarkable individual, but upon the question of religion, to say the least, I consider her very narrow."

"After all, she perhaps should not be censured, for most people's religious opinions, even though they be decided as Mrs. Tarvin's, are inherited, rather than the result of earnest, honest and intelligent investigation. For instance, I know from personal conversation with Mrs. Tarvin, that all her beliefs concerning religion are contained in the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. She hasn't one idea of conviction that she did not learn in

early life, from the catechism of her church. She accepts the doctrine of predestination or foreordination, without qualification, and literally believes, as Parson Van Ausbrooke used to say, that 'what is to be, will be, if it never comes to pass.' "

"Yes, I was wrong in blaming her, for, after all, the preachers are responsible for the thinking, or, rather, lack of thought on the part of the laity."

"I am not religiously inclined," continued Hepburn, "but were I ever so much so, I could not conscientiously join a church, such as yours is today, Mr. Hatton, for I should have to subscribe to your creed, or at least formally accept your fixed doctrines. While I do not accept all of the Bible, still, were I to join your church, I should not be free to accept or interpret any of it for myself, save as it had already been interpreted in your Confession of Faith, which, as an ordained clergyman, you are obligated to hold forth as, using a legal phrase, containing 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth'; this being the case, the masses of the people really have no need of the Bible, but should learn only from your creed."

Had anyone but Ward Hepburn spoken thus, and had such talk been directed to any other than John Hatton, there might have been an estrangement between them then and there, but these were kindred spirits that had met, and they went at each other openly, freely, candidly. They felt as

if they had known each other always, as indeed clear minds and honest hearts always feel when they meet.

To Hepburn's remarks, Hatton only replied: "What you say is very true, and I feel it most keenly."

"Really, Mr. Hatton," said Hepburn, "your sermon this morning impressed me very deeply, but for my life, I do not see how you can preach that way, and at the same time be loyal to your creed. You enthroned *truth,* and advanced a great idea in that true liberty comes always by truth. But a creed bound religionist can never be free. If you stick to your denomination and continue to preach as you did this morning, I see trouble ahead for you."

By this time the three gentlemen had arrived at the Hotel Lucile.

The Lucile was the most famous hostelry in that section of Kentucky. Its most striking features were the dining-room, and the front veranda. The main structure of the building was four stories high. The large dining-room was in the center with the office and lobby in front, the kitchen and serving room in the rear, and parlors, long halls and guest rooms on either side. The peculiarity of the dining-room was the height of the dome, which rose above the top story of the hotel, and was of delicately tinted stained glass. Projecting from the second story on all sides of the room were balconies large enough to hold an orchestra

and a goodly number of people. James Farnum's orchestra usually played during the luncheon and dinner hours.

It was in this dining-room that John Hatton sat at luncheon with Ward Hepburn and Ollie Jamison. As usual, on Sunday, the room was filled with guests, for in Princeton, it was "quite the thing" for many of the "society" people to lunch at the Lucile, after church. When these three gentlemen walked in and appropriated the seats reserved for them, there was a general look of surprise among the guests.

At her own table with her husband sitting at the opposite end, and her specially invited guests upon either side, sat Mrs. Pinchard. ("Aunt Laura," as she was respectfully called by nearly all who knew her), presiding with characteristic dignity. Aunt Laura's table was usually the center of attraction, but to-day it seemed that the unusual was happening everywhere in Princeton, and the Lucile was not an exception. For Hepburn and Jamison to be entertaining a preacher, and to be entirely comfortable and much interested in his company, was, to say the least, a most unexpected and surprising thing to those who knew these gentlemen. Among the hotel guests this was even a source of greater surprise, than the remarkable services at the church which the greater number of them had attended.

Church topics and religious questions were not

touched upon by these men during the meal. Jamison and Hepburn were politely attentive to their guest, who was rather abstracted in manner. The fact was, reaction had set in, and John Hatton was his conscious self.

He had as yet seen but little of the world. Nashville was the largest city he had ever seen, most of his life having been spent in the country, and the small town of Lebanon. He was somewhat overawed by his environment; while the music, the flowers, the mellow light, the splendidly dressed company strangely affected him, and his real self was elsewhere.

Was it all a dream? he wondered. Had he boldly but with childlike simplicity declared a great truth out of the virgin purity of his heart, had he listened to exquisite music, and had a beautiful woman looked kindly upon him, and spoken gently to him? Would he see her again, would she play any part of his future—what would come of it all? These with a thousand other kindred thoughts went trooping through his brain, as, mechanically, he went through the meal, while Hepburn and Jamison interested in their guest, but failing to understand him, tried to entertain him.

After luncheon, four people assembled in a private sitting room, back of the main parlor, for a brief chat. These four individuals were "Aunt Laura," her husband James Pinchard, Aunt Laura's

widowed sister, Mrs. Francis Farnum, and her son James Farnum.

Now these four were the individuals of interest inseparably connected with the Lucile.

As before stated, Mrs. Pinchard was known and usually referred to as "Aunt Laura," her husband was known as "Uncle Jimmy," her sister as "Aunt Frank," and Aunt Frank's son as "Jimmy" Farnum.

Aunt Laura was very religious, very positive, and very domineering. She was active in the missionary work of the church, and known far and wide as an enthusiast in the Christian Endeavor movement.

She was both a leader and a driver; where she could not lead, she would try to drive; failing to drive people her way, she would drive them from her, and incur their pronounced opposition and oftentimes bitter enmity.

Aunt Frank was not so active in church circles, but was a leader of some note in the W. C. T. U. To her the white ribbon was a badge of honor, and stood for all the needs of the day in the way of reform and the general welfare of society at large. She and Aunt Laura were a unit in favor of total abstinence, and in general opposition to the liquor traffic. Needless to state, there was no bar at the Lucile.

Uncle Jimmy was nominally a member of the church, perhaps more for the reason that Aunt Laura demanded it, than for any other, but withal,

he was a kind-hearted man, generous to a fault, and loved by all who knew him; he was fond of his cups, and when from under the watchful eye of Aunt Laura he "tarried long at the wine." Jimmy had no religious pretentions whatever, but was a "good fellow," popular among the townspeople and with the traveling public. His position at the Lucile, in addition to leading the orchestra, was that of both head clerk and general manager; but, mind you, all the affairs of the Lucile were under the general direction and superintendance of Aunt Laura herself.

Notwithstanding the wide difference in disposition and temperament among these four individuals, there was a beautiful attachment between them; they loved one another devotedly, and all worked in unity for their common interests. Whenever anything out of the ordinary happened in Princeton, it was discussed by them in full family conclave.

All four of them had attended church and were close observers of all that had happened, both at church and the hotel. Their chief astonishment, however, was that Hepburn and Jamison had been to church, and were entertaining the preacher. To Aunt Laura and Aunt Frank the whole affair was inexplicable; to Uncle Jimmy and Jimmy it was extraordinary, interesting and amusing.

Before coming into the sitting-room, Jimmy had been in the office where the lawyers and preacher

were having cigars, for which he had declined payment, saying:

"As the 'Rev.' is going to smoke, it must be on the house. He is my kind of a preacher, and whenever he is in Princeton this cigar case is open to him."

After joining the other three in the sitting-room Jimmy Farnum proceeded to give vent to his feelings by saying:

"I'll tell you now, Aunt Laura, if you people get that man Hatton to preach for you, you will have a 'crackerjack.' You may just bet your life, he is all right. He is one of the boys, and it's natural, too. You just ought to see him puffing that cigar —and he is not learning, either! He smokes like an old stager. He propped his feet up on the banister, took a whiff, and then spit clear across the sidewalk into the street; and the beauty of it all is, that everything he does is natural. He is plain as an old shoe, and say, Hepburn and Jamison are taking to him like ducks take to water. Don't that jar you? It's because he has so much natural sense, for you know they care nothing about religion. But that's the kind of man to fill the bill to-day. He doesn't dress like a preacher, he doesn't talk like a preacher, he doesn't act like a preacher, but he certainly can *preach,* if what he gave 'em this morning is a fair sample. I'll tell you now, I'd bet dollars to doughnuts that he can beat that sermon this morning any old time. He was a little bit upset

when he first started, but when he did get straightened out, didn't he go some? Ward Hepburn sat there with his mouth open. He's as ugly as the dickens, anyhow, and when I saw him kinder bent over with his chin dropped down, I thought I'd laugh out loud."

Just then some one in the office called for Jimmy, and he arose to go, but stopped in the doorway to say:

"Well, Aunt Laura, you know I'm not much when it comes to church matters, but if you people get this man to come here to preach, I'll go to hear him every time I can, and besides that, I'll keep him in cigars, free of charge. That will help some, won't it, Uncle Jimmy?"

And with a hearty laugh he left the three alone.

"There is no danger of their employing this man to preach here," said Uncle Jimmy, "for the bosses up at the church are too narrow-minded. If he could outpreach Talmage they would not have him. I understand Mrs. Tarvin is against him, and you know that settles it, but that's the way everything goes. Every good thing, and every good man is set back by the cranks; but *I'm for him.*"

"Well, James," said Aunt Laura, "it is no sure sign that Mr. Hatton is all right simply because you and Jimmy like him. There are some other things that you and Jimmy like that do you no credit. As for Mrs. Tarvin, we all know she is a very fine woman, and her position and influence in the church

entitles her to a great deal of consideration, especially when it comes to so serious a matter as the employment of a minister. I agree that he gave an unusual address this morning, but I'm not a woman to be swept off my feet by first impressions; as for me, I should like to see and know more of him before I favor his being called to our church. Besides, I do *not* like his smoking. It is lowering the dignity of the ministry for a clergyman to indulge in so filthy a practice. I shall not even speak favorably of him until I know how he stands on the Christian Endeavor movement. I saw Ev. Martin talking to him at church, and if he takes sides with that man who opposes every advance movement in the church, especially anything that is for the good of the young people, then I'm unalterably opposed to him."

"Well, Laura, his smoking is all right, so far as I'm concerned. There is only one thing about which I want to be sure," said Aunt Frank, "and that is how he stands on the W. C. T. U."

"And the fact that Jimmy likes him means a great deal to me; you know Jimmy has never cared anything for preachers, and it has been a task to get him to attend church. Jimmy is all I have in this world, and you know how I love him. If he was only in the church I should be satisfied. He likes Mr. Hatton, and says he will go to church if we call him. Who knows but that this man could get

him to become a Christian. Yes, I think I'm for him, if he believes in the 'White Ribbon.' "

The little party broke up and went into the public parlor, the last remark being made by Aunt Laura, who said:

"Let us wait developments. It is not well to be too hasty. In some ways I like the young man, and if the opposition is not too strong, and he is all right on the Endeavor movement, I, too, may be for him."

After luncheon Hatton, Hepburn and Jamison were sitting on the front veranda, engaged in conversation, when Sam Langdon and Hop Houston came up and stopped to greet them. Both Langdon and Houston had been introduced to Hatton at church, and, seeing him smoking a cigar and pleasantly chatting with his companions, could not resist the impulse to stop and chat.

Langdon was a deacon in the church, active in secret societies, and one of the most prominent and successful of the younger business men of Princeton. Houston was proprietor of the largest drug store of the town, prominent in social circles, and widely known among Free Masons, being Past Grand Master of this fraternity in Kentucky, the youngest man ever honored with this high office in the history of the order in this State.

The conversation at once turned upon the church, preachers and preaching, when Mr. Houston expressed his delight with the sermon of the morning.

Langdon pleasantly observed that "Mr. Hatton should feel himself complimented by the morning audience, especially when such 'old sinners' as Houston, Hepburn and Jamison were out."

"How is this, anyhow, boys," Langdon continued, "it is very unusual for you fellows to take up with a preacher. I understand you had lunch together. You must be in poor health."

"Oh, no," observed Houston, "they are both going into politics, and have decided to join the church to get the support of the church people. I heard up the street that Jamison was to lead prayer meeting Wednesday evening, and Hepburn is to make a Sunday-school speech at Dawson Springs picnic next Saturday."

"Maybe you have heard, Brother Hatton," continued Houston, "that Mr. Hepburn is a candidate for Circuit Judge, and Mr. Jamison expects to be nominated for Congress."

"Hop," as everybody called him, was the soul of good fellowship, and was known as a great "Kidder," so his remarks only precipitated a hearty laugh.

"But seriously, Mr. Houston," spoke up Ward Hepburn, "it may seem a little out of the ordinary to see Jamison and me at church, and afterward associating with the preacher. I only hope the affair will do no harm to Mr. Hatton; it can only benefit us. We admit that it was in response to Miss Tarvin's invitation that we were at church this

morning, but our being with Mr. Hatton now is of our own volition, for, after hearing the gentleman's discourse we were anxious to know more of him. I am frank to say, however, that in Mr. Hatton's company I do not feel that we are associating with a clergyman. Judging from his manner of speech this morning, and from what we have seen of him personally, if the gentleman will pardon me, I must say that in entering the ministry I believe he has missed his calling. He should be a lawyer, or in some other profession where he would be free to think and act in a manly way, a privilege of which a man is robbed when he wears the 'cloth.' At any rate, it strikes me that Mr. Hatton is a man of affairs, but he cannot continue so very long in undertaking the work of the orthodox clergy. The ministry to-day offers nothing to the man of parts; he cannot think and act as a freeman, and at the same time be loyal to the standards of orthodoxy. There is not much likelihood, however, of Mr. Hatton's continuing in the ministry, if his future preaching is in logical sequence of the sermon he gave this morning. He may be called to the Princeton pulpit, but he cannot hold it long if he continues as he started to-day."

"I must thank Mr. Hepburn for the indirect compliment he has paid me," said John Hatton, "and at the same time take issue with him upon some of his statements. He says the ministry of to-day offers nothing to a man of parts. Taking the ex-

treme opposite position, and ridding the question of all mysticism and sentiment, it is my firm conviction that to-day no other calling is so rich in opportunity to disseminate truth, to enrich the mind of the masses, and to be of real value to the race, as is the Gospel ministry, when the nature and purpose of this ministry are rightly understood. All truth is a unit. All worthy effort to benefit mankind is a unit, and in whatever phase or department of human experience that effort may be put forth, it is equally sacred. I am not in harmony with my church in believing in a special 'divine call' to the ministry. To my mind, to be naturally equipped by the God of nature for any particular work, within itself constitutes a divine call to that work. In this sense the law is as sacred as the ministry—so is every other worthy calling. The true lawyer is as 'reverend' as the preacher; if not, he has not risen to his privilege, and does not honor his profession as he should."

"I have chosen the gospel ministry, not that I desire to be regarded as an orthodox clergyman, but because I love God and humanity, am enamored of truth, and desire to help the world of struggling mankind; no other place offers me the opportunity to reach humanity as does the pulpit. Nothing can ever take the place of the spoken word. There will always be magic and power in the human presence and the human voice. The man with a message

will always have a hearing, especially the man who has a manly message of life and peace."

They looked at him in silence and wonderment as he shook the ashes from the end of his cigar, relighted it, took a few whiffs, and calmly continued: "And to my mind, gentlemen, what I have said was never so true as it is to-day. The world will listen to the truth now, as never before. In this strenuous life there is no way to reach the masses so effectively as from the pulpit. People no longer read much—they haven't the time. It is an age of headlines; everything must be condensed. The popular book of the hour is the brief story. The art of conversation is rapidly passing. The whole process of our material civilization is grinding and wearing upon the masses so that humanity itself is threatened with nervous prostration. Anything that will give the individual or the masses temporary or permanent relief from the grind, will be gladly accepted. The only remedy for the evil is the gospel of truth, such as I tried to preach this morning—the pulpit for me, gentlemen——"

"I pass," said Jamison.

"I pass," said Houston.

"Better all pass," chimed in Langdon.

"Yes, I pass, too," said Hepburn, "and while I'm for you I wait also to see your finish as an orthodox clergyman—you are not cut out for one; but you will be all right, for as water finds its level so will you find your place."

Hatton smiled and said: "Gentlemen, it is very pleasant to be with you, and I must say that I shall not soon forget your hospitality and pleasant conversation. I only regret my inability to entertain you so handsomely should you happen to be in Lebanon before I leave there, but in event you should and will accept my invitation, I shall reciprocate to the best of my ability."

"And that would be superb," replied Jamison, the others giving assent, and thanking John Hatton for his invitation.

Hatton arose, saying it was about time to go to the depot, as he was to meet Colonel Tarvin there a few minutes before train time. At the suggestion of Sam Langdon the four gentlemen walked with the preacher to the railroad station, which was only a few blocks away.

Around the table in the Tarvin home at luncheon sat Colonel and Mrs. Tarvin, Dr. Ferguson and Miss Eleanor.

Conversation was rather slow and strained at first, until Dr. Ferguson opened the issue by pointedly asking Colonel Tarvin what he thought of the preacher and the sermon of the morning.

It was a crucial moment. Mrs. Tarvin and Eleanor were equally anxious concerning his reply, but their desires as to what the reply should be, were widely different. Both women stopped eating. Mrs. Tarvin dropped her hands upon her lap and

appeared utterly despondent, and Eleanor placed her elbows upon the table, and resting her face upon her hands, leaned forward and looked intently into her father's eyes; deep anxiety was depicted upon Dr. Ferguson's face, as all waited Colonel Tarvin's reply.

"Well, Doctor," said the Colonel, "you know when it comes to a question of orthodoxy, I am not a competent judge. To begin with, I am not orthodox; therefore, from the general standpoint of the church, my opinion concerning Mr. Hatton and his sermon would not be worth much. Personally, however, I must say that I regard the young preacher as a most remarkable man, and the sermon he gave us to-day impressed me, perhaps, as no other sermon ever did. All his statements were self-evident, and carried conviction with them. The discourse was delivered in masterful simplicity, and I'm sure it made a profound impression upon the audience."

Eleanor smiled, Mrs. Tarvin frowned, Dr. Ferguson sipped some water; all were silent.

"Laura, please tap the bell for 'Liza, and have her bring on the luncheon. I must drive back to town pretty soon, as Brother Hatton expects me to see him at the station before train time," said the Colonel.

Aunt 'Liza proceeded to serve the meal, and everything progressed as usual until Mrs. Tarvin spoke up, saying: "And what do *you* think of the

preacher and the sermon of the morning, Dr. Ferguson?"

The doctor had had time to gather his wits since the Colonel had expressed himself, and had wisely concluded not to openly antagonize Colonel Tarvin by attacking the young preacher at that time.

So, assuming an air of importance commensurate with his age and dignity, the doctor replied to Mrs. Tarvin's question by saying: "Mrs. Tarvin, it is very difficult to arrive at anything near an accurate opinion regarding a young man's ability from hearing him only one time. Of course, allowance for his awkwardness and embarrassment must be made, as it is evident that he has had but little experience. Then, too, we must not be hasty in criticising his lack of sermonic style, in both the subject matter of the sermon, and the manner of delivery. These defects, it is natural to suppose, will be overcome by experience. On the whole, I regard Brother Hatton as a rather promising young man, and when he has a little more experience, and sees the folly of some of the *'advanced ideas'* of the day, of which he seems to have a smattering, I have no doubt that he will be a strong preacher."

Seeing this patronizing attempt on the part of Dr. Ferguson to damn the young man with faint praises, Colonel Tarvin was too annoyed to make reply. Eleanor's spirit was fired within her, but her lady-like instincts curbed her tongue. Mrs. Tarvin was pleased with the doctor's remarks, but her keen

perception showed her he had not been tactful in this attempt to set his sails to run between counter winds, which purpose he had missed altogether.

The meal was finished without further reference to preacher or church. Colonel Tarvin excused himself and immediately started to Princeton.

Miss Eleanor also excused herself and went to her room.

Mrs. Tarvin and Dr. Ferguson took seats upon the front veranda, and engaged in a conversation of two hours' duration.

Ward Hepburn, Ollie Jamison, Hop Houston and Sam Langdon were saying good-by to John Hatton as Colonel Tarvin approached them on the platform.

During the few minutes before the arrival of the train the conversation between Colonel Tarvin and John Hatton was cordial, candid and direct. The Colonel frankly told him how anxious he was for him in the beginning of his discourse that morning, and how delighted he was that he had overcome stage fright, and gave them such a magnificent sermon.

"Of course we cannot tell," continued the Colonel, "what the outcome will be. There are some very conservative people in our congregation, and you may have some opposition; but, as for me, I should be much pleased to have you called to this work. and shall use all my influence to bring it about."

John Hatton thanked the Colonel for his interest and kindly words, also expressed his pleasure and

thanks for the hospitality he had been shown in the Colonel's home.

"The latch-string is always on the outside to you, young man," said the Colonel, as they shook hands and John Hatton ascended the steps and entered the train which bore him away from Princeton.

As the train pulled out of the town, the one thought in the young man's mind was, would he ever return again?

The railroad from Princeton to Hopkinsville, over which John Hatton was going, lay near the Tarvin home, and from the window of Eleanor's room it could be seen, winding down the valley and then losing itself behind the hills.

Looking from her window Eleanor Tarvin watched the train which bore John Hatton away. After it had rounded the curve she still lingered, looking at the smoke that rose above the tree tops, and listening to the whistle that sounded like a distant echo as the train sped on.

A tear was in her eye as she turned to answer Eliza, her old black mammy, who was standing just inside the door, and had lovingly said:

"And now what's de mattah wid my baby?"

CHAPTER VI.

The class of '95 in the Theological Seminary of Cumberland University comprised about twenty members. The *personnel* was such as is usually found in such a body; the majority of them left the Seminary with the clerical stamp indelibly fixed upon them.

John Hatton was a type unto himself; as yet he had had but little opportunity of testing his natural oratorical ability.

He stood almost alone in his class, and had it not been for the sympathy and appreciation of Dr. Haley, Dean of the Seminary and Professor of Homiletics, Hatton's life there would have been very lonely.

It is no wonder then, that there was nothing short of consternation among the theologues when it became known that Hatton had visited Princeton, and most likely would be called to the pastorate of the church.

Smithers, Farrar and Wicker walked together down the street the day the news became known in Lebanon, and Smithers observed that Hatton's personality could not command the attention of a Princeton audience; Farrar was certain that his scholarship would not meet the demands of a like

community; and Wicker lamented that he was not sufficiently consecrated and pious to be the successor of so eminent a line of clergymen as had given distinction to the Princeton pulpit; all agreed that he was in no way fitted to receive and wear the mantle of Dr. Ferguson, the retiring pastor.

The same day, Dr. Haley was accosted by two members of the faculty and brought to task for commending Hatton. These two professors, Stainer and Bain, secretly disliked Dr. Haley, and were jealous of his ability and angry at his independence. To them Dr. Haley simply replied: "Gentlemen, in suggesting Hatton to the Princeton church I acted upon my own judgment based upon my knowledge of the man. The future will reveal the wisdom or folly of my action."

The following morning, a half hour before the classes assembled, the two above-mentioned professors and the three class leaders met in the main assembly room. The Princeton matter was under discussion and had reached a climax when Prof. Bain stated that he knew Hatton to be heterodox, and asked the advice of those present whether or not the facts should be communicated to Dr. Ferguson. It was agreed that this should be done, and the professor consented to communicate with Dr. Ferguson at once.

CHAPTER VII.

For years Aunt Eliza had been devoted to Colonel Tarvin. Her mother had been his black mammy, and from childhood he had been her (Eliza's) "mastah." Eleanor, from the time of her birth, had been the idol of Aunt Eliza, and the slightest wish of her "baby," as she always called Eleanor, was law unto the faithful old servant.

As Aunt Eliza passed to and fro between the dining-room and kitchen, she thus mused to herself: "I's 'spicious dat everything ain't gwine jist right roun' heah, and I'se gwine listen at what dem folks out on de miranda am sayin'. De Cunnel an' my baby am pow'ful upset 'bout sump'n. I sees it, I *knows* it! My sakes a liben, dey better not fool wid de Cunnel, and dey better be keerful what dey does to my baby. I tells you now, dey better be keerful! Lawd, Lawd, dem Tarvins is fightin' stock fum way back, dey is sho! Wuzn't de Cunnel's Paw a solger? Wuzn't de Cunnel hisself a solger? An' ain't my baby herself jist like 'em? Mighty peaceful like, and dosile till you gits 'em stirred up, but den dey is thunder and lightnin'! Take keer, little chillun, take keer, for sump'n gwine happen."

"Stay whar you is, dishes, stay whar you is," continued Aunt Eliza, "you gits no washin' now, fo' I must heah what dem folks is sayin'."

She quietly entered the hall and seated herself just inside the door, within hearing.

"Well, Mrs. Tarvin," said Dr. Ferguson, "I feel quite sure that you and I share the same feeling with regard to the young man who spoke this morning, and that this is a critical time in the history of the Princeton church."

"I agree with you, Dr. Ferguson," said Mrs. Tarvin, "please go on and express yourself freely, for something must be done, and that immediately, or the church will be ruined."

"The only thing to do," continued the doctor, "is, in some diplomatic way, to forestall the possibility of Mr. Hatton's being called to this pulpit. There is no personal feeling against him on my part, but my duty to the church, my loyalty to the Confession of Faith compel me to oppose his coming, and, further, I shall feel it my duty to watch his course and take note of his teaching, wherever he may be located, for, to my mind, he is not loyal to our teaching and will, before long be subject to charges of heresy. Mind you, I do not now make such a charge, for his talk this morning was carefully worded and would not be sufficient to convict him; but the trend of his thought is in that direction, and a little time will show where he stands. At any rate, we must defeat his being called to Princeton."

"You voice my opinion, doctor, but this must be done in a most cautious way," said Mrs. Tarvin.

"Of that I am aware," assented the doctor, "for two things are evident in this very house. Your husband and daughter seem to take to the young man, and, strange as it may seem, they were not pleased with my remarks at the table."

"You are quite right, and that is why I say we must be prudent and cautious," said Mrs. Tarvin, "for," she continued, "I know Colonel Tarvin's determination, and in this respect Eleanor is not unlike him. Should they set their heads in favor of Mr. Hatton they would never yield, and would do everything within their power to carry their point."

"And," continued Mrs. Tarvin, "the young preacher is the kind of man, I'm sorry to say, who would appeal to them. As you know, the Colonel has never been orthodox, and since Eleanor has come under the influence of the eastern schools, she, too, has had a touch of the so-called 'liberal thought.' "

"In view of these facts, then, we should pursue some other method than that of creating prejudice against the young man on account of his heretical tendencies."

"What then, do you suggest?" asked the doctor.

"I think it would be better to influence a majority of the members of the session to vote against the call, upon the ground that Mr. Hatton is rather young and inexperienced, and also lacking in suf-

"'Dat's it, dat's it,' gasped Aunt Eliza, as she arose from her seat and started for Eleanor's room."—Page 86.

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ficient culture for the Princeton pulpit," answered Mrs. Tarvin.

"What is done must be done at once, as the board is to meet Tuesday morning," said the doctor. "Suppose then," continued the doctor, "we begin at once."

"Very well, I would suggest that you go at once, and have a talk with L. S. Rogers, Judge Hull and C. J. Warner. I suggest these three officers," continued Mrs. Tarvin, "for there are particular reasons why each one of them may be influenced against him. Mr. Rogers, you know, likes to be regarded as a leader. He became active in the young people's society some years ago, and at every opportunity took occasion to talk in public in order to win popularity, hoping to be elected to the eldership when the first vacancy occurred. He was made an elder, not that he is really fitted for the place, but because he sought the office, and put himself in position for it, no one having the nerve to oppose him. But with all his cant and his harangues and gratuitous advice to everybody in general, he has never been worth anything to the church. The fact is, very few people believe in his sincerity."

"The time has come, however," Mrs. Tarvin went on to say, "when he can be of use to us. In my opinion, if you will go to him confidentially and ask him to become active against Mr. Hatton, he will do so; but, mark you, should he find later that

a majority are for Mr. Hatton, he will turn over to that side. At any rate, try him."

"What course do you suggest with reference to Brothers Hull and Warner?" asked Dr. Ferguson.

"Say to them you do not think Mr. Hatton the man for us. As I have already suggested, ask Mr. Rogers to use his influence and send Judge Hull and Mr. Warner to me early to-morrow. I shall see Aunt Laura Pinchard in the meantime, and she will control Judge Hull and one or two other members of the session; in this way, I am quite confident that the opposition to Mr. Hatton will be sufficient to prevent a call at the first meeting of the board."

"Very well," said the doctor, "with this understanding, I had better go at once, as we have no time to lose."

"Dat's it, dat's it," gasped Aunt Eliza, as she arose from her seat and started for Eleanor's room. "Didn't I know it, didn't I say it?" She said to herself while going up the steps. "Ole Missus don't know what she be talkin' 'bout. De trufe is dat my baby gwine to hab dat fine young feller fo' a husband. Dey done love bofe of deyselves already, but de udder don't know it. Mammy knows it, doh, but, oh, Lawd, heaps ob trouble is a waitin' fo' 'em. Dey has a hard road to trabble, sho 'nuf." Then she silently opened the door and stepped into Eleanor's room.

CHAPTER VIII.

Early Monday morning Judge Hull answered a telephone call from "Aunt Laura," requesting him to call at the Lucile at 10 o'clock, for a conference with some friends upon a very important matter. A similar request was made to several other members of the Official Board of the Princeton Church.

Meanwhile Elder L. S. Rogers was busy conferring with Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Thomas and some of the young people of the Endeavor society.

Dr. Ferguson had not allowed the grass to grow under his feet the previous afternoon and that morning.

So, at 10 A. M. Monday there were eight people in "Aunt Laura's" private parlor for a "confidential" talk as to the advisability of taking steps to prevent John Hatton's being called to the Princeton church.

Dr. Ferguson and Mrs. Tarvin were not present, their lieutenants being so thoroughly drilled that they felt very sure their plans would be well carried out.

"Aunt Laura" opened the conversation by suggesting that in "much counsel there is wisdom." She suggested that "a matter of such grave impor-

tance as the employment of a minister should not be consummated in haste, as the policy of our church is to retain a minister for a long term; therefore, no mistake should be made, as it might necessitate a change at an early date."

"And now," Mrs. Pinchard continued, "I trust you, Judge Hull, Brother Rogers, and you other members of the session, will not consider Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Thomas and myself presumptuous, in calling you into this little conference this morning."

"We wish this meeting and all that we say to be held in strictest confidence," she further remarked, "and would have you understand that we do not presume to advise, or even suggest what you shall do, but only wish to state to you a few facts with which you may not be acquainted, that you may give them due consideration before you go into the board meeting to take the matter up officially."

"Sister Thomas, we will hear what you have to say," then said Mrs. Pinchard.

"Well, Sister Pinchard, since you ask me," said Mrs. Thomas, "I will say the same here that I said to the Doctor last evening. I don't think Brother Hatton is the man for us. I think it would be a mistake to have a single man for our preacher. From what Sister Hall and I saw at choir practice Saturday evening, I believe there would be too much courting going on if he were pastor here. From his appearance, I think he would soon become very fond of a certain young lady in the church,

and, of course, nearly all the girls would be after him."

"And," continued Mrs. Thomas in a low and confidential voice, "I'm going to say something now that none of you must repeat, but it ought to be said. That Mrs. Barton is too familiar with strangers, especially with unmarried men, and from the way they looked at each other Saturday evening, and seemed disposed to carry-on, I'm afraid there would be talk, especially if she sings in the choir. You all know I'm very careful about those things, and feel that we should keep the garments of the church clean. I'm not saying anything against the young preacher, but if he comes here, there is sure to be talk. I know it from what I've already seen."

"Now let us hear from you, Sister Hall," said "Aunt Laura."

"I agree with everything Sister Thomas has said," replied Mrs. Hall, "and there is one other thing that my husband suggested to me before leaving home, and that is, we should not get a man with a lot of wild, extravagant notions about building a new church house. Brother Hatton was heard to remark to some one, that he was surprised to see that we did not have a better house of worship."

"I believe," continued Mrs. Hall, "that if we call him here one of the first things he would propose would be to build a new church. So far as I'm concerned, the house we have is good enough. Our parents worshiped in this house, and every brick in

it is sacred to us. It would simply break my heart, and would send Pa (her husband) to his grave to see our dear old church torn down. As for me, I think we should have an older and more settled man than Mr. Hatton."

The time had come for "Aunt Laura" to have her say, and she proceeded thus: "Gentlemen, these ladies have expressed themselves very freely, and I shall do likewise. I cannot say just at this time I am opposed to Mr. Hatton's being called to the Princeton church, but I *am* opposed to his being called at the next meeting of the session, which I understand is to be to-morrow. We do not know enough about him, and it seems to me that he should be investigated."

Mrs. Pinchard added further that "it had been whispered that Mrs. Tarvin is opposed to Mr. Hatton, and also Dr. Ferguson is not favorable to him, and in view of Mrs. Tarvin's position and influence, and of Dr. Ferguson's long service as minister, their opinions should have some weight. Therefore, gentlemen, we have asked you to come here that we might lay these matters before you, for your consideration, and, if you care to express them, to hear your views upon the subject."

"I can only speak for myself, Mrs. Pinchard," replied Elder Rogers, "but from what I have been able to find out, I certainly think it would be unwise to extend an immediate call to Mr. Hatton."

"As you people know," continued Mr. Rogers,

"I am deeply interested in the young people, and after a little quiet investigation I fear that a number of the young folks do not take to him. He doesn't seem to be a good mixer, and you know, above all things, we need a good mixer."

Mr. Rogers finally added, with a cynical smile characteristic of the man, "and, good people, I have done a little quiet investigating, and find there will be considerable opposition."

After a few moments of silence, "Aunt Laura" remarked: "We have heard nothing from Judge Hull."

Now Judge Hull was esteemed a very good, a genuinely pious man, by all who knew him. While he was County Judge and had held other positions of trust and importance, he was not a man to take the initiative; he lacked that determination and aggressiveness necessary in a successful leader.

The Judge had recently married the daughter of an aged and very wealthy member of the congregation. This splendid old gentleman was an exceptionally generous man with his means, and had been heard to say that he would contribute one-half the money necessary to build a new church, provided the congregation would raise the other half. This did not strike the Judge favorably, doubtless for reasons satisfactory to himself.

After Mrs. Pinchard's last remark, there was another short silence. The Judge, looking intently up at the ceiling, remarked: "Well, friends, this is not

the time nor the place for me to render an opinion; however, I *will* say that Mrs. Hall's remarks with reference to the building of a new church impress me, and in view of the facts in the general situation, it is probable that I shall advocate caution in the selection of a minister."

"It is not probable," he said, "that final action in the matter will be taken to-morrow."

Turning to the other two gentlemen present, Mrs. Pinchard sought from them an expression. They had nothing to say, except that they would be with the majority when the matter came up before the session.

The little company dispersed. After a few words with Mrs. Pinchard, Mesdames Hall and Thomas went to their homes. Judge Hull went immediately to his office, and Mr. Rogers walked up the street to Hop Houston's drug store, where Dr. Ferguson was waiting.

The doctor and elder walked to the post-office, Rogers telling Dr. Ferguson that the plans were working admirably, and giving in detail all that had been said at the conference.

Mrs. Tarvin just then happened to be driving by, and the doctor hailed her; she stopped long enough to hear the interesting news, which she received with evident satisfaction, and then drove on, feeling that such proceedings, while in a sense under cover, certainly *were to be.*

So far all the opposition to John Hatton had been kept very quiet.

On the other hand, however, there had been much favorable comment, and it appeared in the public mind there was no doubt that the young man from Lebanon would be called to the Princeton pastorate at the first meeting of the officers of the church.

On Tuesday evening Dr. Ferguson called the church session to order, there being a full attendance of elders and deacons.

After the usual routine business the moderator asked whether there was any new business?

Elder Rogers arose and said: "Mr. Moderator, the question of the employment of a minister for our church is supposed to have consideration at this meeting. It is generally understood that the Rev. John Hatton is a receptive candidate for the position, but in view of the fact that as yet our knowledge of him is very limited, I move that action be postponed until the next regular meeting of the session."

Judge Hull arose and respectfully seconded the motion.

This motion precipitated a warm discussion which disclosed the fact that the members of the board were equally divided for and against the young preacher, leaving the moderator, Dr. Ferguson, to make the decision.

Seeing that he held the balance of power, the

doctor voted against the motion to defer action, knowing that he could defeat Hatton,, and desiring to do so at once.

The motion being lost, Colonel Tarvin arose and moved that the session extend a call to the Rev. John Hatton, to become pastor of their church, his services to begin as early as possible. The motion was seconded by S. D. Langdon, who was extremely favorable to Hatton. There was no discussion, as the whole matter had been gone over in the previous discussion. The vote as before was equally divided, pro and con. Decision devolved upon the Moderator. At some length, he set forth his reasons for doing so, and then decided against the motion.

The meeting adjourned and every man who had favored Hatton immediately walked out of the church, leaving the others standing in blank astonishment.

Those men favoring the call of Hatton represented the brain, heart and integrity of the official board of the church; with the exception of Judge Hull, the men opposed to Hatton were weaklings and irresponsible.

The six men who walked out of the church stopped for a few minutes, and Colonel Tarvin said: "Gentlemen, this was a concocted scheme, and, sorry as I am to say it, Dr. Ferguson is back of it. The matter does not end here. Will each of you men be at prayer meeting to-morrow evening?"

They all answered in the affirmative.

After breakfast next morning Colonel Tarvin did not mention the action of the session the evening before, and Mrs. Tarvin asked no questions, anxious as she was to know the results of the meeting.

Dr. Ferguson spent a sleepless night, for he keenly felt that notwithstanding his temporary victory, he was defeated in not having a substantial backing in carrying out his designs.

L. S. Rogers was doubtful of his position, and went to the Lucile to confer with "Aunt Laura."

After hearing a full account of what had transpired at the meeting of the session, Mrs. Pinchard was doubtful of the final outcome of the whole affair, as she well knew that Dr. Ferguson had carried his point upon a technicality and that he had no substantial backing.

When Dr. Ferguson called on Mrs. Tarvin Wednesday morning, relating to her what had been done at the meeting, she only remarked: "It is well, as it *was to be.*"

Other members of the official board who had voted against calling John Hatton, soon gave publicity to what had been done, and it became the talk of the town.

A self-constituted committee of five young men and five young ladies from the Christian Endeavor Society, drew up some resolutions, protesting

against the action of the session and asking that the matter be reconsidered.

Ward Hepburn and Ollie Jamison took it upon themselves to circulate a petition among the non-church members of the town, asking that the Rev. Mr. Hatton be called to Princeton; two of the leading workers of the church circulated a similar petition among the members of the congregation.

By the middle of the afternoon of Wednesday the Endeavorers had on their paper the signatures of ninety per cent. of their members; Hepburn and Jamison had more than one hundred names on their petition.

During the day the church officers who had favored Hatton said not a word, refusing to be interviewed upon the subject.

Wednesday evening another unheard-of thing happened. The church was packed; many were turned away from the prayer meeting services.

Dr. Ferguson was nothing less than panic-stricken; Mrs. Tarvin's excitement made her almost hysterical; and L. S. Rogers had defeat written all over him. His chagrin and humiliation caused his blushes to show even upon the top of his bald head. In vain he tried to smile upon, and shake hands with the young people, but they regarded him coldly.

It had been Dr. Ferguson's custom to conduct the prayer meeting service, but it was evident that this was to be no prayer meeting.

Eleanor Tarvin walked into the church with her father a few minutes before the services began. Without consulting anyone she walked up to her place at the organ and the members of the choir followed her example.

Dr. Ferguson arose, and in voice quivering with excitement said: "I am at a loss to know why this very large audience has assembled this evening, as it is only a regular prayer meeting. It is difficult to determine just what course to pursue. I would deliver a sermon, but have no manuscript with me."

At this juncture S. D. Langdon, who was not in the habit of speaking in church, arose and said: "Dr. Ferguson, may I suggest, in view of the fact that we have so large an audience present, that we ask Miss Tarvin to favor us with one or two organ selections and then let the choir render the anthem which was so greatly enjoyed last Sunday."

Hop Houston sprang another surprise by arising, and with a few well-chosen words, in which he gracefully complimented Miss Tarvin on her skill as an organist, seconded Mr. Langdon's suggestion.

During the rendition of the music as had been suggested, the people that had charge of the papers that had been in circulation that day, held a short conference and decided upon their method of procedure.

Strange as it may seem, Ward Hepburn, though not a church member, was chosen to present the matter to the congregation.

Hepburn and Langdon walked up and took front seats, just as the choir finished the anthem.

Then Langdon arose, and addressing Dr. Ferguson, said:

"In many respects this is a most remarkable meeting. This great audience is a voluntary protest against the action taken here last evening, in which a motion to call the Rev. John Hatton to the pastorate of this church, was defeated."

"And I desire to say here," continued Langdon, "that not one of the members of the session of this church who favor calling Mr. Hatton has had anything whatever to do with getting this crowd out here this evening."

"I now wish," said Langdon, "to introduce a gentleman who is not a member of any church, to voice the sentiments and conscientious convictions of a large majority of the people here assembled. It gives me great pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, to present the Hon. Ward Hepburn."

Mr. Hepburn arose, and with marked coolness and deliberation, said: "Mr. Preacher, Ladies and Gentlemen: Pardon my salutation, if it be clothed in improper phraseology, as I am not versed in the ecclesiastic vernacular."

Then turning his searching eyes upon the people, all of whom were waiting in almost breathless expectancy, he continued, saying: "In most circumstances my own sense of the 'eternal fitness of things' would forbid my arising to speak in this

Presence. As you know, I make no claims of being Christian in faith or practice, but you will pardon my saying that

'I thank with brief thanksgiving,
Whatever gods there be,'

that the divine justice implanted within my heart by the great and just Creator of all, has not entirely died out of my soul.

"Whatever may be your creed, there is one thing certain in my mind, which is demonstrated by your determined presence upon this occasion, and that is, that whatever may be the technicality of the law, civil or ecclesiastic, the people have a right to be heard!"

And here the next unheard-of thing in Princeton happened, the staid and aristocratic Presbyterian congregation broke forth in enthusiastic applause.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," continued Hepburn, "it is not so much my purpose to make a speech as it is to present to the gentlemen in official position in this church, your will and desires, as expressed upon the papers which I hold in my hand."

Then addressing Dr. Ferguson personally, he said: "Reverend Sir, I have here three petitions, signed by hundreds of names, asking for the reconsideration of the action of the official body over which you preside, in which a proposition to call the Rev. John Hatton to the pastorate of this church was, at your meeting last evening, defeated. One

of these petitions is signed by nine-tenths of the members of your young people's society, another is signed by over one hundred of the reputable non-church members of Princeton, and the other is signed by more than three-fourths of the members of your church. What official notice shall be taken of this meeting and of these petitions?"

Pale and trembling Dr. Ferguson arose and asked: "Has anyone else anything to say?"

At this point Mr. Rogers, who occupied a seat near the middle of the church, arose. Being duly recognized, he walked down the aisle to the front.

Mr. Rogers has a peculiar walk, which might be styled a combination of pace and fox-trot, a walk that would be well adapted to floor-walking in a modern department store.

"Mr. Moderator, I suggest that a meeting of the session be constituted here and now."

Dr. Ferguson said: "There being a quorum present, without objections, I declare the session constituted. What is your will, brethren?"

Again Mr. Rogers arose and said: "Mr. Moderator, I move you that the question of calling Brother Hatton to this church be reconsidered."

The motion was duly seconded and upon being put to a vote was unanimously carried.

Then Mr. Rogers called up the original question, and asked for the privilege of speaking upon it.

The request being granted, Mr. Rogers said: "I

would like to say to the members of this session, and, incidentally, to the congregation present, that I believe we made a mistake in not calling Brother Hatton. I am for the man the young people want, and if they are for Brother Hatton, so am I."

In their secret hearts scores of young people regarded him as a fawning, designing hypocrite, and no doubt scores of other people in the audience were disgusted.

Mr. Rogers' motion was promptly seconded, and the vote was unanimous for Hatton.

Dr. Ferguson had nothing to say, except to announce the decision of the session.

S. D. Langdon sprang to his feet and almost shouted: "Will all in the audience who indorse this action, please arise?"

Everybody arose, Mesdames Hall and Thomas being the last to stand; Mrs. Tarvin stood with the rest.

When the audience was seated Dr. Ferguson remarked: "It appears that Brother Hatton is desired by the people. He has been officially called by this board, and the clerk is hereby instructed to so inform him. If there is nothing further to come before us I presume it is time to adjourn."

Eleanor Tarvin began playing the Doxology.

CHAPTER IX.

The time of John Hatton's coming forward as a preacher, whether providential, or not, was in the beginning of an important period in the history of the church life of the world.

In the beginning of his first pastorate, John Hatton was unconscious of being the embodiment of some mighty principles of eternal truth, which were to take form and become manifest in his own career and finally assume proportions destined to revolutionize the religious world, turning long-established ecclesiastical theories into practical demonstrations of pure Christianity.

He was uncomfortable in the garb of a clergyman, and the unnatural mannerisms of the average preacher were so repulsive to him that his very nature protested against them. He had no well-defined views upon the outward form a clergyman's life should assume; in fact, he was so intensely interested in knowing the truth, and in proclaiming it simply that he had no time or inclination to be other than his natural self.

Thus John Hatton became a living exponent of the great truth that a man may be a preacher, even a great preacher, without becoming a clergyman. He may be a great herald of the truth and at the

same time be a plain man, a natural man, a man among men.

John Hatton was one of a great host of such men who, in this crisis, had arisen, not only to proclaim the dawn of a new day, the very fact of whose appearing marks a most significent trend in the affairs of the church, viz: *the passing of the clergy* and the transition of religion from theory to practice.

To a large degree the priestly idea has prevailed throughout the religious world. The clergy has been regarded as a peculiar office, separate and apart from the great body of the people; the clergyman is looked upon, to a greater or less degree, as a mediator between man and God, and, in the mind of the masses, is supposed to live and move in a different atmosphere from other people, and to do a work all peculiar to himself, in which the "laity" can have no part.

It is a self-evident truth that, in a natural church, in a natural religion, which, after all, can be the only divine religion, there can be no distinctions between Christ's followers, save natural ones, made by the difference in talents bestowed by nature; these talents in no way affect our acceptance with God, or our duty and privilege of approaching Him. Every one must make his own sacrifice, every one must perform his own consecration, every one must himself commune with his Maker; no priest or preacher can do these things for you.

There is no reason, then, why any one should wear the title "Reverend." To be a Christian gentleman, is the highest attainment possible to mortal man. To wear the crown and to hold the scepter, which by divine right belong to every Christian gentleman, is to be clothed with a royalty that fadeth not away. The glory of this, too, rests upon the fact that it is within the reach of all. It is an inherent right, vouchsafed to every one. It is not inherited, it cannot be bought with money, it cannot be conferred by men; it comes by virtue of our personal relationship to God through Jesus Christ, and is within reach of every one. It is the divine aristocracy of this earth, the royal family of the universe, dwelling in the humblest homes of the poor as well as the splendid mansions of the rich, but always clothed with the purple and fine linen of transcendent faith, hope and love.

Plain "Mister," when applied to a man in this high sense, is the most honorable title.

The idea of the clergy is passing out of the thought and life of the church to-day; the logical sequence of events, the demand of the times, the very "survival of the fittest," are all conspiring to bring this about.

In this advancing, practical age, there is no real, vital, necessary place for the average "parson" and, with the passing of the non-essentials, the "clergy" is no longer in demand.

For preachers who are more than clergymen, for

preachers who have a great soul-message for humanity, the supply is by no means equal to the demands; never before had such men the opportunity for usefulness, and never before were such men so highly appreciated, as to-day.

The prevailing opinion—at least the orthodox views—regarding the clergyman are, that he is "divinely called," must be especially prepared and at length, when this preparation is completed, he is, by the laying on of hands, made "reverend," more holy and sacred than other men. These processes work an outward change in the man, and separate him from the masses. He cultivates his "clerical" voice and manner, he wears a different garb, and he lives and moves in a different atmosphere. He is thus, by custom and expectation, almost forced to live an assumed and artificial life, and when he does lay aside these things and comes down upon the earth and is natural and real, some of the conservatives are ever ready to cry, "He is degrading his calling," even as they said of Christ, "He is the friend of publicans and sinners."

Genuine goodness is never to be distinguished by outward forms and manners, but by inward principles. The badge of one's real sanctity is graven upon the heart, not cut into the coat collar.

The unnaturalness of the clerical office has rendered it weak and effeminate. In the practical affairs of life, no set of men have so little influence as clergymen. True, many clergymen have been

and are mighty factors in the affairs of life, but it is in their ability as men, or by their power of thought and expression, that they have supremacy and not in their clerical office. Is not the bony, side-whiskered, overpious, sanctimonious parson the object of jest and ridicule and has he not been a good subject for the cartoonist and jokemaker?

The clergy is passing because it is not in touch with the great masses of the people.

Christ was gladly heard by the common people; not so the modern parson.

Let us have preachers and preaching, but deliver us from the reverend clergymen. Let preachers be only men—plain, simple, natural men, as God makes them, and confer upon them no man-made distinctions.

When God "calls" a man to preach he "calls" a congregation to hear him. He "calls" to the ministry just as he "calls" to every other useful work, simply by natural endowment for the work, and by giving one a heart and conscience to do that work.

In this sense, and this alone, John Hatton was "called" to the ministry.

The ministry of this type, instead of passing, is but well on its way, with some noble examples already arriving.

CHAPTER X.

John Hatton's call to Princeton was announced in the church paper at Nashville, and the Associated Press dispatches gave a brief but graphic account of the sensational happenings in Princeton in connection with the affair.

Commencement Day was drawing nigh, and the same professors and students who some days before had "happened" to meet and suggest that Prof. Bain write Dr. Ferguson concerning John Hatton's unsoundness in theology, again met and agreed that inasmuch as the call had been extended it would be unwise to interfere at present. However, all were of the opinion that Hatton's ministry in Princeton would be of short duration, for certainly one holding such heretical views could not remain long in that pulpit. They would watch and wait, and should the question ever come up before presbytery they would remember and have ready to present that which they had planned to communicate to Dr. Ferguson before John Hatton received the call.

Commencement week came and passed without anything out of the ordinary happening. But few of the students had much to say to Hatton, his classmates maintaining an air of superiority, and

feeling within themselves that Hatton had had an honor thrust upon him, which his inability would soon remove and send him to "his own place."

During the last week of Hatton's stay in Lebanon, he and Dr. Haley were at different times seen talking together. Their manner was free, easy and natural; they appeared to be speaking confidentially.

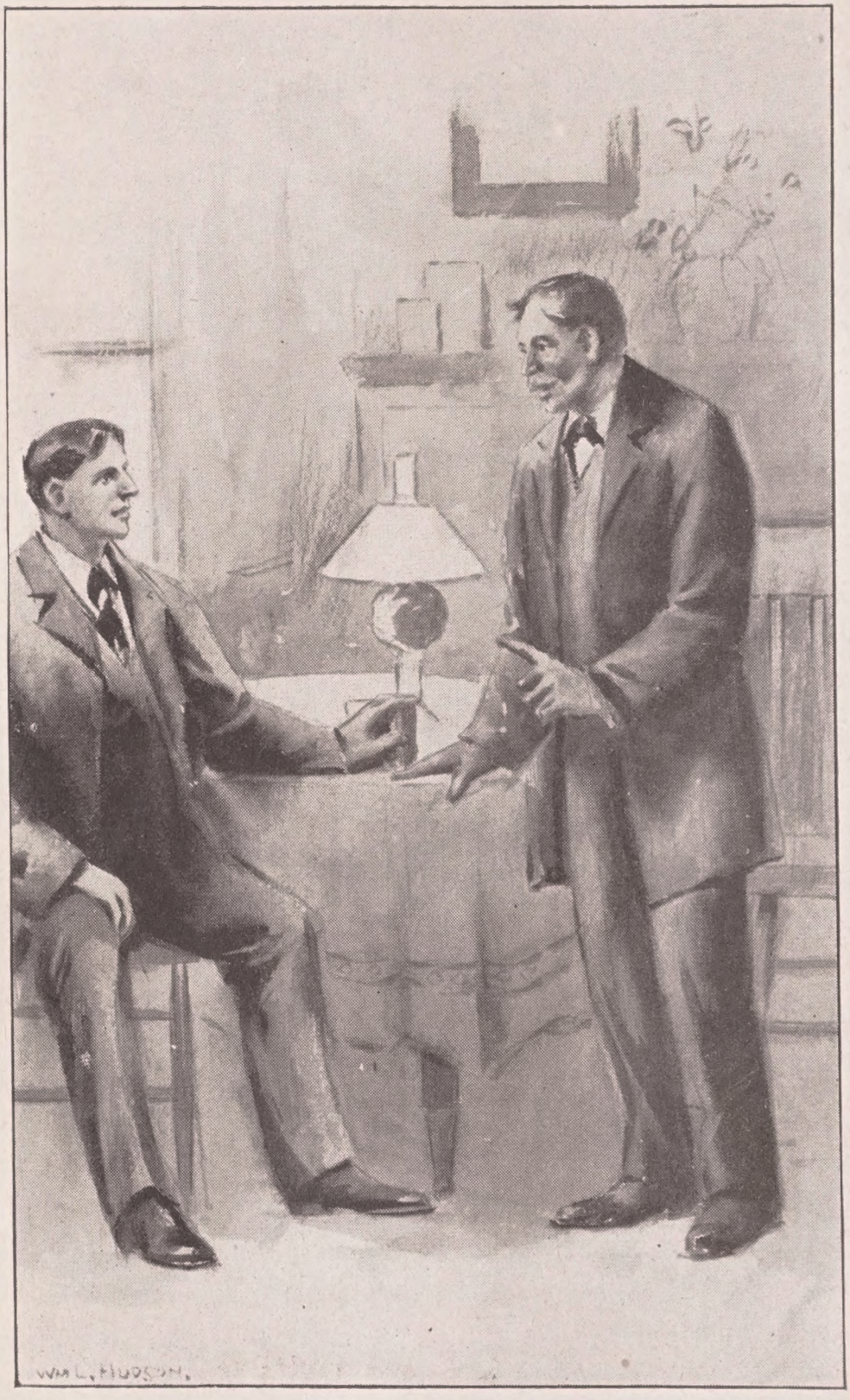
John Hatton received and accepted the call to the Princeton church, reserving one week after commencement for a visit to the "home folks."

In their quaint way of expressing it, the "noration" was sent out through all the "borderside" around the home of his boyhood, that John had graduated and would preach in his home church next Sunday.

He arrived home on Saturday afternoon.

A large company of the neighbors gathered that evening to see the boy who had grown up among them, and was now going to preach in a "town church, away off at Princeton."

The boys and girls with whom he had played in childhood, now grown up into the rough, crude, but sturdy and genuine simplicity of honest backwoods country life, were there to see "John," and to him they were only the plain "Ben," "Ike," "Charley," "Dick," and "Bill," only the plain "Maggie," "Patsy," "Mattie," "Jennie" and "Lucy" that they were in the days when they sat on the benches of the little country schoolhouse.



"As near as I kin make it out, it is sumthin like Barkyneezer."—Page 110.

(*Facing page* 109.)

Among the company was "Elder" Asey Austinbrook, the local "hardshell" Baptist preacher. His title, "Elder," and his office of preacher, he believed to be foreordained. His grandfather, Billy Austinbrook, and his father Daniel Austinbrook, likewise were elders before him; Asey had no other authority or preparation for his ministry than the foreordained heritage of the Austinbrook fami

Elder Asey could scarcely read plain En but all his lack of knowledge was more than up in crude egotism and unadulterated gall.

He was always armed with many profound tions, and was ready to expatiate at length biblical doctrines of the most abstruse nature came at John Hatton loaded and ready for hea argument.

The first question "Elder" Austinbrook put John was after this manner: "Now, young ma you have been off to skule, and I propose to zam min ye, and see what ye know. Ye may not knov it, but I'm a Greek skoller myself. I kin read Greek 'bout as good as I kin the Hinglish. The Greek, ye know, is them little funny letters (referring to *italics*) drapped in here and there in the Scriptures. Kin you read Greek, John?"

"Oh, yes, Brother Austinbrook, I read it a little," answered John.

"Well, that's what I 'lowed when I driv up," remarked Elder Asey.

"And now," he continued, "as you can read the Greek, I want ter know if you can tell me who Melchiseldick's daddy wuz?"

"Well, I'm sorry to say," answered John, "that I do not know."

"I didn't 'low ye did when I axed ye," replied the Elder, "and now, I'll tell ye sumthin' ye don't [illegible]. Mind you, I got part of this frum the [illegible], and the other jist come to me by my rea[illegible] powers."

"Now, don't forgit this, fer it will be worth lots [illegible]," he continued. "It wuz this way: Melchisel[illegible]s daddy was born in the land of Nod, jist back [illegible] Niagry Falls. He growed up and married one [illegible] Cleopatry's darters, and Melchiseldick wuz their [illegible]st, last and only born. I don't know edzactly [illegible]hat his name wuz, for it's mighty hard to make [illegible]t from the Greek, as the characters is not plum [illegible]xtinct, but as near as I kin make it out, it is [illegible]umthin like Barkyneezer.

"Now," he went on, "Barkyneezer, as we will call him, got into a fight with the Injuns, and they fit and fit and fit till they fell in the Niagry River; and still they fit and swum, and swum and fit, till they all went over the Falls and wuz drowned and tharby hangs another p'int that 'stablishes the doctrine of emershun."

"I have never heard it explained that way before," remarked John Hatton, "but, to say the least, it is quite interesting."

"I didn't 'low you'd ever hearn it before. That's the reason I told ye," said Austinbrook.

Faint traces of a smile played over the faces and twinkled in the eyes of the company, and pretty soon the Rev. Austinbrook arose, saying: "As I have a' 'p'intment at Brushy Fork to-morrer, I must git on home, and git to bed. Good-by."

John Hatton shook hands with Elder Austinbrook, telling him he was very glad to have met him again, and that he had thoroughly enjoyed his talk. No doubt he had.

Late in the night, when John was sweetly sleeping in the same bed in which his mother had tucked him away so many times in his earlier life, while he was sleeping and dreaming of other days, and again playing "Bull-pen," or "Anthony-over" with his schoolmates, his father and mother were yet awake, and talking.

Mrs. Hatton said: "Well, we have worked mighty hard to help John get through school. We have all denied ourselves of lots of things to help him along, but he hasn't got the 'big head' a bit. He is the same old John, and when he came home to-day and put his stout arms around me and kissed me, he seemed just as sweet as he was when he was a little tiny fellow; to know that he loves me and appreciates what we have done for him, more than pays up for it all. Guess I'm about ready to die now, for I'm satisfied."

"Oh, pshaw, Sophia!" said Robert Hatton.

"Don't talk about dying. You women folks are all so sentimental! Think about living. I want to live forty years yet, and see what that youngster is going to do, for I tell you now, our work for him hasn't been wasted—he will be heard from. When we are old, we will go and live with him and he will take care of us and make it mighty easy and comfortable for us, too—don't you forget it. He is made out of the right kind of stuff. The world never did, and never will, hear of this stock of Hattons being 'scaly'; John will never forget his mother and father."

A large crowd gathered to hear John Hatton preach on Sunday. His sermon was plain, simple, direct, comforting to those who heard it.

The following Saturday he went to Princeton and took up residence at the Lucile.

As was expected, the following day the church was packed to its seating capacity. The tension was high, but Hatton showed himself master of the situation. He did no extraordinary thing; he made no blunders; he said nothing startling. He preached from the text, "The love of Christ constraineth us," and he moved his audience to tears as he dwelt upon the unselfish love of the Man of Galilee.

When Hatton first preached in Princeton, the people went away admiring him; the second time, they went away loving him.

At the evening service it was announcd that on the following Tuesday a reception would be given

in honor of the new minister, to be held at the Lucile.

Tuesday evening came, and the occasion was the most brilliant social event Princeton had ever known. So far as John Hatton and Eleanor Tarvin were concerned, only one thing happened.

They were alone in the bay window of the main parlor, completely hidden from view by a giant potted fern.

To John it was a wondrous thing, this strange, sweet love that welled up within his heart. It was as though a new life were opened unto him, a life, not alone of earnest purpose, but of exquisite hopes and fulfilled desires.

His love shone in his eyes as he gazed at the woman who had, unconsciously, wrought this marvelous change in him, gazed until her eyes refused to meet his.

She seemed the fairest, purest thing on earth as she sat, silent, with bent head before him.

"Eleanor," he said, and there was a world of tenderness and longing in his voice, "Eleanor—you know!"

One fleeting glance, and his lips sought hers.

CHAPTER XI.

Real friends are not made so much as they are found, and in S. D. Langdon, usually referred to as Sam, John Hatton found a friend. John Hatton has had many professed, but false friends; he has had a few open enemies, and many secret ones; he has found a few true friends, among them none more faithful and constant than Langdon.

Shortly after John and Eleanor had avowed their love for each other the party began to disperse, the Tarvins being among the first to leave.

Sam Langdon remained after the others had gone and invited Hatton to walk up the street with him to Hop Houston's drug store.

There were no barriers between these kindred spirits; they understood each other.

In many a dark and trying hour since then, John Hatton might have given up and completely surrendered had it not been that Sam Langdon stood by him. Many, many a time when separated by distance, Sam Langdon has fought John Hatton's battles, and always won. When Hatton was blue and despondent, longing for companionship, comfort and advice, Langdon has left his business, disregarding his own interests, and traveled hundreds of miles to lend his friend a helping hand.

No man ever loved another man more than Hatton loves Langdon, and he is never happier than when Langdon is by his side. In these latter days when fame and fortune are his, he never loses an opportunity to give due credit to Langdon.

As has been said before, Hop Houston stood high in Masonic circles; Sam Langdon was also a Mason of high degree.

As these three men were pleasantly talking in Houston's store, Langdon remarked: "Hop, we never ask any one to join the Masons, you know, but if Brother Hatton should request it, you and I could take up his petition, could we not?"

"We certainly could," replied Houston, and continuing he said, "and as the parson seems to be a man of decision and action, I have an idea that he will get busy in this line, for there is a meeting next week, at which the matter could be presented."

"Well, gentlemen, I will be frank and say that I desire to be a Mason, if found worthy. I will sign the application now, if you can furnish me with a blank," replied Hatton.

Houston produced the blank petition at once, which was duly signed and presented to the next meeting of the Princeton lodge.

Before parting that evening Langdon said: "I am glad you desire to go into Masonry. I hope you will get through all right, for I'm sure you will like it. It will be worth a great deal to you. We have a fine lot of fellows in our lodge, and I want

them to know you; they will stand by you. You will need them, for you are not going to have smooth sailing here. Colonel Tarvin is a Mason, and I think Miss Eleanor would be if she could. I hope some day she may be a Mason's wife."

Then these two strong young men silently grasped each other's hand, and looked each other squarely in the face.

CHAPTER XII.

John Hatton's ministry in Princeton was of less than a year's duration.

His preaching was attended by all classes of people and the size of his audience was limited only by the capacity of the church in which he spoke.

His sermons were all simple, concise, forceful, logical, naturally eloquent, pointed and direct. While each discourse was complete within itself, yet there was unity of plan and purpose throughout all his preaching, ever leading up to a grand culmination, the great theme in his thought and purpose was the *"Unity of Christendom."*

He had no patience with or favor for the sectarian divisions of Protestantism, and maintained that the denominational strife among the churches was not only an open violation of the will of Christ, as expressed in his prayer, recorded in the seventeenth chapter of John, but was the greatest hindrance to an early and effective evangelization of the world.

In his preparation and delivery of sermons, he utterly ignored all established tenets and formulated creeds, save as, perchance, his interpretation of the plain Scriptures, which alone he took as his rule

of faith and practice, happened to be in accord with those tenets or creeds.

This style of preaching was something new in Princeton, attracting much attention, exciting much comment and eliciting general favor, except upon the part of Dr. Ferguson, Mrs. Tarvin and their small following.

All fair and honest minds which came under the personal influence of John Hatton's teachings naturally accepted it as truth, for it was self-evident, unanswerable.

His popularity soon spread beyond the radius of his personal ministry. Numerous reports of his sermons appeared in different papers and caused criticism, pro and con.

Because the most cherished traditions and precious doctrines of his church were being assailed, Dr. Ferguson soon became open and pronounced in his condemnation of the young man's teaching. In this he had the determined support of Mrs. Tarvin.

An article by Dr. Ferguson, calling attention to John Hatton's heretical tendencies, soon appeared in the denominational paper at Nashville. The week following, another article from the pen of Prof. Stainer of the Seminary appeared in the same paper, in which he urged the great necessity at that peculiar time, of loyalty to their denominational standards, using John Hatton as a dangerous example, holding him up as an exponent of the thought rapidly growing among the churches, and

very dangerous in its tendency. He also called attention to the fact that this heresy was discovered in Hatton before he left the Seminary, and that some of the faculty and a few of his classmates had thought of so informing the brethren at Princeton, but did not do so as he was called to that church earlier than they had expected. They then decided to wait, hoping that under the influence of Dr. Ferguson he would get back into line and render valuable service to the cause of their denomination. Seeing that he had failed in this, Prof. Stainer felt that for the safety of the cause they represented and for the future of the church in Princeton, presbyterial action should be taken at the earliest possible moment; that John Hatton should be forced to declare his loyalty to the Confession of Faith and hold forth the doctrines taught therein, or be excommunicated from the communion and fellowship of the denomination.

These articles met with general approval among the ministers and elders throughout the presbytery, and it became generally understood that the next meeting of Princeton Presbytery would be unusually interesting because of a heresy trial, a thing which had not occurred for many generations.

John Hatton's friends and enemies anxiously awaited some reply from him concerning these things which were taking place.

He maintained a characteristic silence, which was mysterious to his friends and annoying to his ene-

mies. He went along with his work as though nothing unexpected or unusual was happening.

John Hatton differed from other clergymen not only as a preacher, but as a "pastor."

He knew nothing of and utterly ignored the modern "pastoral idea." He learned from the New Testament that the *Elders* in the early church founded by the Holy Spirit and maintained by the Apostles, were the bishops, or pastors. The preachers were the *evangelists,* the heralds of the glad tidings of salvation, the evangels of light and liberty, whether they preached from time to time in one place or went from place to place declaring the Word.

His ruling passion was the restoration of the apostolic order of things and precedent or present custom made no difference to him; he only sought to know the truth, to discover the right way and then fearlessly proceeded to do what he thought was right, regardless of the consequences.

Because John Hatton, then, was not a pastor in the modern sense, those who were looking for faults and shortcomings made such objection to him.

True, whenever and wherever he was needed, in times of trouble or distress, he was ever ready, at any cost or sacrifice to do his duty. In times of sorrow and grief, he "wept with them that wept."

He wasted no time running hither and thither on foolish errands to please the fancy or gratify the whims of chronic grumblers, contentious dames,

giddy youths or exacting old maids. He was too busy doing real, vital, living, permanent things, to become a mere automaton, bobbing up and bobbing down at the beck and call of a lot of irresponsibles.

In his social life he was real, humanly real, and had his likes and dislikes, his personal friends. He was an enemy to no one, but naturally found some people more congenial to him than were others. He rejoiced with them that rejoiced with him and took genuine pleasure in the happiness and success of all; in other words, he was just human.

At the end of six months the situation in Princeton, with reference to John Hatton, was as follows: Everybody acknowledged he was an extraordinary preacher, a rather peculiar and strikingly unique man; the majority genuinely admired him.

A few people bitterly hated him, and would take advantage of every opportunity to do him injury; a few people were bound to him by ties of friendship as strong as those which bound David and Jonathan, and one beautiful, devoted soul loved him more than she loved her own life.

CHAPTER XIII.

The courtship of John Hatton and Eleanor Tarvin was in no sense conventional.

John Hatton had never been in that empty thing called "society." His nature was too intense to admit of his wasting precious time in talking soft nonsense, and in doing those foolish nothings characteristic of the "smart" set.

Miss Tarvin, too, was one of that intense, but practical temperament. Her early life was spent in gratifying her inherent desire for culture and development. She was always a student; whatever she did, was with all earnestness.

So, when she and John Hatton met, it was the coming together of kindred spirits. They loved. Their love was as natural and inevitable as the responsive opening of the flower to the silent wooing of the warm sunlight and gentle rain.

During the first few months of John Hatton's residence in Princeton, he was much in company with Miss Tarvin. While this was very objectionable to Mrs. Tarvin, she made no open protest, confining her comment upon the situation to Dr. Ferguson, in whom she fully trusted and upon whom she relied to assist her in carrying out her designs.

Dr. Ferguson's calls at the Tarvin home became so frequent that the suspicions of the young couple were aroused.

One beautiful evening in the early part of September the two young people were in a rustic arbor, a veritable bower of honeysuckle, happy in each other's love.

Like that strange, mysterious tinge of melancholy that gives pathos to the first days of autumn beauty so in some strange way there was intermingled with their joy a premonition that they should soon be made to drink the cup of sorrow. A night-hawk shrieked in the woods back of the orchard, a peafowl screamed from one of the big trees in the pasture, a horse neighed far down in the meadow, in the distance a dog was barking; then all was still and earth and sky were silent in the moonlight and shadow. From the cabin door of "Uncle" Stephen's and "Aunt" Eliza's home there issued, in plaintive notes, sung by "Aunt" Eliza, that old plantation song:

"Swing low, sweet chariot."

The song was so weird as to almost make John Hatton's blood run cold, and Eleanor, with quivering body, nestled close to him.

He gently placed his arm about her, and her hot tears fell upon his hand.

"Why are you weeping, my darling?"

"I do not know, but everything seems so strange

to-night. I am happy, and yet I am sad. Aunt Eliza's song—the very moonlight itself—seem full of sadness."

"Little one," said he, "are we not happy to have met, and to have loved? We were made for each other, my darling, and, in this world, and the world to be, we are and shall ever be one."

Never since the beginning of all things have loving assurances failed to calm woman's fears, and soon Eleanor was content.

John told her of his early aspirations and struggles, and confided to her all his plans; she listened, never doubting for an instant that he would surmount all obstacles and achieve great ends.

"John," she said, "are you perfectly, perfectly comfy?"

"Perfectly, perfectly," he laughed, holding her closer to him.

"But," nodding her head sagely, "doesn't a man have to smoke to be perfectly comfy—like dad?"

"I don't smoke, dear heart."

"Oh!" and she shook a reproving finger, "but you do. I've seen you."

"Recently?"

"Well—no; but you did," with another affirmative nod.

"I did, dear; but that was before."

"Before what?"

"Before you entered into your kingdom."

She looked at him with questioning eyes.

"Have they talked you out of it?"

"They? Who?"

"Sisters Thomas and Hall," smiling archly.

"No," he said, "decidedly, no."

"Do you think that a clergyman shouldn't smoke?"

"The clergyman himself should decide, dear one."

"Then, why?" she persisted.

"Because," very gravely.

"That's a woman's reason," she pouted. "You're infringing on my prerogatives."

"Faulty logic, sweetheart. Woman's prerogatives are within the dispensation of man," and he kissed her.

"Yes; but——"

"Dear," he said, his lips on hers, "not since the hope of some day holding you in my arms seemed possible of fulfillment has a cigar been between my lips. I could not touch your sweet lips while my own were soiled with tobacco."

They sat for a while longer, just two lovers, but all the dreams of the past, all the joys of the present, all the hopes of the future seemed within their reach.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Is you asleep, Steve?" asked Aunt 'Liza some minutes after she had finished singing, and shut the cabin door.

"Cose I ain't asleep. I'd lack ter know how I c'u'd sleep wid yo' a-squallin' dat old song lack yo' bin doin', but ef yo' shet yo' mouf 'twon't be long fo I is asleep," answered Uncle Stephen.

"Listen at me, niggah," said Aunt Eliza, "I's got sump'en to tell yo', and it's pow'ful 'portant, too. I wants to talk to yo' soon as I gits to bed, ef yo' can keep dat sleepy head o' yourn awake dat long."

"Well, gwan now, and do yo' talking, fo' I ain't got no time to wase listenin' to no foolishness o' yourn," said Stephen.

"Mind what yo' sayin', niggah, 'tain't no foolishness I'm talkin' 'bout," said Aunt 'Liza, "it's 'bout Mas' John Hatton and my baby. Doan yo' know, ole Missus an' dat ole preacher Ferguson done fix it all up how dey is gwine make dat young preacher leave town and my baby fo'eveh, an' fo'eveh!"

"Well, fo' de Lawd, what does yo' t'ink o' dat!" said Uncle Stephen.

"Yas, Steve," Aunt Eliza went on, "I's heard 'em talkin' agin and agin. Dey done say how he's gwine ter be fotch up befo' de percemetary, and tried for haireasy; den, dey say, he kain't preach no mo. Dey is gwine to start some bad tales 'bout 'im. Dey's boun' to ruin 'im, dey's boun' to ruin 'im, an' ef one way won't work, den dey will try a nudder."

"Well, Lizy," said Uncle Stephen, "what yo' gwine do?"

"Dis is what I's gwine do, and dis is what yo' gwine do, too," answered Aunt Eliza. "Yo' jis listen at what I say, and den go do it. You go see Mas' John Hatton to-morrer mawnin' and tell 'im yo' t'inks de fish'll be bitin' now, an ax 'im ef he doan want to go fishin' wid yo'. Ef he say 'no,' den whisper to 'im dat he mus' go, fo' yo' got sumpen to tell 'im dat's mighty seris and den, when yo' gits down on de bank ob de ribber, tell 'im 'bout what I done tole yo'."

"I'll do dat berry t'ing to-morrer," said Uncle Stephen, "but what yo' gwine do, Lizy?"

"I's gwine see my baby to-morrer when ole Missus goes to town, an' den I'll tell her all 'bout it," said Aunt Eliza.

"But, Lawd, Lawd, what's gwine happen when all dis gits started!" said Uncle Stephen. "Jis to t'ink who's mixed up in all dis," he continued, "da is ole Missus huh se'f, and she's mighty hedset when she gits started; den da is Miss Ellie, an' she is

wuss'en her mammy when she gits strung up; and da is dat young preachah man, and dey say he comes fum fightin' stock, way back; and den da is dat ole preachah man, but he doan 'mount to much; but den da is de Cunnel! Oh, Lawd, dey bettah not git him riled, fo' ef dey does de debbil will be to pay, sho!"

"'Membah what you got to do to-morrer, an' go to sleep, niggah," said Aunt Eliza.

"Go to sleep yose'f, yo' cullud angel yo'," said Uncle Stephen; "yo' done got me so wucked up dat ef I do go sleep I'll be dreamin' 'bout wah times agin. Guess I'll jis lie awake all night, and t'ink 'bout de trouble what's a comin' fo' Jurden sho am a hard road to trabble."

By the middle of the forenoon of the next day Uncle Stephen had arranged with John Hatton to go fishing in the afternoon.

The same afternoon Mrs. Tarvin drove to Princeton, leaving Eleanor at home alone.

At the same time then that afternoon two faithful creatures, whose exterior was black, but whose purposes were as pure and whose souls as white as the driven snow, were doing what they believed to be their duty in informing John Hatton and Eleanor Tarvin of the secret plans being worked against them to bring about the downfall of the young preacher and to blight the happiness of the two young lives forever.

When all the pages of history have been searched

through in quest of noble examples of loyalty and fidelity, it will be found that the old-time colored people of the south stand second to none.

Though bound by the shackles of slavery, with their owners and the younger white men off at war, fighting, too, for the perpetuity of the bondage of the blacks, the colored men and women were left behind to till the soil and when, by a secret agreement and a single uprising, all the families of the whites might have been destroyed, be it said to the eternal credit of the blacks, that they remained faithful to their trust.

And after the war was over, many of those dear old colored people, knowing the love borne them by their former masters, remained with them, loyal to the end.

Those old "black mammies" loved the white children whom they nursed, even as they loved their own lives. Those old colored men of the south loved their masters and remained constant to them until the peculiar type passed away with that time which is now a golden dream.

Thus we can account for the loyalty of Uncle Stephen and Aunt Eliza to Colonel Tarvin and Miss Eleanor. Though Uncle Stephen's head was growing gray, yet he was brave and true and had it been necessary would have died for his master, with whom he had lived since boyhood and whose fortunes he had followed with intense interest, through bondage and in freedom, through war and in peace.

Uncle Stephen and Aunt Eliza were both born "Tarvins." Aunt Eliza had been Eleanor's "black mammy," and she always maintained that her baby was more "Tarvin" than "Radcliff."

John Hatton and Uncle Stephen had cast their hooks, when the old negro turned to the young preacher and said, "Mas' John, you knows dat wife Lizy o' mine?"

"Yes, Uncle Stephen, what is it?" answered the preacher.

"Well, suh," said Stephen, "Lizy, she done tole me sump'en that I's gwine tell yo', 'cause it's 'bout yo' an' Miss Ellie. Lizy she say she done bin listenin' at ole Missus an' dat preachah man, Dr. Ferguson, yo' know, an' she heard 'em sayin' as how yo' gwine be fotch up befo' de percemetary, or sump'en lak dat, an' dey is gwine try yo' fo' haireasy. Now yo' may know what dat is, but I don't.

"But dat ain't de wust, Mas' John," Uncle Stephen went on, "fo' dey's gwine try to make yo' go on off fum heah, so's yo' kain't see Miss Ellie no moah."

John Hatton was listening intently, taking in every word Uncle Stephen was saying, when a big trout took his hook, and pulled the cork under. He stood holding his fishing rod, and as the fish made for the middle of the stream, his reel began to sing, but he gave it no heed.

"Good Lawd! Mas' John," exclaimed Uncle Ste-

phen, "listen at dat reel! Doan you heah dat music? Look at dat line, man, why doan you jeck?"

Still John Hatton paid no attention to the fish, but mechanically held on to his rod.

Then Uncle Stephen rushed up to him, and said: "Is yo' parlized, Brudder Hatton? Gimme dat pole!"

The old negro, who was an expert angler, reeled the fish up near to the bank, then allowed it to play back and forth until at last the trout was subdued and landed upon the bank.

John Hatton was not interested in the catch, and soon as Uncle Stephen's excitement was over, said: "Uncle Stephen, we will drive back to town."

"I's sorry, Mas' John, dat yo' is so upset 'bout what I tole yo', but I 'lowed yo' oughter know 'bout it," said Uncle Stephen, "an'," he continued, "Lizy, she put me up to do it, and say she gwine tell Miss Ellie, too. I 'low she done tole uh dis bery arternoon 'cause ole Missus ain't at home, and she'll hab a mighty good chance to talk wid 'er."

"That's all right, Uncle Stephen; I'm very glad you have told me," said the preacher, "for I have suspected as much, but did not know positively. Let us be going, for I must see some parties in town soon as possible."

On the way home not a word passed between John Hatton and Uncle Stephen until they reached the outskirts of the town, when John said: "Uncle Stephen, I believe you are worthy of my confidence,

and I am going to trust you. I believe you and Aunt Eliza are true friends to Miss Eleanor and me, and we may need your help in the days to come. I thank you for what you have done for us, and shall have more to say to you later. Now, please drive to the hotel, and we will say good-by for the present."

After driving John Hatton to the hotel, Uncle Stephen went directly to the Tarvin home. Aunt Eliza met him at the stable, and talked with him as he was putting away the horse and buggy.

"Did yo' tell 'im, Steve?" was her first question.

"Yes, I tole 'im, Lizy. Did you tell huh?" responded Uncle Stephen.

"Yes, I tole 'uh, Steve, and she didn't say a word. Huh sweet face turned white as snow, and 'uh lil lips quivered like a leaf in de win, and she jes' folded her lil han's togedder and look up to'ads heben like she wuz a-prayin'. I couldn't stan' it, Steve, an' I put my arms 'roun' 'uh, and jes' cried out loud, an' say 'God bless my baby,' and cum awa' and lef 'uh by 'uh se'f," said Aunt Eliza.

"Mas' John didn't say nothin' nuther," said Uncle Stephen, "'cep' when we wuz comin' into town he 'lowed he wuz mighty glad I tole 'im, and he t'ink me and yo' gwine be mighty good fren's to Miss Ellie and 'im, and they gwine trus us, an' speks us to hep 'em out lots when de trubble cums."

"Dat we is, niggah, dat we is!" said Aunt Eliza.

"We's boff Tarvins, and my baby is a Tarvin, and she loves Mas' John Hatton, an' he's gwine have 'uh, ef we have to steal 'uh fur 'im. Does yo' heah dat, Steve?"

"I sho does," said Uncle Stephen, "an' yo' can 'pend 'on dis ole niggah, fus, las, an' all de time. I's reddy fo' wah agin, ef dey wants it. Say, Lizy, git dat fish outer de buggy, an' fix it fo' Miss Ellie's suppah. Maby she can eat sum uv it, an' maby she cain't, bless 'uh lil heart!"

CHAPTER XV.

About 5 o'clock the same afternoon Sam Langdon answered the telephone in his office, saying: "Meet me here at seven-thirty this evening, and we will have a private talk."

It was in response to John Hatton who had called from the Lucile, saying he was very anxious to see Langdon on a very important matter, and as early as convenient.

The two men met, and Hatton related in detail what Uncle Stephen had told him.

Langdon sat in silence for a few moments, and then said: "Now, John, go to the hotel, calm yourself if possible, and go to bed. This is not the time for us to talk, for you are too excited. Forget for the present, if possible, all that has happened. Leave it to me, and let us see how things will work out."

"Very well," said Hatton, "I shall try to do as you say. It is very gracious of you to take my burdens upon your shoulders, but I know you to be my friend and in present circumstances no doubt you are better able to handle the situation than I am. My case is in your hands, and whatever you do will meet with my approval. Good night."

"Good night, I will call you to-morrow about ten o'clock. Rest as much as possible, so as to be ready for anything that may come up," said Langdon as Hatton went out of his office.

Among all the young ladies in Princeton Miss Zanita Fulton was perhaps the closest and most confidential friend of Eleanor Tarvin. Miss Fulton's home was in Boston, she and Eleanor having met and become friends during Eleanor's school days.

Through Eleanor's influence Miss Fulton had been given a position in Princeton College as teacher of elocution and dramatic art. Miss Fulton boarded in the home of a prominent Princeton family, and she and Eleanor were often together.

After hearing Aunt Eliza's story, Eleanor felt that it would be torture for her to remain alone. She felt that she must be with Zanita, and open her heart to her.

So, calming herself, soon after Aunt Eliza had left her alone, she called Zanita over the phone, and said: "Dear, I must see you this evening, and called to ask whether you will be at home. Father and mother are both away, and may not be home before night. I have no convenient way to get to town, as Uncle Stephen is very busy. Could you arrange some way to drive out for me after supper? I just *must* see you. I will spend the night with you if you will let me."

"If I will *let* you!" exclaimed Zanita. "You know

I would be delighted, but listen, honey, I have an engagement to go driving with some friends. Mrs. Langdon and Miss Arnold asked me to go out with them after supper, and as there will be a vacant seat, we could drive out for you, if it suits them and I'm sure it will. I will call up Mrs. Langdon and ask her, and then I'll call you."

Zanita called Mrs. Langdon, and found that it would be a pleasure for her and Miss Arnold to drive out to the Tarvin home for Eleanor.

So, that evening, as John Hatton was leaving Sam Langdon's office, Eleanor Tarvin was starting to Princeton with Mrs. Langdon (Sam's wife), Miss Arnold and Miss Fulton.

Eleanor's heart was very heavy. She had eaten a very light supper, taking only a very little of the fish Aunt Eliza had so lovingly prepared.

The open air, the jolly companionship of her friends, and the hope of seeing John Hatton that evening, cheered Eleanor's heart and within a few minutes she appeared her natural self; but within her soul there was deep sorrow, grave apprehension and an unutterable anxiety.

John Hatton was sitting on the veranda of the Lucile as the party of ladies drove by. They recognized him, and involuntarily he signaled them to stop.

He approached the carriage and after greeting the ladies, asked Miss Zanita whether it would be

convenient for him to call for a few minutes that evening.

Great was his surprise when Miss Fulton replied, rather coyly, saying: "Mr. Hatton, I am very sorry to tell you that Miss Eleanor and I have another engagement for this evening, and it will not be convenient to see you."

John Hatton looked at her in blank astonishment, and uttered not a word.

Then all the ladies laughed merrily and John felt relieved.

Eleanor came to his rescue by tenderly saying: "Mr. Hatton, we have promised to spend the evening with Mrs. Langdon. Mr. Langdon desires to talk with me a few minutes, he says; but if you wish to see me before I return home, you may call to-morrow morning about eight-thirty, as I must start home at ten o'clock."

"Thank you, that will suit me, and you may expect me at eight-thirty in the morning. Good night, ladies," said the preacher.

Sam Langdon had hailed the carriage as the ladies drove by his office, and asked them to stop for a while that evening at his home, as he desired to have a talk with Miss Tarvin.

Meanwhile Langdon had held a conference with a few of his close friends of the "mystic tie," those friends, too, whom he knew to be loyal to John Hatton, and had placed the whole situation in detail before them.

They then and there vowed together that they would stand by Hatton until the last, and would not see him defeated. They took into account the love affair between John and Eleanor, and pledged themselves to unending loyalty to the two young people.

John Hatton walked into the hotel and retired, wondering what Langdon had in mind and what he would say to Eleanor, but certain that in Langdon's hands his interests were safe and that Eleanor's anxiety would in some measure be relieved by Langdon's conversation.

Sam Langdon and Eleanor Tarvin talked for a few minutes that evening in the parlor of Langdon's home.

He simply said to her, "Miss Tarvin, you may not know it, but Brother Hatton has confided to me all his secrets. I know of the love you and he have for each other. He has told me also of the difficulties in your way, and I simply want to tell you that he is not without loyal friends in Princeton. You need not worry; we will take care of his interests in the church, and some of us will stand by you and him until the end. You only have to wait and see what the future brings forth, and while it may be a long while, yet, I have no doubt it will bring happiness to you and the man you love."

Tears were in Eleanor's eyes, tears of gratitude, as she tenderly said: "It is so good of you, Mr.

Langdon, to speak to me in this way, and I thank you."

That night Eleanor and Zanita did not sleep until long after twelve o'clock. They lay upon each other's arms, and told to each other their loves, their fears, their hopes.

CHAPTER XVI.

At eight-thirty the next morning, John Hatton called to see Miss Tarvin, and they spent an hour in earnest conversation.

In the face of the facts confronting them they both had the good practical judgment that prevented their giving way to feeling, and that led them to a sane consideration of the situation and to a very wise decision as to the course they should pursue.

Colonel Tarvin drove by for his daughter, and after a few pleasant words with John Hatton, started for home.

Soon after arriving home Mrs. Tarvin informed Eleanor that Dr. Ferguson would call in the afternoon and desired to have a conversation with her.

The young lady was surprised, but indicated her willingness to talk with the minister.

Accordingly, the doctor called at Colonel Tarvin's and after a short while of conversation between him and the mother and daughter, Mrs. Tarvin excused herself, leaving Miss Eleanor and the minister alone in the parlor.

"Miss Eleanor," said Dr. Ferguson, "as your mother has informed you, I desire to talk with you personally and, I hope, confidentially, about a mat-

ter that is of great importance which not only affects you personally, but means much to your mother, and is of vital interest to the future welfare of our church, both here in Princeton and in the brotherhood at large."

"I am very willing to hear you, Dr. Ferguson," replied the young lady.

"It is a rather delicate situation," said the minister, "it is with reference to the young pastor of our church."

Straightening up to her full dignity, Miss Eleanor said in a very formal way: "I had surmised as much, Dr. Ferguson, and if you will, you may proceed to speak what is in your mind."

Her manner, her look, the tone of her voice, her very presence disconcerted the ecclesiastic, threw him into consternation, and put him on the defensive in the outset; could he have done so, he would have retreated at once, but it was impossible.

"Well, as I said, Miss Eleanor, you must not consider me as intending to be in any way objectionable and will pardon anything I say which might otherwise be offensive, as you know me to be a true friend of your family, an earnest supporter of the church, trying always to defend the faith and to keep intact the tenets of our denomination."

"Yes," answered the young lady, looking directly at him.

"But," said the doctor, with a forced and very artificial smile playing over his fatherly counte-

nance, "the main reason for my coming to you now, is for your own welfare."

"Oh, indeed! how kind of you," exclaimed Eleanor, with a chilly, sarcastic laugh.

It was with the greatest effort that the baffled divine gathered himself together and finally came to the point, by saying: "Miss Eleanor, after having talked often and at length with your mother, she and I have decided that it is wise for me to lay before you all the facts concerning this young man.

"As you doubtless know," he continued, "he is unsound in the faith, is disloyal to our Confession, is far from possessing ministerial dignity, and it is a foregone conclusion that charges of heresy are to be preferred against him, and that he will be brought up for trial at the next meeting of Presbytery."

"Will you please state the points of attack that are to be made upon his teaching?" asked Miss Tarvin.

Again the minister was repulsed, not expecting such a question, and as yet not having formulated his charges against John Hatton, he was at a loss for an answer.

"Just now, it would be difficult for me to state the specific charges that are to be made against him, and probably 'twould be improper and unwise for me to do so, as that would come properly before the Presbytery only," the doctor said.

"Then I suppose that charges will not be sub-

mitted in advance to Mr. Hatton himself, in order to give him sufficient opportunity to defend himself?" said the young lady.

"It is very evident, Miss Tarvin, that you are in sympathy with Mr. Hatton. You may not know it," he continued in a reproving way, "but your attitude toward this young heretic and your evident fondness for him is the bitterest experience in your mother's life, and is breaking her heart and destroying her happiness."

"You may be warranted, sir, in speaking to me in this way, but I do not think so. I gave you a respectful hearing, because evidently it is my mother's desire to have you talk with me. I regret that her champion in this controversy is not more tactful, for otherwise her cause might be better served," replied Eleanor.

"I should like to say to you, further, Dr. Ferguson," continued Miss Tarvin, "that as to Mr. Hatton's teaching, if it is heresy, then I, too, am a heretic, and proud of the fact. This is not the time or the place for me to make a defense of his teaching, in fact, it needs no defense from anyone. The truthfulness of his teaching is self-evident. You have only to look at the influence it has upon the people, and to take into account the wonderful transformation his preaching has wrought in the thought and life of the community since he has been here."

Then, her indignation flaming, she said: "I can

easily understand why you are opposing Mr. Hatton and why you have opposed him from the moment when he first came to Princeton; you are jealous of him. You tried to defeat him the first time he went into the pulpit, and you have been his secret enemy ever since, and with my mother you have concocted scheme after scheme to overthrow him. Even now you have sinister plans to overthrow him, thwart his plans, blast his hopes and wreck his life."

"But the meanest part of it all is," she continued, "that you have taken advantage of my mother's credulity, appealing to her religious prejudices. I know she has a natural aversion to Mr. Hatton, but it would not be half so pronounced as it is had you not influenced her as you have."

"Miss Tarvin, I do not hold you accountable for the very rash things you are saying, for you are not yourself. Your mind has been poisoned; you have been led astray from the religious teachings of your childhood by your contact with the so-called 'liberal thought.' "

"I am now going to say something which will doubtless be still more offensive to you," continued the doctor, "but, for your own good it must be said. Your infatuation for this young man is nothing more nor less than ridiculous. The idea of a Tarvin marrying a man whose social level is so far below your own, is an utterly unthinkable thing.

"One other thing, before I go, Miss Tarvin, bit-

ter as it may be for you to hear, and it is for your good that I say it. It is rumored that John Hatton's moral record is not clear. It is no credit to you to be seen so much in his company; for your mother's peace of mind and for your future welfare I hope you will discard him at once," said the clergyman.

"Dr. Ferguson," said Eleanor coldly, "you pose as a servant of Christ, a representative of the Christian religion. If you are a true exponent of the Christ life, then none of it for me, but you are not. Your spirit, your words, your artificial, fruitless, barren, selfish life mark you, not a Christian, but a hypocrite; not a saint but a pharisee.

"Listen to me," she said, "one noble impulse from John Hatton's pure heart, one true thought from his fertile brain, one kindly act from his honest life, will work more good than you in your long life have accomplished."

CHAPTER XVII.

The orthodox clergy of Princeton Presbytery, also of other surrounding Presbyteries, especially of the Lebanon Presbytery, kept a close eye upon John Hatton's ministry, and noted carefully every utterance of his, as reported by Dr. Ferguson in private correspondence and as published from time to time in the secular papers.

The sermon of Hatton's, however, which gave his enemies reasonable ground for heresy charges was the one preached at a union service in the Southern M. E. Church in Princeton, his subject being "Christian Union."

On this occasion the subject having been previously announced, the house was packed with representatives from all the churches in Princeton.

The preacher took as the scriptural basis of his remarks the prayer of Christ for the unity of His followers, as recorded in the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel as written by John.

He maintained that one of the greatest hindrances to the rapid evangelization of the world is the sectarian divisions of the Lord's hosts.

He took the ground that there is scriptural authority for but one church, that Christ said, "upon this rock I will build My church."

He argued that the same process which makes a Christian also puts one into the church, that the idea of first becoming a Christian and afterward "joining some church" is unscriptural, illogical, unthinkable. To be a Christian, and a "Christian only," was all that was thought of, or required in apostolic times, and should be sufficient to-day.

He boldly declared that all sectarian denominations have been afterthoughts, the products of uninspired men, that they are only of human authority and are directly contrary and antagonistic to the plan or purpose of Christ concerning the Christianization of the world.

After thus speaking in general by way of introduction, he argued:

1. *That sectarian divisions are impracticable from a business point of view.*

Using the situation in Princeton as an illustration, he asked how much more effective the religious work in a town of three thousand inhabitants might be had they only one church, with a great auditorium and a great united congregation, instead of having six small congregations, each meeting in a small house and each thinking more of its own special interests, dogmas and doctrines, than of the great universal cause of Christianity.

He held up the crime of spending large sums of money in running ecclesiastical machinery, when much of the same might be used in helping the

poor, and in various other channels of beneficent work.

He showed how one man might preach more effectively to one great congregation than six men to six small struggling congregations, and that no more salary would be necessary in such conditions than is required to support each one of the six resident preachers. He clinched the argument under his first proposition by showing "how much more might be accomplished were this money, now being wasted, turned into other channels and were the five preachers whose services might well be dispensed with, sent out into other fields as missionaries of the cross."

2. He claimed denominations to be wrong, because they *make the church appear inconsistent in the eyes of the world.*

Christ had this very point in view when he prayed for the visible unity of His followers, when He said "That the world may believe that Thou didst send me."

"Were the churches meant to be competitive transfer societies to carry human souls from earth to heaven, there might be some reason or excuse for such state of affairs; but Christ taught us to pray, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' and it is the business of Christianity to create a heaven here on earth by being a unit in Christ and experiencing a glorious fellowship, one with another."

"How can the bewildered man of the world decide which road to take and what method to follow, when so many are open to him with strong advocates saying, 'this is the true way, and all others are wrong?' "

3. He declared sectarian divisions to be openly sinful, because *they are in direct opposition to the one supreme authority.*

"All Christians theoretically admit that Christ is supreme, and that the Bible is the one rule of faith and practice. In the New Testament there is no authoritative mention of any except the Church of Christ, and His followers are called 'Disciples' or 'Christians.'

"Christ urged unity upon His followers. He prayed that 'all who came after Him professing faith in His name, might be one, even as He and the Father are one.' "

In his concluding remarks John Hatton briefly set forth the logical and scriptural grounds for Christian Union.

He maintained that it never could be accomplished by any sort of sectarian federation, nor could it be brought about by any organic union of the existing denominations as such.

He held that there are many inherited traditions, prejudices, doctrines and dogmas in each of the denominations which no one church would give up in order to stand upon the platform and accept the teachings of some other church.

He claimed that a church with a human name and a human creed could never form the basis of Christian Union.

"Whereas all claim to be Christians and whereas all believe the Bible, it is a logical conclusion then that the only ground common to all upon which all may agree and upon which all may stand, is that of apostolic simplicity and of divine authority. It is simply to be a Christian—no more, no less; it is simply to take the Bible as the one authoritative book, allowing each individual to be his own interpreter, to form his own opinions, to keep his own conscience, without trying to force his convictions upon another."

The concluding sentences of this discourse were as follows: "You ask of me, then, my friends, 'what shall be your future course?' It is very evident that my convictions, as indicated in this sermon, are not in harmony with the position and teaching of the denomination of which I am a member.

"As to my future, it is in the hands of God. This I declare, never again shall I preach as a representative of any denomination created by men. I hope by the Grace of Christ to be a Christian, and as a Christian, and a 'Christian only,' I go forth, trusting in His name.

"My future plans are indefinite, for under God, I have no idea as to where my lot shall be cast, but without fear, I go forth, knowing that all shall be well, and may the blessings of God be with you

and each of you, now and forever—Amen, and Amen!"

Deep silence prevailed as John Hatton closed his sermon.

After a few moments the pastor of one of the local churches, who was presiding over the meeting, arose, too bewildered to know what he was saying. He and the other preachers present felt injured and were indignant. He spoke a few words in which he deplored what the "young brother" had said, and felt that he had "made a mistake from which he could never recover."

He did not even announce a closing hymn, but asked the audience to "arise and receive the benediction."

Some of the elders of Hatton's church who occupied front seats turned abruptly away, refusing to speak to Hatton. Only one minister present, one of Hatton's true friends, had any word for him.

Mrs. Tarvin was not present. Colonel Tarvin and his daughter sat together, and remained in the church until nearly everyone had left; then they approached John Hatton, shook hands with him warmly, but in silence.

Telegraphic reports of the sermon were sent to the Nashville papers, and to the Louisville "Courier Journal."

Dr. Ferguson sent a telegram that night to Professors Stainer and Bain at Lebanon, Tennessee, asking them to meet him in Nashville the next day.

These gentlemen, with some other ministers in Nashville, formulated a statement for publication in the church papers, repudiating John Hatton; they also formulated charges of heresy against him, which were to be presented at the next meeting of the Princeton Presbytery.

The presbytery convened in Princeton at the appointed time, but John Hatton was not present. At the first roll call everyone listened intently when the H's were reached. "John Hatton," called the stated clerk and the only response was a smile which played over the faces of the audience.

The position which John Hatton assumed in renouncing sectarianism and all ecclesiasticism left him no room for the recognition of presbyterial authority.

The next day, after preaching his sermon on Christian Unity, he sent a brief note to the session of the Princeton church offering his resignation as pastor, to take effect at once. He sent no communication whatever to the presbytery.

After the roll call was finished, Dr. Ferguson arose and said: "Brother Moderator, I move that the name of the Rev. John Hatton be stricken from the roster of this presbytery."

The motion having been duly seconded, the Moderator asked whether there were any remarks to be made before taking the vote.

Dr. Ferguson arose and said: "Brother Moderator and brethren, it is useless to make any extended

remarks upon this question, as the facts connected with the case are doubtless well known to all present. I have no disposition at this time and in this presence to say anything derogatory to Mr. Hatton personally, however much ground I might have to do so. That he is a heretic is well known to all loyal members of our church, and, as he is not here to make a defence and as he has ignored this presbytery and its authority and has violated his ordination vows, there is but one thing for us to do, and that is to vote 'yea' to this motion."

The Rev. Dr. Haley, Dean of the Theological Seminary, being present and having been invited to a seat as an advisory member of the presbytery, arose, and addressing the Moderator, said: "Brethren and friends, of course, in the present circumstances, there is but one thing for you to do, as Dr. Ferguson has just indicated.

"I am not here," Dr. Haley continued, "to make a defence of Brother Hatton's position with reference to the church, but you will permit me to speak a few words concerning him personally. I perhaps know him as well, or better than any other minister in this presence has known him, and, to know him with an unbiased conscience, is to love him.

"He is a manly man," said the doctor, "and whatever may be his conviction, he is honest and does what he thinks is right. I recommended him to this church, and even now do not regret what I did.

The world will hear from him and my sincere conviction is that when the final balancing of the book of God is finished, we shall all know that the world was made better by John Hatton's having lived in it."

CHAPTER XVIII.

After John Hatton's resignation as pastor he spent some weeks in Princeton, mixing and mingling freely with those who loyally stood by him, and resenting none of the harsh things said of him by his enemies.

He took advantage of the opportunity for a much-needed rest, both to his mind and body.

At this time two great problems weighed heavily upon him, and engaged all the powers of his being.

One of these problems was his future course with reference to preaching the Gospel of Christ's kingdom on earth; the other was his attachment to Eleanor Tarvin, and what would be their future relationship.

That they were truly devoted to each other, and that their future happiness in this life depended upon the realization of their hopes of being man and wife, both these young people fully realized.

Common sense asserted itself in the thought and action of both of them, and trusting to their great love for each other, and in their unalterable faith in God, they pledged to each other unending devotion.

So far John Hatton had never spoken with Mrs. Tarvin concerning the love he bore her daughter.

Before leaving Princeton he felt it his duty to talk openly and frankly with her upon this subject.

It was agreed that Miss Eleanor should speak to her mother and if possible obtain her consent to see John Hatton.

Saturday afternoon Eleanor called John Hatton on the phone and asked him to come out to her, at once if possible.

Upon arriving at the Tarvin residence he was met at the front door by Eleanor, there being no one in the house except the young lady and her mother.

Miss Eleanor invited the young man to go up with her to her mother's sitting-room, saying that her mother was quite ill and unable to come down to the parlor.

Mrs. Tarvin was reclining upon a couch, apparently upon the verge of prostration and complete collapse.

The two young people were seated, and Miss Eleanor opened the conversation by saying: "Mother, as this is perhaps the last time Mr. Hatton will call at our home, he desires to talk with you about a matter that means so much to us all."

Mrs. Tarvin moaned and sobbed, saying: "Oh, dear, oh, dear, I do wonder if this *was to be!*" Then she almost fainted, and it was with difficulty that Eleanor, with the aid of "smelling salts," sufficiently restored her.

Then Mrs. Tarvin said: "My daughter, little did

I even dream that such an experience as this would ever come into my life. Little did I ever think that one so inferior to you as is this man would ever have the audacity to declare his love for you, and still less did I ever think my child would be so foolish and so far forget her social standing as to give any encouragement whatever to one who is so far beneath us."

"Oh, mother, please do not speak so unkindly," sobbed Eleanor, "for you know Mr. Hatton is a gentleman."

"I have no doubt about Mr. Hatton being in love with you—well might he be," said Mrs. Tarvin, "but I do seriously doubt your love for him. I think it is but a fancy, and that after you are separated from his influence you will see your mistake and soon forget him. This would be a great injustice to him and it is better that you break away from him now and forever!"

"The question is, do you really love that man?" pointing to John Hatton.

The young lady coolly and deliberately answered: "I have thought so, but may be mistaken."

Had a bullet been fired into his heart John Hatton would not have been more surprised. Unspeakable anguish was depicted upon his face and, overwhelmed with grief, he looked intently at the girl, and only said: "Oh, Eleanor!"

"How dare you address my daughter thus!" exclaimed Mrs. Tarvin. "Do you not see, sir," she

continued, "that as she comes to herself she cares nothing for you? If she really loved you, would there be any doubt about it in her own mind? It is said that you possess will power, decision and force of character. If this be true, I should think you would at once take your leave and drop this matter forever."

"Madam, I feel the force of your remarks and accept your statement; if there is any doubt in the young lady's mind about the reality of her love for me, I have nothing more to say. I shall bid you both good-by," said John Hatton.

The young man had arisen, and walked toward the door. Eleanor arose, and, removing the ring he had placed upon her finger, she approached John and handed it to him, her eyes filled with tears.

"I will go down with you, Mr. Hatton, if you do not object," she said, her lips quivering pitifully.

"Thank you," he replied, and held the door open for her to pass.

Eleanor accompanied the bewildered young man to the front door, and as he was about to open the door to take his departure, she stayed his hand. She said not a word, but put her arms about his neck and wept. Then she put her fingers into his vest pocket, where she had seen him place the ring, and taking it out, said: "My dear, I cannot stand this. I would rather die than to have you leave in this manner. I love you—I love you more than I love my life. Forgive me, dear, for I only said

what I did in order to save mother. I do not wish to deceive her, but had I not said it, I believe she would have died. Now, if you will forgive me and still trust me and will love me forever, put this ring on my finger and kiss me."

John Hatton took the ring, placed it upon her finger, and kissed her, and joy reigned in his heart.

"Now, dear," said Eleanor, "take the ring from my finger and keep it as your most cherished treasure. Keep it near to your heart and look upon it often, and think of me. Ponder on its endless circle, and regard it as a fit emblem of the endless love, the eternal devotion which I have for you."

"God bless you, sweetheart—good-by," said John Hatton.

"Good-by," said Eleanor; "but we shall meet again before you go away."

Eleanor returned to her mother, finding her apparently relieved and in much better spirits.

They did not further discuss the situation except that Mrs. Tarvin said: "My daughter, I am very proud of you, and rejoice that this terrible spell which has possessed you has been broken, and that your good judgment has again asserted itself."

"That is all right, mother," said Eleanor, "and if you are satisfied, let us say no more about it."

"That is true, my child," said Mrs. Tarvin, "but there is one thing I think you should do and then we shall never mention the unpleasant subject again."

"What is that, mother?" asked Eleanor.

"If you remember," said Mrs. Tarvin, "some time ago our good Dr. Ferguson came to you in order to persuade you away from this man, and you became very angry and talked insultingly to him. Now, I know he does not feel unkindly toward you, as he understands that you were under a delusion and became unduly excited. Now as you see the folly of what you have done, I think you should go to the doctor, ask his pardon and thank him for his kindly interest in you."

"Never!" said Eleanor. "He overstepped his bounds and what he did was a presumption. I have my own opinion of him, and it is not a very exalted one."

"I shall not insist upon it," said Mrs. Tarvin, "so we might as well let the matter drop."

"Very well," said Eleanor, "but I want to say one other thing now, and that is, that Mr. Hatton is a gentleman, and if you desire to keep peace in the family do not say anything derogatory to him in my presence."

CHAPTER XIX.

In the city of Indianati there is a famous church known as "Old Central."

The congregation worshiping here is known simply as Christian, having no affiliation with any ecclesiastical body, and subscribing to no man-made creed, but taking the Bible alone as the book of authority, and standing upon a famous motto originated about a century ago by a man named Campbell, which is: "Where the Bible speaks, we speak; and where the Bible is silent, we are silent."

At the time of John Hatton's renunciation of his ecclesiastical relationships he did not know that there were in existence, at different places, great congregations holding practically the same views as those into which he had grown and which he enunciated in his sermon on "Christian Union."

John Hatton's fame as a Gospel preacher had traveled further than even his friends had suspected.

On the occasion of his famous sermon at Princeton there happened to be in the town a noted traveling salesman, Col. Bomont, whose headquarters were in "Indianati."

Now Col. Bomont was a devout Christian and regular attendant at church. He was an enthusiastic member of the body of people who contend for

Christian Unity and whenever in Indianati attends the Central Church.

Just at the time of John Hatton's withdrawal from the church in Princeton Col. Bomont happened to know that the Central Church in Indianati was without a minister, and so deeply was he impressed with the young man's discourse that he at once wrote to some members of the official board of the church in Indianati, telling them of the man and the sermon he had heard. He was of the opinion that John Hatton had a brilliant future, and felt that he would be just the man for the Indianati pulpit.

Colonel Bomont's letter impressed the officers of the church in Indianati, and a committee was appointed to investigate the matter and, if they should think it wise, invite him to visit the church and occupy the pulpit.

So, after the lapse of a few weeks, John Hatton was invited to come to Indianati and fill the pulpit as "supply" for a few months.

John Hatton decided to accept the invitation and arranged to remove there one month from that time.

When the facts and circumstances of John Hatton's call to Indianati became known, the feeling in Princeton with reference to him became very intense. His friends were rejoiced, his enemies were angered and a great many people of the town both in the churches and out became arrayed against

each other. His friends lionized him, his enemies anathematized him.

Even the colored people took sides, the Tarvin faction, led by Uncle Stephen, favoring Hatton; the Radcliff faction, led by Ben Radcliff, leading the faction in sympathy with Dr. Ferguson and Mrs. Tarvin as against John Hatton.

The whole situation as to whether John Hatton should have social recognition before leaving Princeton was brought to an issue, when it was proposed by his friends that a farewell reception be held for him at the Lucile.

In connection with this an amusing incident occurred among the colored people.

Ben Radcliff's son, George Washington Radcliff, was head waiter at the Lucile. Having been influenced by his father, he announced that he would not wait upon the company at a reception for John Hatton, and worked up the feeling among other waiters to the extent that they were all about to leave the hotel.

One morning Squire Radcliff had occasion to send his colored servant Ben to the Tarvin home with a business message to Colonel Tarvin. The Colonel was not at home and Ben left the message with Uncle Stephen. Standing in front of Uncle Stephen's cabin the two colored men drifted into conversation about John Hatton and the reception.

Uncle Stephen said: "Looky heah, Ben Radcliff, what about dis I's been heahin' about yo' and yo'

son George Washington tryin' to git all dem niggas not to wait on de table at Mas' John Hatton's 'cepshun at de Lucile?"

" 'Tain't none o' yo' business, Steve Tarvin," said Ben Radcliff, "but I doan mine tellin' yo', fo' it's 'cause de Radcliffs ain't got no use fo' dat man Hatton. Yo' ole Missus wuz a Radcliff, an' yo' knows she ain't got no use fo' 'im, and why kain't he go on off 'bout his bisness widout a 'cepshun?"

"All I got to say to yo' niggah is, dat yo' bettah be keerful how yo' monkeys wid anything bouten Mas' John Hatton. Yo' is nothin' but a common black niggah yo'se'f, and if yo' fools wid me, I'll hurt a place on yo'."

"Mebby you bettah try it now. Ye done forgit dat yo' is a common black niggah, too. Yo' is stuck up 'cause yo' is a Tarvin, I reckon, but de Tarvins is trash 'longside o' de Radcliffs, and I's a Radcliff myse'f," said Ben.

"I hab a good noshun to nock yo' black he'd off," said Uncle Stephen.

Just then Aunt Eliza stepped out and handed Stephen an umbrella.

"Knock awa', den," said Ben, "fo' nobody ain't skeered o' yo'."

Uncle Stephen hit Ben a stunning blow upon the head with the umbrella, which felled him to the ground. He lay apparently lifeless, and Aunt Eliza ran up, saying: "Steve, hab yo' killed dis niggah?"

"No, I ain't killed 'im; let 'im 'lone. He'll git up tireckly. Yo' t'ink I c'u'd kill a niggah wid a' umberil?"

"Dat ain't no common umberil yo' hit dis niggah wid, an' it might 'a' killed 'im, but he is comin' to all right, an' mebby he won't be so smart now," said Aunt Eliza.

Ben Radcliff returned to Princeton, with two great knots swollen upon his head. He went directly to an officer and swore out a warrant for Stephen Tarvin.

That afternoon Uncle Stephen went to Princeton and was arrested, charged with assault and battery upon Ben Radcliff.

Stephen was brought before a Magistrate for trial. The court asked Stephen what he had done to Ben Radcliff.

"Well, Squair," said Stephen, "dey sa' I 'salted and battry'd 'im, but I didn't do nothin' but hit 'im wid a' umberil."

"But look at Ben's head, Stephen," said the Squire. "Does it appear that an umbrella stroke would cause such knots as those upon as hard a head as Ben Radcliff's? Are you sure that nothing struck him but the umbrella?"

"Well, Squair," answered Stephen, "sense I cum to t'ink 'bout it, dey wuz a iern-wej in dat umberil when I hit 'im, but I didn't know it. Dat Lizy o' mine dropped dat iern-wej in de umberil

when dat Ben Radcliff wuz a actin' up so, sayin' dat de Radcliffs wuz bettah dan de Tarvins."

"Five dollars and the cost," said the Squire.

Aunt Laura, while remaining loyal to her church, had become a staunch friend to John Hatton. Since coming to Princeton he had lived in the Lucile. His honesty, his very courteous demeanor, his straightforward manner in everything, had appealed to Mrs. Pinchard and she was his friend.

Be it said of "Aunt Laura," whatever her peculiarities, she was an individual of strong mind, lofty character and unswerving integrity.

It is no surprise then, that since she had come to regard John Hatton as a member of the hotel family, she exerted herself to make his last days there as pleasant as possible. She spared no energy or expense in making the reception an elaborate and brilliant affair.

Ward Hepburn was "master of ceremonies" and Ollie Jamison was one of the principal speakers. The best of Princeton society was present and many visitors who had been invited from surrounding towns were there also.

Miss Zanita Fulton went to the dining-room with John Hatton. Their conversation concerned Eleanor. Zanita repeated to John many loving things she had heard Eleanor say of him, and John in turn told her many things she should repeat for him to Eleanor.

In the splendid company assembled to make glad the heart of John Hatton there was no place for such personages as Dr. Ferguson, L. S. Rogers and Sisters Thomas and Hall.

There was no sleep for John Hatton that night. As usual, Sam Langdon remained for a last word with his friend. He gladdened the young preacher's heart by telling him that he had decided to accompany him to Indianati, and hear his first sermon in the big church.

"I will meet you at the depot in the morning at four o'clock. The train leaves at four-twenty, you know," said Langdon.

"God bless you, Sam, you are the best fellow on earth," said John Hatton.

Then they grasped each other by the hand, and said "good-night."

When John Hatton returned to the Lucile it was near midnight.

He noticed a solitary figure standing in an alleyway, apparently waiting, and as a matter of safety he crossed to the other side of the street. When he came opposite the man he heard a voice call to him, saying: "Mas' John, I wants to sa' good-by to yo', if you has time to speak a word to Uncle Stephen."

"Oh, is that you, Uncle Stephen? Come over this way," answered John Hatton.

Uncle Stephen was weeping as he extended his black hand to John Hatton, who in turn grasped and held it in both of his.

Uncle Stephen said: "Mas' John I has waited and follered yo', so's I c'u'd speak to yo' aftah all de white folks is gone. I jes' wanted to say good-by, and tell yo' how I's gwine miss yo', and I's gwine pray fo' yo' an' Miss Ellie—bless huh lil heart! God bless yo,' Mas' John! Lizy an' me gwine take keer o' de lil gal fer yo', and yo' shall hab huh, ef me an' Lizy hab to steal huh an' fetch huh to yo'."

John Hatton was weeping as he put his strong arm round the faithful old negro and said: "God bless you, Uncle Stephen, and keep you safe from harm!"

Uncle Stephen turned and disappeared in the alley, sobbing as he went: "God bless Mas' John and lil Miss Ellie."

John Hatton went on to the hotel, and gratitude welled up in his heart for such a friend as he knew Uncle Stephen to be.

That night Aunt Eliza silently stole into Eleanor's room. She had fallen asleep. Bitter tears had left their traces upon her cheeks as Aunt Eliza could see even in the dim light. The old "Mammy" did not waken her "baby"; she looked into her beautiful face, and with an unspeakable pathos, half whispering, half singing, crooned her own improvised song:

"Dreamin', dreamin', dreamin' ob heben—dreamin' ob him—

Dreamin', dreamin', dreamin' ob him—dreamin' ob heben—
Dream on, ma baby, fo' to yo' he is heben, and heben is him.

"Good-night, sweet chile, good-night!"

CHAPTER XX.

John Hatton and Sam Langdon, after an all day ride, arrived in Indianati late Saturday afternoon.

During the journey from Princeton their conversation was retrospective and reminiscent. John Hatton seemed to be living over again the days of his early life; he dwelt fondly, tenderly, affectionately upon the love of his parents and early associates. He talked much of his school days and of the struggles he had experienced in going through college and the Seminary.

Langdon listened intently, dropping an appreciative word here and there. When Hatton talked of his experience in Princeton and his great love for Eleanor Tarvin, Langdon said: "Well, Johnnie, you ought to be satisfied with your experience in Princeton. To have wooed and won such a girl as Miss Tarvin, to know that she loves you, is enough for one man."

Hatton sat in deep meditation, thinking of Eleanor. Perhaps he was wondering when he would see her again; he felt that without her life would be to him but an empty dream.

In such moments of reflection and reverie, swifter than an eagle's wing is the sweep of our mind, quicker than the lightning is the flash of memory

and imagination. In such moments, how often do we again live over a lifetime and how much of the mysterious future do we try to forecast!

Slapping Hatton upon the knee, Langdon said: "Wake up, man, wake up! There's the first call for luncheon."

After luncheon was finished, Langdon proposed that they retire to the smoking compartment. Hatton readily consented, but declined a cigar.

Upon being asked the reason for not smoking, Hatton said: "My friend, there is a peculiar circumstance connected with my leaving off smoking, which but one other person on earth knows, as yet. Some others think they know. I understand Elder Rogers, Mesdames Thomas and Hall claim that it was because of their objections.

"I am perfectly willing that they should think as much," continued Hatton, "but there is one reason, the only real reason, for my quitting."

Then, in confidence, John disclosed that reason to his friend. After hearing Hatton's story, Langdon said: "Hatton, you are a peculiar fellow, but, knowing you as I do, I could expect nothing else."

Langdon looked at his watch and noted that they were due in Indianati in just one hour. He changed the conversation by saying: "See here, Hatton, at four-twenty we will arrive in Indianati, and we should be thinking of the future, as well as the past. Are you fixed up all right for a sermon to-morrow?"

"I'm glad you called my attention to this," said Hatton, "for, whenever I think of going into that city pulpit it makes me nervous and it is high time I were getting myself together for the task."

"What do you know about that church, anyhow?" asked Langdon.

"Very little, in fact," answered Hatton, "except what I have read in some church papers that were sent to me and what Colonel Bomont told me a few days ago."

"You shouldn't mind, though," said Langdon, "for having gone through what you have, one shouldn't be nervous about anything."

"Well," said Hatton, "new faces, new surroundings, and a different atmosphere do make a difference."

"I infer," continued he, "that the Central Church is very aristocratic. They have the largest and one of the finest church buildings in the city. It is said to have a seating capacity for eighteen hundred people in the main auditorium. The total cost of the church is said to have been one hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

Hatton paused for a moment, and went on, saying: "Doubtless the people who worship in that church, in wealth, culture and intelligence rank among the first in Indianati. Indeed, I have been told that the Central Church, in historic interest, ranks higher because of the eminent personages who have worshiped there, than for the magnificence of

the edifice. Among the founders, builders and supporters of that church, I am told, have been Governors of the State, exalted Judges and many eminent in the social, professional and commercial world. They tell me that Garfield, one of the martyred Presidents, was a preacher in his earlier days, and at different times spoke from that pulpit."

"Yes, I expect to see a large and very dignified audience to-morrow. It will be large, of course, for I remember reading in the papers several years ago that under the administration of a former minister there were twelve hundred people in Sunday-school one Sunday, and that the church offering for Foreign Missions that year was over twelve hundred dollars. Yes, Sam, to tell you the truth, I am nervous. Strange things do happen, and one of them is that Colonel Bomont suggested my name to the officers of that church at all. A green country fellow like me! I won't know where to put my hat; I'll blunder in everything."

"Maybe you will, Hatton, but when you get on your feet and get straightened out in the sermon you will make up for all those little blunders."

The train pulled into the depot, and the porter cried: "Indianati! All out fo' Indianati—change cars fo' New Yawk, an' all points ob de east!"

The young preacher and his friend stepped from the train, to be met by Elder W. C. Truitt, who greeted him in a courteous but stately manner.

The elder recognized the preacher, having seen a

picture of him which appeared in a recent number of his church paper.

Approaching, he said: "Is this Mr. Hatton?"

"Yes," replied the young man, "my name is Hatton."

"My name is Truitt, Brother Hatton—W. C. Truitt. I am very glad to meet you."

"Thank you, Brother Truitt. Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Langdon, from Princeton," said John Hatton.

"Oh, yes, from Princeton—Brother Langdon—are you a preacher, too?" asked Mr. Truitt.

"Oh, no, I just came up with my friend for a few days," answered Langdon.

"Come this way, brethren," said Truitt, "and I'll show you to your hotel. The Metropolitan is one of our representative hotels. Are you a business man, Mr. Langdon?"

"Yes, sir; I have a small business down at Princeton," answered Langdon.

"Oh, I see," said Truitt. "I have in time past been in business upon a large scale, and in my day made a great deal of money. I was one of the leading business men of Indianati for a good many years. In fact, I'm well known in banking circles and am a representative citizen, especially in church and social life."

Elder Truitt accompanied the two gentlemen to the hotel, and went with them to their room, remaining long enough to give them a fair idea of his

place and the part he had played in the history of Central Church.

"What do you think of that man Truitt?" asked Hatton, when the discursive elder had finally bowed himself out.

"Not half as much as he thinks of himself," was Langdon's reply.

"I wonder if he is a fair sample of the official *personnel* of Central Church," said Hatton.

"For your sake, I hope not," answered Langdon.

"How shall we spend the evening?" said Hatton.

"I notice in the paper that Viola Allen is at the Grand in 'Twelfth Night,'" said Langdon.

"By George, let's go, Langdon. Her leading man is an old friend of mine—Will King Harcourt, an old Tennessee boy."

The two men went to the theater. Between the acts John Hatton went behind the scenes to shake hands with his old friend, who was much surprised to know that he was in Indianati, and said that he would be out to hear him preach the next morning.

Hatton and Langdon occupied a room opposite the fire station on Sixth Avenue, and three alarms were sent in between midnight and six o'clock Sunday morning. The result was, John Hatton had no sleep the night before his first appearance in the pulpit of historic "Old Central" Church in Indianati.

CHAPTER XXI.

Sunday morning John Hatton and Sam Langdon went over to the church quite early, in order to have a look at the famous building, of which they had heard so much.

After having looked over the Sunday-school and lecture room on the first floor, they went up into the main auditorium. In silence John Hatton walked down the long aisle, and stepped upon the rostrum. He looked out over the room before him, solemn, vast and impressive in its proportions. The main floor, with the great surrounding galleries and painted windows through which came the soft tinted light of the morning, the vast dark ceiling above, the grand organ in the rear, coupled with the historic associations of the place, were calculated to deeply impress a temperament such as that possessed by John Hatton.

A strange thrill went through his being. His heart beat faster, his fingers trembled as he laid his hand upon the cold marble top of the pulpit.

Standing by his side Sam Langdon broke the silence by saying softly: "What do you think of it?"

Hatton slowly shook his head, but made no reply.

Langdon, knowing John Hatton so well, saw

that his friend had passed into the subconscious state, and quietly stepped down from the pulpit, and took a seat without further comment.

John Hatton then sat on the big pulpit chair and became lost in reverie, dreaming of the past, wondering about the future.

He looked out upon the pews in the vast auditorium and thought of the thousands who had occupied them in the days gone by. He thought of all those who had come in and gone out through those doors; he saw the hosts who had in the procession of the years walked up and down those dim aisles.

He thought of the preachers who before him had sat in that same chair and had spoken from that same platform. He tried to enter into their inward feelings as from time to time they had come with heavy and anxious hearts, bearing burdens of which the world knew not; he thought of their sorrows and their joys, their tears and their triumphs. He wondered whence these men came and whither they had gone; what was the strange combination of forces and circumstances which had led them there and had taken them away. Some had gone to other fields and had taken up other tasks; others no doubt had worn themselves out, laid down their burdens and surrendered their flocks to the Great Shepherd of the fold.

Thus in mind he went far back over the years. It was with a start that he realized that he was in

that pulpit and had to speak in that church that day.

He prayed that he might be led again into that spiritual condition, in which he might be strengthened, elevated, exalted, inspired.

He reviewed the feelings of the poet who once approached and entered this church, being moved to break forth into rapturous song:

"I stood
Before a church with jewelwork of stone.
It towered like some old organ vast and good.
Its keys were snowy thoughts, its thrilling tone
Was music that from God descends alone.
Embroideries in stone the pediment
Adorned. Great starry blossoms blown
Was the rose window that its beauty lent,
And Gothic casements huge their curves divinely blent.

Step after step I mounted the wide stair,
As the soul nobly rises, word by word,
On the high Jacob's ladder built by prayer.
Within, a solo deep and sweet I heard,
In a man's organ tones. That singing stirred
Grand recollections of a God-like voice,
Thundrous with music, sweet as any bird.
An angel choir, shouting a fugue most choice,
*Seemed crying to my soul, Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!"**

*From poem on "Central Church," by C. A. Allison of Newport, Ky.

And so, for half an hour thus musing, John Hatton sat, until the spell was broken by a gentleman who walked down the aisle and addressed the young preacher, saying: "Good morning, Brother Hatton. You have taken the pulpit rather early, have you not?"

"Oh, no, I had not thought of it in that way," replied John Hatton. "I was only sitting here admiring the church, resting, and thinking a little—no offence, I hope?"

"No, no, certainly not. You must not take me seriously. You must know I have a way of saying most anything to our preachers. I am well known among our preachers, probably as well known as any layman in the brotherhood. You will find that I am a representative man."

The gentleman who thus addressed John Hatton was none other than Elder Truitt.

Elder Truitt asked John Hatton and Sam Langdon to go down to Sunday-school, which was about to open.

As the three men entered the room John Hatton was astonished to see the people who had come to the school, only about one hundred and fifty in number, and notwithstanding the Superintendent had announced the opening song, more than half of those present were hurrying to and fro, back and forth in the large room. John Hatton stopped and looked in amazement, asking Elder Truitt what was the occasion of the excitement.

"What do you mean, Brother Hatton?" asked the Elder.

"I was wondering why the people were so agitated. Many of them are talking to each other while the opening exercises are going on," said the preacher.

"Oh," replied the Elder, "I guess you are unaccustomed to city life. You see, we are a very sociable people here and like to be friendly with one another."

Just at this moment, before Langdon, Hatton and Truitt were seated, a young man came up, and was introduced by the Elder.

Now, this young man is noted principally for the cordiality of his handshake and, when he grasped Sam Langdon's hand he gave it a grip and a wrench which made the finger bones crack and almost disjointed the arm. Langdon's face flushed, and with indignation he said: "See here, man, what have you against me?"

"Oh, nothing at all," the young man smilingly replied, "we always make people feel at home when they come to this church."

Then it was Hatton's turn to be tortured, and the cordial young athlete took him by the hand with a vice-like grip and with a backward and forward motion, pushed and pulled him until he would have fallen had he not caught hold of Langdon, who stood by his side.

Mind you, all this was going on as the school was

singing the opening song. Others came up to be introduced, until the situation was about to assume the proportions of a reception, when John Hatton remarked to Elder Truitt that he preferred "to sit down and be quiet during the opening exercises."

"Very well," answered Truitt, "but our people here like sociability, and if a preacher succeeds in this church, he must be a good mixer."

"Our former preacher, while I do not like him, was, it must be said to his credit, a good hustler," the Elder went on. "Why, sir, he would have shaken hands with everyone in this room before now, had he come in when you did. You see, Brother Hatton, the preacher must get around and become acquainted."

"Do you like all this disorder while the exercises are going on, Brother Truitt?" asked John Hatton.

"Oh, that is immaterial, just so the sociability is kept up," said Truitt.

Through all the preliminary exercises John Hatton was astounded at the prevailing lack of system, order and reverence. The classes went to their respective places in the most disorderly manner.

The closing exercises, if possible, were more lacking in decorum than was the opening service. The classes straggled in irregularly and at no time was quiet obtained in the room. Many church members, not members of the Sunday-school, before going up to the main auditorium, came into the Sunday-

school room and stood in the rear, talking all the while.

The hour arrived for church worship. The organist and choir had taken their places and John Hatton went into the pulpit. No one present had volunteered to introduce him, and he had to come forward alone.

When the organist began the voluntary, there was only a small sprinkling of people scattered here and there over the large auditorium; the galleries were vacant. The greater part of the Sunday-school people remained in the vestibule downstairs. Until the preliminary exercises were well under way they did not begin to come; straggling in by ones, twos and threes, many of them were not seated until after the Scripture reading and prayer. Several well-dressed ladies occupying pews near the front talked together through all the preliminary worship, and even while John Hatton was reading his text, one lady leaned back and talked very earnestly with the lady in the pew behind her; John Hatton came very near stopping.

Never in all his experience up to this time did John Hatton make such a failure as upon this occasion.

From loss of sleep and from nervous anxiety the preacher was in bad physical condition.

The psychic effects of his early reverie were for his good. But, the contrast—the strange inexplicable contrast between the church building, the his-

tory, the associations connected with it and the people with whom he had come in contact, and the effect the small audience, comparatively lost in that great house, had upon him, caused his sermon to be mechanical, and comparatively worthless.

The sermon subject was, "The Kingdom of God vs. The Kingdom of Man." In the discussion of it, there was no life, no animation, no good. John Hatton was puzzled. He could not comprehend the situation, he could not read the riddle before him.

However, in the audience were a few faces which attracted his attention and impressed him deeply. Near the front was a youthful-appearing old gentleman. He appeared the old type of Southern aristocrat. Serene benevolence was written upon his brow. His honest, refined, countenance indicated that no guile had ever found lodgment in his heart. It was easily discerned that he loved the house of God, that his beautiful spirit was in harmony with the true, the beautiful and the good; yet, by the close student of human nature it could have been detected that in his soul there was a tinge of melancholy, a great loss sustained, a deep desire ungratified. He was W. B. Warren.

Scattered here and there over the audience were others who appeared equally lonely. They seemed to be in their places only because of the strong ties of memory and association. They seemed as old trees of the forest, left standing alone.

While the closing hymn was being sung, John Hatton looked upon both the great church and unexpected character of audience, and thought, "How are the mighty fallen!"

After the benediction, there was a meeting of the official board, and the question of some definite arrangement with John Hatton was discussed.

Elder Truitt suggested, in most solemn and deliberate manner, and looking steadfastly upon the floor, that "Brother Hatton seems to be a fairly good preacher, but I fear he is not a good mixer. I noticed that he was a little backward in meeting the people in Sunday-school this morning. Suppose, brethren, that we ask him to fill the pulpit for about two months, and see how we like him?" Then the Elder looked up, and rolled his eyes around as to see what impression his remarks had made.

"I was very much impressed with the young man myself, and am ready to employ him, so far as I am concerned, but if you brethren desire to wait, I am willing to that also. I'm certain, however, that the longer you know him the better you will like him," said W. B. Warren, the real leader, the saintly Elder in Central Church.

This proposition was agreed to and Elder Truitt proposed to convey the same to the young minister.

Truitt, Hatton and Langdon walked from the church to the hotel.

The Elder said: "Brother Hatton, we have just had a meeting of the Board. I would say, in all

modesty, however, that I am the representative man in the Board, and my suggestions are usually adopted. I told the brethren that it might be a good idea to ask you to remain with us for two months, and by that time we may know each other better and be able to determine more wisely, whether to enter into a permanent arrangement. What do you think of it?"

"Such a plan suits me very well," answered John Hatton.

"Very well then, I will see you later," said the Elder as they entered the hotel.

Again in the privacy of their room, Sam Langdon said: "Well, what do you think of it now, Brother John?"

"The strangest combination I have ever seen, and I am so dumfounded that I prefer to withhold an opinion until I see further into the situation."

"Let us wait and see the crowd to-night. Maybe it will be different," said Langdon.

They waited, they saw, and, alas! it was different.

CHAPTER XXII.

How kind of the beneficent Providence to veil our eyes that we may not know what the future has in store for us! How good it is, that in life's pilgrim way, we must be ever led on by the unfailing star of hope, guided by the unseen hand of faith!

Were it different, how few would have the courage to press forward and bravely meet the tasks and tragedies which are a part of every life.

To every aspiring soul, the future is rich in promise, glowing with the prospect of a better day. That inviting thing, which we call "to-morrow," seemingly so near, yet that never comes, constitutes the divinely appointed "distance" which ever lends enchantment to our view.

Because of this providential plan, all heroic souls progress in their upward way, and the face of mankind is firmly set toward

"That one far off divine event
To which the whole creation moves,"

when, in the eternal to-morrow, we shall awake in His likeness and be forever satisfied.

Had John Hatton known, in the beginning of his work in Indianati, just what the true situation

was, just what his trials and tasks should be, his faith and courage would have failed him and, doubtless, his first day's experience in the "Old Central" pulpit would also have been his last.

Had the officials of Central Church, with their inherited opinions and stereotyped way of doing things, thoroughly known John Hatton, with his limitations and decided peculiarities, they would not have engaged him; had John Hatton known the true situation concerning Central Church at that time, he would have been far from considering it as a permanent field of labor.

The work connected with this church at that time embodied all the complications of the great religious, social and commercial questions growing out of the peculiar conditions of the present.

In recent years, great changes have been wrought in the life and the customs of our large cities. Time was, within the recollection of many of the older inhabitants, when the business and resident life of our cities was contained within the same section. Now, it is vastly different, and the making of this difference has brought with it many problems for those educational and religious institutions founded and established to meet the corresponding needs of the city, before present conditions were thought of.

Thirty, forty, fifty years ago there were no electric lines, or rapid-transit roads. In fact, there were no "suburbs," such as we have to-day. This is peculiarly true of Indianati, for all the city, both resi-

dential and commercial, was upon the lowlands, between the river and the base of the surrounding hills. As yet but few huge factories and gigantic mills had appeared upon the scene and there were no great terminal stations, as is the case to-day. The atmosphere of the city was comparatively clear and pure.

It was during that period that the great Central Church was constructed. True to the name, its location was about the center of the city, within easy walking distance or carriage drive of the entire population.

At that time the leading people of the church had no thought of the vast proportions the city would assume, even within their own day, and did not consider that the growth of the suburbs would be inevitably followed by the establishment of suburban churches.

Thinking only, then, of the needs of the immediate environment, they planned and erected a magnificent structure, patterned after the great Spurgeon Tabernacle in London. In dimensions, and for durability, the intention was that it should be entirely sufficient for the needs of many generations.

The growth of the city and the establishment of a number of churches in the new residential districts, with which a large percentage of the wealthy people of "Old Central" identified themselves, having withdrawn their membership from the mother church, caused a decadence of church life and re-

ligious influence in Indianati. This was true also of many other "downtown" churches whose membership was depleted by the building of new churches in the newer and more aristocratic portions of Indianati.

The "downtown" church suffered, not only the loss in members, but a great drop in social prestige. By the large falling off in financial support, many of the churches were unable to maintain the higher character of ministry.

Thus, with the passing of the years, a new and very different class of people came into the majority in Central Church, people of honesty, integrity and real worth, and John Hatton came to love and appreciate them in the deepest and truest sense.

They did not understand the significance of the house in which they worshiped. They could not appreciate the financial cost of the edifice, for the greater number of them had no part in contributing to it. Because of their position in the social and economic life of the day, they could not appreciate the great expense of maintaining such a plant and the large amount of money necessary to meet the current expenses of the church.

The result was, that, without intending it, a large percentage of the members of the church came and went, as it were, treading those historic aisles with irreverent and unholy feet. Many of them contributed nothing to the church.

Very unfortunately, however, there remained with the mother congregation a few of the faithful, original members who could and did appreciate the old church. The paying of the greater part of the expenses of the church devolved upon them. They were very much in the minority, but had it not been for them, long ago the historic doors of "Old Central" would have been closed forever, and, perhaps, passed into other hands, or have been carried away by the strong current of commercialism which has swept through our cities.

With the building of the suburban churches, not that there is anything wrong in the multiplication of churches, but because of the idea associated with those ultrafashionable institutions, great harm has been done to the cause of pure Christianity.

When those people, whose prosperity had been such as to enable them to own beautiful homes far from the dirt, din and smoke of the busy downtown districts, went about making for themselves their beautiful churches as well, it was in a sense selfish.

So consumed were they with thoughts of self-comfort and luxury, that they forgot that the Christian is for the church, not the church for the ease, material comfort and convenience of the Christian.

The fashionable suburban churches became narrow, seclusive, self-satisfied and lost practically all of their spiritual power, which is inevitable when the great duty of human sympathy and human helpfulness is left out of account.

The religious conditions, then, as John Hatton found them in Indianati, were deplorable.

"Old Central," in Indianati, was vastly different from the "Old Central," as known throughout the great brotherhood of which it was a part. Throughout the nation this old church was a conspicuous figure. But in Indianati for the last decade and more this church was scarcely known. The newspapers paid but little attention to the church or things transpiring there, save when something sensational, bordering upon the scandalous, was stirred up, which, of course, afforded delight to the gossip-mongers and sweet morsels for cheap reporters. Now and then a great convention came, and the cobwebs and soot were cleaned out from the long vacant pews, and dark, lonesome galleries, the hosts gathered from afar, filling to its capacity the great edifice and, for the time, it took on the semblance of life, as in the days of yore.

Doubtless, many were the preachers who came to "Old Central" upon such occasions and, awed by the impressive building, and inspired by the great crowds, went away, feeling that should they but be called to the pastorate of this wonderful church the pinnacle of earthly fame and glory for the minister of the Gospel would be attained. Alas! they did not know.

During the first month and more of John Hatton's ministry, he was nothing more than a very quiet observer and a very mediocre preacher.

Within a very short while after his coming there was an election of church officers.

The membership then was divided into two distinct factions, who had taken sides for and against the former minister.

The faction made up of the majority of the membership endeavored to consummate a plan for the retiring from official position of one of the most prominent and influential men in the church, Elder C. I. Dunkerman.

This man was elder and trustee of the church. He for many years had been respected and honored not only in his home congregation, but also throughout the brotherhood at large.

It was his love for and devotion to "Old Central" alone that kept him in Indianati, for personally it would have been much pleasanter for him to have lived elsewhere with his children, all of whom loved him devotedly, and greatly desired him to spend the evening of his life with them.

But his strong attachment to the old church, the fond memories and hallowed associations of other days, held this good man, and, with his presence, his devotion, his counsel and his money, he determined to remain to the end and at last lie down to his final rest in the beautiful Indianati cemetery, beside his sainted wife.

The opposition to the reëlection of this man to the offices of elder and trustee had assumed such

proportions that it appeared on the evening of the election that its purpose would be accomplished.

However, through the good influences and diplomacy of two good men, W. B. Warren and T. H. Lamar, the opposition was dissipated, and the faithful old man who had been opposed was again elected without dissenting voice.

On discovering these facts John Hatton's eyes began to open to the real situation.

He saw the danger of control being vested in untrained, incompetent, irresponsible hands. He saw the possible disaster which might come to the church, as a result of the irrational methods that had been employed in bringing into and setting forward in the church such an element, which, were they in large enough majority, might elect a board of officers, including trustees, who might, if they chose, sell the secred house and turn the people into the streets. Worst of all, such a course might be incited through ignorance and prejudice, even as was the attempt to set aside the faithful man who had helped to carry the burdens of the church for all those years.

This was only one among many of the grave problems which confronted John Hatton, and which, no doubt, have been common to many other churches, constituting that great religious and social question—*"the problem of the downtown church."*

Ere John Hatton had been in Indianati two months he fully grasped the situation, and thor-

oughly understood what would be necessary for its proper adjustment.

Realizing that years must necessarily pass and that the best powers of one's brain and heart and the best energy of one's life must be given to the bringing about of the desired results, the one question with him was, should he remain and undertake the work, or, should he quit at once, and seek a less trying field.

As yet, however, he could not even begin to tell his plans to his most trusted friends, as they were too radical and too far reaching to be grasped and indorsed even by the most aggressive members of the church.

CHAPTER XXIII.

At the evening worship John Hatton discovered that the audience differed widely from that of the morning. He wondered whether this occasion was an exception to the rule, but within a few months discovered that it was not.

The fact was, that had all those who attended church in the morning also attended in the evening and vice versa, the average attendance at both hours would have been nearly doubled.

The morning audience was made up largely of people from the suburbs and of the older people from the downtown districts; the evening audience consisted of the younger people from the downtown section and of strangers from the hotels.

John Hatton and Sam Langdon went to church in time for the meeting of the Endeavor Society. The meeting was presided over by a middle-aged man of kindly face; his grammar was bad, but his heart was good. The singing by the young people was hearty, spirited, and the spiritual atmosphere of the room was wholesome and refreshing.

From the talks made by those who took part in the meeting, John Hatton discovered the widely varying types within the body of "Endeavorers."

In the early part of the meeting a lady arose and

delivered a straightforward address of three minutes' duration, which would have passed the closest criticism without challenge.

Next a young man arose and attempted to deliver a homily, which to his mind was of vast proportions. He evidently considered it necessary to deliver himself in "preacher style," though his remarks occupied not more than five minutes.

He said: "Christian 'Endeavors' and Friends: This morning I walked out into the sunlight and the sun shown down upon me. I cast my glance up and seen a bird sitting upon a twig, singing a song of vibracious homminy. Again I looked and seen a lady driving down the street, and setting by her side was a little curly haired dog, and the dog looked happier than the woman. Now, my dear Christian 'Endeavors' and friends, the point suggested to my mind and which I experbly desire to leave firmly constablished within the corridors of your never-dying souls, is the homminy of nature, as construed by the example of the sun, and the bird, and the dog, in extract with the discords of human sinfulness in our own vitality."

Here the young man paused, swaying his clerical form backward and forward, adjusting his coat collar, proceeded, with great solemnity, to make the following "application" of the ideas already advanced: "My friends," said he, "after all, nature is the best teacher. We only have to study nature and read the Bible, and the world and all things is ours.

We hear much of the educated ministry. The resistable preacher is not the one that goes to the colleges and cemeteries, but the one that crouches at the enshrine of nature. No schools for me, my friends; I expect to be as great a preacher as Paul was in the days of his mediterranean splendor, but I will not get my consternation from books chirogated by men, but from the great extemety of the cosmoretic vibrations of natural philosophy. May the Lord have mercy upon your immortal souls!"

Sam Langdon and John Hatton sat in the rear of the room, with no one near them. When the young would-be clerical twiglet resumed his seat Langdon not overly pious in his expressions, in an undertone said: "Well, I'll be durned."

The people all over the room glanced at one another "with the other eye" and rather smiled, as they usually did when Brother Lyman Bender relieved himself of the things uppermost in his mind.

The "Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor," though the name might signify as much, does not necessarily confine its membership to those young in years. A notable exception to this rule existed in the society of Central Church in the person of "Uncle Ben" Enders, as he was affectionately called by so many of the young people who knew and loved him.

"Uncle Ben" arose. The very presence of this man, then seventy years old, but young in spirit, was a benediction.

He spoke kindly, encouragingly, commending the young people for their good works and bidding them have a wide vision of the possibilities before them. He emphasized the needs of the home field, but did not neglect to exhort the society to larger fellowship in the work of Foreign Missions for worldwide evangelization.

After "Uncle Ben" there were a number of other short talks, and some "slecshuns" from a church paper.

Before adjourning the leader called upon "Brother Hatton" for a "few remarks."

In a few words the young preacher commended young people's work in the church, but there was nothing out of the ordinary or commonplace in what he said.

After Hatton sat down, while the Endeavorers were singing the closing song, Sam Langdon said: "See here, 'parson,'" as he sometimes called his friend, "if you don't get some life in you and say something when you talk, this evening will wind up your career in Indianati and I'll take you back to Princeton and put you to writing insurance. You can preach, if you will, but from your performances to-day no one would suspect it."

"Well, Sam," replied John Hatton, "I am fully conscious of the truth of what you say, but I simply must have inspiration when I preach and I haven't found it in these people."

"It's a pity Miss Eleanor isn't here to-night," said Langdon.

John Hatton's face turned pale and with pathetic, saddened countenance he looked at Langdon and said: "Sam, I did not think you could be so cruel."

"Forgive me, Johnnie, I did not mean it," said Sam.

The leader of the meeting, before calling for the "Mizpah" benediction, said: "Let all the 'Endeavors' go up to the auditorium above and hear the Reverend Brother Hatton in the services of the evening. We should encourage the young man with all our power."

Notwithstanding the awkward manner in which the request was made, there was a genuine sincerity and kindness in the voice and manner of the man, and all received it graciously, as it was intended.

John Hatton's heart was touched by the evident sympathy of the man and from that moment there was a warm place in the preacher's heart for the man whose friendliness was better than his rhetoric.

The disorder of the young people in leaving the endeavor meeting and in assembling in the auditorium for worship, was, if anything worse than that of the morning after the close of the Bible school.

The people were not settled in their pews until after the preacher had read his text, and there were but few of the older members of the church present.

In his place, however, was that kindly faced man,

to whom, at the morning service, John Hatton had naturally been attracted.

John Hatton preached again; the sermon was better than that of the morning, but not worthy of any favorable comment.

Until midnight John Hatton and Sam Langdon sat in their room at the hotel and talked.

At eleven-twenty the next day they said good-by, and Langdon left for Princeton.

Sad and lonely, John Hatton walked up one block where he took a car to his hotel.

In feeling in his vest pocket for car fare his fingers touched a ring. He took it out and looked upon it until his eyes were blinded with tears, and his soul overwhelmed with memories.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Two months passed without any marked developments with reference to John Hatton's ministry in Central Church.

The breach between the factions which existed because of disagreement concerning the former minister instead of disappearing seemed to become more decided every day. John Hatton gave no heed to the contentions of either side and the result was that neither faction took to him with any enthusiasm.

He did but little "pastoral" visiting and took no particular pains to extend his acquaintance among the membership of the congregation. At the regular services of the church, aside from preaching at the hours of morning and evening worship, he was merely a "looker on," without apparent interest and with no comment.

The opinion of both factions was that "John Hatton" was not the man for "Old Central." To Hatton himself, this was a good indication, for it was the first omen of unity, the thing most of all to be desired. He determined to bide his time, conserve his forces and meet the crucial test when the time came.

His firm conviction was that if in the providence of God he "was to preach in Indianati," no combi-

nation of human forces could prevent it; and, if on the contrary he "was not to remain in Indianati," he would rejoice in the circumstances which might make the fact known.

At the end of two months, "trial ministry," John Hatton was approached by Elder Truitt, who informed him that the "prevailing opinion" was that "Central should have a different type of man for permanent minister."

The elder spoke very kindly to the young preacher. He really appeared to be pained in delivering the message, for he felt that John Hatton would be greatly disappointed.

The preacher received the statement with the same indifference and unconcern that had characterized him all along. He simply remarked: "Very well, Brother Truitt, my case is in the hands of God, and 'whatever is, is best.' We can only await developments. I certainly do not desire to become the permanent minister to Central Church, if it is not for the good of the entire membership and for the cause at large. However, I have been the means of one very good thing, which may result in something better to follow."

"What is that?" Elder Truitt asked in evident surprise.

"Why, I have been the means, according to your statement, of general agreement among your people, upon one proposition at least, namely, that they do

not want me as their permanent minister," said John Hatton.

The elder smiled, saying: "I had not thought of that, but it is true."

Then Hatton remarked: "There is encouragement in the fact, for, having agreed upon one proposition, it may be easier for them to agree upon another. Let us hope that the people may continue to see alike and also be a unit in favor of the man who may be called."

"There is some force in your remarks, Brother Hatton, and I trust what you suggest may prove true, but do not see much prospect of it as yet."

"By the way," continued the Elder, "supposing, of course, that you have made no other arrangements, we desire you to continue with us until we can agree upon some other man. Of course this is very indefinite, and in event you have a call to some other field, you are at liberty to go at any time. I have made these statements to you, that you may feel free to look elsewhere and that we may be free to negotiate with others relative to the work here at Central Church."

"Oh, certainly, that is entirely satisfactory to me and I trust you may feel that I am not surprised, or disappointed in the least," said John Hatton.

"Well, I must say that your spirit concerning the situation is very fine, and I am delighted that you do not take the matter to heart," said the Elder.

Before taking leave of John Hatton Elder Truitt

kindly remarked: "Brother Hatton, I would like to say that I like you personally, very much, and regret that we cannot see fit to call you to the pastorate of our church, but we feel that you have not had enough experience for such an undertaking. You have never lived in a city, and are not well enough acquainted with the manners and customs of city life. However," he continued, "I shall be very glad to commend you to some church in a smaller place. I believe in time you will develop into a strong preacher; you have some pulpit ability now, and it will no doubt increase. I can be of help to you, Brother Hatton—I am a representative man in the brotherhood—and shall be glad to do so."

"I thank you, Brother Truitt," said John Hatton, "but at present you need not trouble yourself about securing a place for me, for, as yet, I have no plans for the future. I will continue to supply at Central until a permanent minister is secured, and then will consider my future course."

John Hatton went from his conference with Elder Truitt directly to the church and, all alone, sat in one of the pulpit chairs for an hour in deep meditation.

Again he looked out over the auditorium and again he surveyed the rostrum. Again he was led into the subjective, and within the secret chambers of his being a strange voice whispered, as it were, telling him that his work in Central Church was

not about to close, but rather that it had scarcely begun.

He had a vision of the throng of eager, anxious faces, looking up to him, of the multitudes that yet should fill that great room and be swayed by his message. He in some way was about to realize that the platform upon which he was at that time should be the theatre upon which many of the coming events of his life would be enacted.

That secret communicating power then said to him: "Go now, and prepare yourself for the conflict, but with the march of the years, to you and to the cause for which you stand, victory shall come."

The following Sunday morning a new preacher was in the pulpit of "Old Central" Church. His name was John Hatton, the same as had been appearing there each Sunday for the past two months; he wore the same clothes; he was the same flesh and blood—but, the spirit of the man, his animation, his manner, his purpose seemed altogether different.

There was mastery in every movement, confidence in every word, conviction in every thought upon that occasion; he entered the pulpit that day with a commission from on high, a call from God, notwithstanding the decree had gone forth that the people did not desire him.

After John Hatton had gone into the pulpit, Elder Warren always alert as to who came into the congregation, having noted the presence of a number of distinguished citizens of Indianati and also a

great many other visitors and strangers, stepped to the pulpit and kindly whispered: "Brother Hatton, Dr. So-and-so, and Prof. So-and-so, and Mr. So-and-so are here to-day; it is very unusual, for none of them have been here for years. There are a great many strangers present, too. I hope you will do your best this morning, so they may not go away disappointed."

In usual circumstances, such remarks as the good elder had made would have been very embarrassing; but John Hatton knew the motive was good and in his present state of mind, instead of being disconcerted by knowing of the presence of so many distinguished people, the fact was to him an uplift and an inspiration.

He smilingly whispered his thanks to Elder Warren for acquainting him with the facts, and assured the elder that he need have no fear of the outcome.

At this statement the elder was both surprised and delighted.

The audience was at perfect ease through the preliminary exercises, for the preacher was at ease.

After reading the text the preacher closed his Bible, stepped out from behind the pulpit, and with perfect composure, in a pleasing, natural conversational voice, remarked:

"Before beginning the sermon this morning, my friends, I beg your indulgence in hearing from me a few practical remarks.

"Only a few days ago one of your elders in-

formed me that the prevailing opinion in the congregation is that I shall not be called to the permanent pastorate of this church.

"While I have not been a candidate for the position, I believe that it has been generally understood that my attitude has at least been *receptive* for the consideration of a call, should it be extended to me.

"As I remarked to the brother who conveyed to me the information, so do I now remark to you, that at least there is one element of encouragement and hopefulness in your attitude toward me, and that is, you are agreed upon this one thing, which, so far as I have been able to observe, is the first point of agreement among you for many a day.

"I sincerely trust that this is the beginning of permanent unity among you and, that when you do call a permanent minister, it may be practically unanimous upon the part of the entire congregation.

"The good brother who so kindly enlightened me with reference to my present status here, also further informed me that the official board desires me to continue as supply in this pulpit until such time as the congregation may agree upon another man.

"To this I agree, and inasmuch as I am to continue here until you agree upon some other man, it is most likely that I shall be with you for 'quite a spell.' "

"In present circumstances, then, my method of

procedure shall be entirely different from that of the past two months.

"May I tell you, that it was with fear and trembling that I first came upon this platform. This grew out of the fact that 'Old Central' abroad is a very different church from 'Old Central' at home.

"I was overawed by the history of and the associations connected with this church."

"But, 'distance lends enchantment to the view,' and at close range one is soon disillusioned.

"More and more, with each passing day, am I made to believe in the truthfulness of *Josh* Billing's quaint saying, that 'Human nature is the same the world over, so fur as its been heeard frum.'

"I have known a few other people, and compared with them you are 'about the same.'

"The activities in this church in the past years, and the conditions to-day do not justify the newspaper reports sent out concerning you; for example, it has been reported that your average offering for Foreign Missions has been from one thousand dollars to twelve hundred dollars per year, which is a splendid showing. But a good portion of 'hot air' is let out of the balloon when it is known that of this amount at least five hundred dollars is contributed by one individual, an officer of the Foreign Missionary Society, who happens to be a member of this church; again, it was published broadcast that you had an attendance of twelve hundred at your Bible

school; your average attendance during the last two months has been less than one hundred and fifty.

"It appears that the number of twelve hundred was reached as the culmination of a 'Red and Blue' contest, when simply to 'win out,' even a great many people were persuaded to come in from other schools for that day only.

"It is said authoritatively that on the following Sunday the attendance was cut down more than half, and from that time until now the reactionary effects upon the school have been very bad.

"Candidly, my friends, but in all love and kindness, the splendid reputation which this church has abroad is not justified by the facts at home.

"So far, my position here has been an awkward one, in view of the fact that at the outset I was engaged as 'supply' only.

"It would have been entirely improper for me to have 'butted into' the counsels of the church, or to have pushed myself forward in your Bible school or Young People's Society, with suggestions as to the future policy of the church, or of those societies; nor would it have been in good taste for me to have gone forth visiting promiscuously among the families of the church, uninvited, for all such actions by me might well have been considered very 'previous,' and an effort upon my part to get into your graces, so as to secure a call to this work.

"Therefore, I have been somewhat retiring and have refrained from doing anything except preach

from this pulpit, which thing alone I was engaged to do.

"My preaching, too, because of the peculiar conditions under which I have labored, has been unnatural, restrained, and ineffective.

"But, thanks to a good providence, those restraints are removed.

"No longer can anyone think I am seeking employment—no longer is it possible for anyone to accuse me of having an 'ax to grind.'

"And now, with these pointed words, which I hope may throw enough light upon the situation to give us a thorough understanding of each other, with your permission, I shall proceed with my sermon."

CHAPTER XXV.

The subject of John Hatton's sermon that eventful day was "The Dignity of Man."

No attempt is made here to describe that discourse, except to state that the delivery of it occupied about twenty-five minutes; yet, homiletically speaking, it was masterful.

Not only was the subject matter and the arrangement of the same comparatively perfect, but the man himself was, in voice, bearing, ease, in natural dignity and earnestness, masterful to a degree that convinced the entire audience that he, and he alone, *was* the man for "Old Central."

In his subconscious mind, no one felt or knew this more fully than did John Hatton himself. He felt it, he knew it before going into the pulpit that morning, and with the determination to compel the same feeling upon the part of the people, he undertook the task of the day. To him victory was in sight, for having conquered himself, he feared not the lesser task of conquering others.

After the benediction it seemed that the entire audience desired to grasp his hand. One of the first to congratulate him was the former minister of the church who happened to be present and occupied a front seat. He rushed up to the young preacher and

with a cordiality characteristic of the man, and to which his success as a minister had been largely due, said: "Brother Hatton, that was a magnificent sermon, and had you preached that way from the time you first came here, the church would have called you. They should do it, anyhow, and I believe they will—they certainly ought to."

During the following thirty minutes John Hatton was given nothing less than an ovation. No onlooker would have suspected that there had ever been a division within those ranks, for, it appeared that each faction was trying to outdo the other in getting to the young preacher.

The feat was accomplished; those who had unanimously opposed him, now unanimously favored him.

A pleased expression, not superficial, but such as wells up from the depths of one's soul and manifests itself upon the countenance, beamed from the face of Elder W. B. Warren.

Elder Truitt saw that John Hatton had carried the day, and made haste to get in the forefront of the movement, and at once called the official board together.

The board being assembled, Elder Truitt said: "Brethren, it is evident that we have made a mistake in not calling Brother Hatton to this pulpit. I am willing to listen every Sunday to such preaching as we have heard to-day, and am fully convinced that Brother Hatton can give us such ser-

mons all the time. The fact is, I am very agreeably surprised, for I did not think it was in him. I guess while we have been taking his measurement he has been 'sizing us up'; he hadn't tried to preach until this morning, when he showed us what he can do. Brethren, the joke is on us. If we give Brother Hatton a chance in a city pulpit, he will no doubt become a representative man."

Elder W. B. Warren, presiding, took occasion to say: "Brethren, I am not at all surprised, and have been in favor of calling Brother Hatton since hearing his first sermon. I saw that he had reserve force, and for some reason was holding himself back. His remarks to-day make the whole situation clear. The chair is ready to entertain a motion."

T. H. Lamar arose and addressing the chair, said: "Mr. Chairman, I move that this board recommend to the congregation that Mr. John Hatton be called to the pastorate of this church, to begin at once and to continue indefinitely; also, that the question be presented to the congregation and voted upon at the regular services next Sunday morning."

M. H. Denton seconded the motion, saying, that while at first he had not been much impressed with Brother Hatton, he had, after studying him carefully and hearing him that day, felt that it would be nothing short of a calamity if they failed to secure him.

The board voted unanimously in favor of the motion.

The action of the board was presented the following Sunday morning to the congregation by T. H. Lamar, and the church as a whole adopted the recommendation of the board, and John Hatton was formally notified by the church clerk.

CHAPTER XXVI.

With the coming of John Hatton to Indianati two new features soon developed in his life.

Being very susceptible to his environment, he was quick to imbibe the spirit of the time, with its surroundings. As yet, he had known but little of the real life and spirit of the business world. His thought and work since leaving his home in the south had been devoted entirely to preparation for, and service in, the gospel ministry.

He was naturally generous, always liberal with the small means at his command. His parents being poor, he had to borrow money to enable him to get through school. On entering his work at Princeton, he was in debt, and because of his meager salary, lack of interest in material things and his recklessly benevolent disposition, instead of saving his money and meeting his obligations, each passing month left him more deply involved.

His nature was such, that, whether he had one dollar or fifty dollars in his pocket, when the immediate occasion seemed to demand it, he would give it all freely, as though he were a millionaire, forgetting utterly all past obligations and never thinking of future necessities. This habit often subjected him to sharp criticism, and gave those

who knew not the true spirit of his life good ground for considering him dishonest.

Had it not been for Sam Langdon and other true friends who believed in him and loved him, John Hatton's life might have been a shipwreck upon the hidden breakers of financial greed, in the turbulent sea of human experience.

The truth is, John Hatton lived for the most part in the subjective state. Objective, material things held but little interest for him; even the beautiful form and face of Eleanor Tarvin appealed to him only as her graceful bearing and beaming countenance revealed the beautiful soul which was her real self.

Because of this nature and disposition many "men of the world" misunderstood him and held him in low esteem, for they could see only objective things, and could weigh him, only in the commercial scale and that without sympathy or consideration; in their hearts the sign of the cross had been replaced by the dollar mark.

On the contrary, John Hatton, for the time, had to justly suffer the consequences of his being unable to take practical cognizance of objective things. As yet, he lived in the material world, his feet remained upon the earth and these material, human obligations had to be taken into account.

Wherever the young preacher went, he found true friends who naturally interested themselves in his affairs and endeavored to maintain his credit in the

business world. Such friends were not wanting in Indianati.

When it developed that some of the young preacher's obligations had not been promptly met and as a result some derogatory remarks had been made concerning him by his creditors, the remarks coming to the ears of that good man, W. B. Warren, the faithful Elder of the church went to John Hatton and spoke kindly to him regarding the matter.

The young preacher heard what Elder Warren had to say, received it kindly, passed it by lightly, simply remarking: "I have been very busy, Brother Warren, and have had so many other things in my mind that I have really given but little attention to the matter which you mention."

Then, without giving the Elder time to remark further upon the question about which he had come to see him, John Hatton launched into another subject pertaining to the church and so engaged the Elder's attention that for the time he forgot his mission in considering the weightier question the preacher put before him.

Afterward, while sitting in his office, Elder Warren stroked his brow, shook his head, smiled, and though alone, audibly said: "Well, Brother Hatton is a mystery to me. To look into his face and hear him talk is to be convinced that he is sincere and honest, but he is so unconcerned about his debts. He cannot afford that, for it will not only injure him, but will bring reproach upon the church. I will

talk to him again, and impress upon him the necessity of giving attention to these matters."

The two new developments in John Hatton's life in the early part of his career in Indianati were, strange as it may seem, while continuing with unabated interest his work with the church, that he entered into business upon a large scale and at the same time entered the lecture field as a lyceum attraction.

Neither of these things was sought by him, but the force of circumstances apparently compelled him to do as he did.

One Sunday morning there was in the audience at Central Church Jas. Worthington, of Chicago, the best known and most successful lyceum manager in America.

Mr. Worthington had formerly been the President and General Manager of a famous lecture bureau in Indianati; but a few years before had consolidated with the leading institution of its kind in Chicago.

Wr. Worthington still maintained his office in Indianati, the same being in charge of R. A. Strickland, who had been Secretary and Treasurer of the Indianati institution.

There were but few private citizens in America with a wider acquaintance and larger influence than Jas. Worthington. For fifteen years prior to his engaging in the lyceum business he was secretary of the "Press Association" of a great state bordered

by "Mason and Dixon's Line." During that time he became personally acquainted with and was the personal friend of every editor and journalist in the state, and knew intimately many thousands of people, who familiarly called him "Jim."

Such was Jim Worthington's popularity, while he never entered politics, that had he chosen to do so, his personal friends would have elected him to any office within the gift of his state.

After retiring from his journalistic work, and resigning his office of Secretary of the Press Association, Jim Worthington, as we shall hereafter designate him, went north and founded a Lecture Bureau in Indianati.

The business was eminently successful, and Jim Worthington, with his company constituting the business corporation, would have become rich from the fruits of the business had he not been like John Hatton, too liberal for his own material welfare. Jim was more interested in "discovering talent" and bringing out and developing stellar attractions.

More successful lecturers and concert attractions can attribute their subsequent careers to Jim Worthington, than to any other one man in the lyceum field within the last quarter of a century. Among them are lecturers and entertainers of almost every reputable class. They are among the eminent scientists, lawyers, jurists, politicians, clergymen, travelers, authors, soldiers, sailors, poets, musicians and humorists.

Many of these were great in their own particular spheres before Jim Worthington knew them, but for their success in the lyceum world they are indebted to him.

Under his successful management have been many men eminent in other walks, not a few distinguished jurists, a number of Governors, one great Presidential candidate and others aspiring to the nomination for that exalted position.

Jim Worthington has made millions for others, in his service to humanity.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning that this lyceum man "dropped in" at Central Church at Indianati to hear a preacher named John Hatton, of whom he had read something and of whom one of Hatton's enthusiastic friends had spoken to him.

The subject of John Hatton's sermon that day was, "The Transfiguration of the Devil." The preacher used for a text that Scripture which represents satan himself as being "transformed into an angel of light." His theme was that the real devil is not the hideous monster of the picture books, with hoofs and horns, the semblance of a man covered with hair and with a long spike-tipped tail.

"We need have no fear of temptation from such a devil as that," the preacher said, "for at sight of him we would all take to our heels and run.

"But," he continued, "it is Satan in angelic guise

we should fear, the Satan, who comes to us in the robes of light, appealing to our selfish nature."

In the practical application of the subject, John Hatton showed how the devil had been transfigured in social, business, political and religious life.

Jim Worthington was deeply impressed by the sermon, but more impressed with the man who delivered it.

To Worthington the sermon was unique, new and true; but the simple, straightforward style of the preacher took him captive. To him, John Hatton was a lecturer, more than preacher, and he was jubilant over making another "discovery." He felt that in John Hatton he had found another "attraction," and believed that even the subject and the discourse to which he had listened that day would, with some minor changes, make a great lecture.

After the benediction, Worthington went down near the pulpit and met John Hatton. The two men greeted each other most cordially. They were both southerners, and both had retained and still loved their provincial accent.

The lyceum man invited the preacher to lunch with him at his hotel, saying that he was anxious to talk with him.

"It is very generous of you, Worthington," said John Hatton, "and I, too, am very anxious to talk with you, but the only way it can be arranged is for you to lunch with me. I live at one of the hotels, so you will come along with me."

After John Hatton had greeted a number of friends, met a few strangers who were waiting to see him, heard some complaints from a few "chronic kickers," and listened to some gratuitous advice from one "brother" and two "sisters" who lingered to tell him how a few things should be done, he and Jim Worthington walked together to the hotel.

They had not gone far until each had taken the other fully into his confidence and they were as though they had known each other always. Each had, in the other, *found a friend,* even as had been the case with John and Sam Langdon.

Strange as it may seem, before their luncheon was half finished they were calling each other "John" and "Jim" as though they had been "chums" from boyhood.

"Mr. Worthington," said John Hatton, "it does me good to hear you talk. I love that southern accent, and do not hear much of it since coming to Indianati."

"Oh, say, Brother Hatton, call me 'Jim,'" said Worthington, "for it makes me feel so strange to be called Mr. Worthington."

"And you must 'cut out' that 'Brother Hatton' business, too," said John Hatton, "for I do not like to be 'brothered' too much. I suppose we will have to make a bargain then; I'll call you 'Jim' if you will call me 'John.'"

"Agreed," said Worthington, and the two men shook hands upon it.

"You should be upon the lecture platform," said Jim to John.

"Do you think so, really?" asked John Hatton.

"I certainly do. I not only think it, I know it," said Worthington.

Continuing, he proposed that if John Hatton would consent he would make for him a few lecture engagements, so that he might go out and try the experiment, and see what would come of it. He proposed to pay him, for ten lectures, two hundred and fifty dollars, and all expenses, arranging the dates so that John Hatton would not have to be away from Indianati on Wednesday evenings or on Sundays.

"That sounds pretty good," said John Hatton, "two hundred and fifty dollars, did you say?"

"That's what I said," answered Jim Worthington, "and," he continued, "if you 'make good,' we will soon pay you fifty dollars per night, and give you all the dates you can fill."

"Why," said John Hatton, "at that rate I'd soon be rich, wouldn't I?"

"You certainly would," answered Jim Worthington.

"Anyhow, I will try you for ten engagements," said John Hatton.

Continuing, the preacher said: "I am just reminded that two hundred and fifty dollars would

come in 'handy' now. I'm not inclined to give much attention to business affairs, and sometimes my friends become anxious about my reputation, when I'm slow in paying my debts and my creditors begin to comment upon it. I believe it was yesterday that one of my good Elders spoke to me about something of this kind—yes, Jim, make the dates. I'll fill them and get the two hundred and fifty dollars and pay off my debts."

That was the beginning of a long intimate business and friendly relationship between these two men.

The combination of constructive thought and humanitarian effort with "practical business" methods is always more or less difficult, and as a result, men who otherwise would be eminently successful in "business" are often regarded as impractical and visionary. So some people thought of Jim Worthington in the earlier part of his career as a lyceum manager, but within a few years the law of compensation found fulfillment in Worthington's work, bringing to him both fame and fortune.

At this juncture of their experience seemingly a providential aid came to John Hatton in the person of R. A. Strickland.

Strickland had been for years associated with Worthington, acting in the capacity of Secretary, Treasurer, General Office Manager and private "Caretaker" for Worthington and the Lecture Bureau in Indianati.

Naturally, through Worthington, Hatton and Strickland became acquainted, and they, too, soon became fast friends.

Albert Strickland was an altogether different type from either John Hatton or Jim Worthington. Quiet, reserved, non-communicative, even at times appearing rude and impolite in his manner, "Al," as he was called, was difficult to approach, and was often misunderstood by those who did not know his real nature. But those who knew him, loved him, relied upon him and would have trusted him not only with their fortunes, but with their lives; he never failed a friend in time of need, nor proved false to a sacred trust.

Such was Strickland's knowledge of all the intricacies of business methods that he was enabled to assume and successfully carry all the detailed responsibilities of a business office, in which both Jim Worthington and John Hatton were unskilled. His accounts were accurate, his acumen and foresight enabled him to steer clear of any breakers that might be ahead, and to reach his desired port in safety.

Often when Hatton or Worthington were about to soar away from earth upon the wings of some subjective scheme, Strickland called them back by a matter-of-fact reminder.

John Hatton's business ventures so far had engaged only his objective mind; he had never thrown his real life into those temporal affairs and, as a

result, instead of being helped by them, became more and more involved until it seemed that ruin stared him in the face.

On several occasions, to save him from great embarrassment, not to say shame and disgrace, his father and brother had come to his relief, but the time came when they could no longer help him, and then John Hatton for the first time realized the seriousness of being in debt.

W. B. Warren had gone to him and with deep anxiety and real sorrow, advised, argued and pleaded with the young preacher, that he be more careful, and if possible save his money and free himself from his very distressing situation.

"Let me think of the matter for a few days, Brother Warren. I have never given the question serious thought, but shall do so at once, and if anything is evolved I shall go to you at once," said John Hatton.

That evening John Hatton sat for hours alone in his room. He was thinking of money—how to make money—calling to his aid every power of mentality, trying to conjure up some practical scheme whereby he could obtain plain, "hard cash," with which his debts might be paid and his good name cleared.

The next morning he went directly to the office of T. H. Lamar, a prominent professional and business man, one of the leading spirits in Central

Church, and a gentleman in whom he had absolute confidence and upon whose judgment he fully relied.

John Hatton asked of his friend Lamar a patient hearing, which was graciously granted. Then the young preacher, beginning with his first experience away from home, which involved him in debt, recited to Mr. Lamar how he had neglected giving proper attention to those material affairs and that, as a result of his negligence, he found himself facing ruin.

Then, he declared, that while he was a pauper, he would not be a beggar, and therefore had bent his powers upon devising a business proposition, the merits of which he wished Mr. Lamar to pass upon after hearing his proposition.

John Hatton proceeded to state his plan which was as clear, logical, self-evident, from a business point of view, as had been any sermon he had ever preached, from a moral or religious point of view.

"You astonish me, Mr. Hatton," said T. H. Lamar, when the young man had concluded his statement.

Continuing, Mr. Lamar said: "Your idea alone is worth five thousand dollars. There is a fortune in your proposition."

"But I can do nothing with it, for I am a preacher and have no money with which to start it," said John Hatton.

Mr. Lamar reached for the telephone and called up Mr. W. B. Warren, who came immediately to the office.

At the request of Mr. Lamar, John Hatton restated his proposition to Mr. Warren who, if possible, was more astonished and delighted than was Mr. Lamar.

"Now, Mr. Warren," said T. H. Lamar, "I should be glad personally to go into this business with Mr. Hatton, and would be willing to put up all the necessary cash, but, knowing you to be deeply interested in Mr. Hatton I have called you to my office, so that if you desire it, and Mr. Hatton is willing, we three will form a partnership, sharing equally in the business, you and I paying Mr. Hatton for two-thirds interest in the same."

W. B. Warren readily agreed, the company was formed and Albert Strickland was employed to manage the business.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Many good people are often misjudged, for the reason that those who misjudge them have insufficient knowledge of and inability to appreciate the laws and workings of our psychic nature.

That there is within the normal mentality what psychologists term the "subjective" and "objective" minds, there is not a doubt.

With some people the subjective is dominant, with others the objective predominates and by this is determined, to a very large degree, the turn of one's mind, the bent of one's nature, the character of one's work.

That person in whom the objective predominates, gets knowledge through the five senses, takes cognizance of the material, objective world, has to do with outside things, is naturally materialistic in trend.

That person in whom the subjective predominates, evolves knowledge from the inner world of his own being, lives and moves in the psychic realm.

The objective mind is practical, the subjective mind is theoretical.

John Hatton was, for the most part, subjective. He was not a good pastor in the modern sense, for the useless, empty things which obtain in the pas-

toral functions cannot appeal to one whose inner mind is concerned with the great vital problems of human life.

He was misunderstood by the people, for they could not comprehend his work, they did not dream of his mission; they could not calculate success, save as it appeared upon the face of material things and gave color to the passing moment; they could not see beneath the surface of the present, and know that it was the inevitable result of forces operative in the past; nor, could they look far enough into the future to understand that for great and permanent success, something more solid and deeper than the effervescent sputter of the enthusiastic *now,* is necessary.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

From the time when John Hatton delivered the sermon which turned the tide in his favor and secured his call to the Central Church in Indianati, his strength as a preacher steadily increased, but attracted no marked attention in that city.

Time passed before he drew the great audiences which filled the auditorium of "Old Central." During his early ministry he was misunderstood and unappreciated by a majority of the members of the congregation, but there were the loyal few who believed in the final outcome of his work, and stood by him.

"Old Central," for some years past, had almost dropped out of the public mind in Indianati. With the exception of the few who yet remained loyal to this church, the representative people of the city no longer came and went through her doors.

The papers of Indianati gave but little attention to Central Church, or to John Hatton. The fact is the papers took little notice of any preacher or of any church in Indianati; no one church was crowded and no one preacher stood out prominently. Not a preacher in that vast city had even a local reputation for more than ordinary ability.

John Hatton's opportunity to get the ear of the

great living, moving public in Indianati, was very meager. The streams of humanity flowed in channels other than those which ran into the churches. The theaters, the public gardens, the concert halls, the various places for public amusement were filled while struggling, discouraged preachers talked to almost empty pews.

The small attendance and decreasing membership of the churches, did not reduce the current expenses of running them. And the ability to meet the expenses grew less as the financially representative membership decreased.

Bad business methods obtained in the management, and at the end of each year there was a large deficit.

To many of the faithful matters grew more and more discouraging. To John Hatton it often seemed unendurable.

To add to the difficulties of the situation, there were, of course, a few pessimistic busybodies, ever finding fault with the preacher and the management of the church, ever ready with gratuitous advice, but never ready to encourage those who were trying, nor to go down into their own pockets and help bear the financial burdens.

From all outward appearances, it seemed that John Hatton's work at "Old Central" would, as had that of several of his predecessors, end in what the world calls failure; but he "kept the faith," worked and waited for the coming of a better day.

Occasionally he had opportunity to be heard by influential citizens, when he spoke in his plain, direct, unassuming way, and caught the attention of the thoughtful.

Thus he labored on, and finally found himself with a large acquaintance, a firm footing, a permanent constituency, a substantial hearing among the very best people in Indianati; but, as yet, he had not reached the multitudes, he had not filled his church; as yet, too, the financial problem of successfully managing a great church had not been worked out.

Could he reach the masses and could he but raise the money necessary, to make the work in "Old Central" eminently successful, the goal of his ambition would be reached, the dream of his life's work realized.

He knew that something deeper, vaster, more far-reaching than any of the transient devices characteristic of ordinary church methods, would have to be made manifest in the life and activities of that church, if real success ever came.

The first and greatest task with him as it has ever been, and must ever be, with all who have achieved true success—was the conquering of self, the proper adjustment of his life with reference to others.

He realized that so long as the people struggled to pay him and so long as he lived upon the money received for preaching, two things would be true, viz., the masses would feel that he was being paid

to preach, and to serve them, that his urging entreaties to heroic Christian duty was only to be expected, as that was his business, out of which he made his meat and bread; the second fact was that so long as he lived and was dependent upon the salary paid by the church, the leaders would feel that they "owned" him.

John Hatton finally came to the conclusion that he must pray and work for the time to come when he could render his services to the church, free of charge.

He felt that then his words would have by far more effect upon the people, as no one could say, "he is preaching for money."

Having reached this decision, John Hatton began at once to shape his affairs to that end.

He took into his confidence T. H. Lamar and M. H. Denton, two men whom he trusted and loved. They believed in him, respected his opinions, were willing and anxious to help him, and entered heart and soul into his plans, not without a misgiving on their part as to the practicability of his ideas, and fearing his plans were visionary.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Twelve months from the time of the business venture of T. H. Lamar, W. B. Warren and John Hatton, the indications were that the enterprise would be a failure.

John Hatton was so occupied with his church work that he could give but little personal attention to the business.

Albert Strickland did all that one man could possibly do, with the facilities at his command, to make the venture a success, but so much of his thought and time had to be devoted to the personal affairs of John Hatton and Bob Morningside, that he was unable to successfully carry out the plans of the firm necessary to financial success.

Had it not been for the money earned by John Hatton as a preacher and lecturer, at both of which he was eminently successful, his career as a business man would have been cut short and would have ended in utter failure.

Because of his advanced age and his time being fully occupied with other affairs, W. B. Warren, after one year's experience in the firm of Lamar, Warren and Hatton retired.

Although several thousand dollars had been sunk in the enterprise during the first year, John Hat-

ton retrenched himself by using his income from preaching and lecturing, and T. H. Lamar continued to advance funds from his personal accounts, and the business went on, but with more disastrous results.

Notwithstanding these facts, John Hatton was not discouraged. While he was deeply involved, his indebtedness having assumed large proportions, and with objectively no prospects for any success ever coming of his business adventure, he had the deep consciousness that the underlying principles upon which the business was founded were in perfect accord with and a part of the universal unit of truth, and that these principles, rightly applied, must inevitably result in success.

John Hatton therefore determined to give his personal attention to the application of these principles, but at the outset of this he was confronted with an apparently insurmountable obstacle, viz.: his own lack of funds, and the indisposition of T. H. Lamar to advance more money—in view of the fact that the firm had lost very largely, and just at that time the country was in the midst of a financial panic.

Lamar and Hatton talked over the entire situation in detail. John Hatton was deeply grieved because of his apparent failure, but more especially because he had been the means of his friend losing so much money.

T. H. Lamar, in his firm, candid, straightforward

way, assured the young man of his true friendship for him and begged him not to consider himself under any obligation at all.

The big-hearted lawyer had great sympathy for the struggling young preacher. In earlier life he, too, had known the meaning of poverty, and had experienced the difficulties to be overcome in getting on in the world. He also had known the worth of a friend in the time of need. He firmly believed in Hatton's integrity, and he determined to stand by him.

John Hatton was deeply moved as T. H. Lamar said: "Mr. Hatton, you owe me nothing. I went into this business with my eyes open. I believed in you and in your proposition. It has not worked out as we expected, but I believe you will succeed. The money I have put into this is 'burned powder'—let it go at that. If there is any way I can be of service to you in the future, command me."

John Hatton arose and took his friend by the hand, but was too deeply moved to talk further, except to say: "I thank you, Mr. Lamar, for your friendship, confidence and kindness. In the survival of the fittest such a soul as yours must come into its own. I value your friendship more than gold. I trust that in the future I may come to be able in some degree to show my appreciation of what you have done for me. Whatever may be my weakness, ingratitude can never be charged to my

account and among the few true friends I cherish, you are second to none."

Yes, although most people who only knew him slightly, considered T. H. Lamar a rather cold-natured man, there were tears in his eyes, and pathetic emotion in his voice, as he said: "Mr. Hatton, your words are pleasing to me and I thank you."

John Hatton again reviewed the procession of passing realities, to discover, if possible, any forces which might be called to his assistance.

There were two men in the city back of whom were mighty instrumentalities and influences which, if associated with the instrumentalities and influence at his own command, could not fail to bring about the large success of which he had dreamed.

The whole situation opened before him a beautiful revelation, and in his apparent failure both in his church and business relationship in Indianati, he saw clearly the hand of Providence and realized that this withholding of visible success was only the school of preparation for the real success to come later.

These two men were I. Emerson and Henry Morgan, and the instrumentalities and influences at the command of these two men were not only local, but national.

Emerson, a gigantic, rugged man, not alone inherited a great name from an illustrious father, but also a great brain and a great heart, worthy of his

ancestry and fully equal to the task of maintaining and carrying on with ever increasing success, the famous religious journal and publishing business founded and bequeathed to him by his father, as a precious heritage, and to be cherished and to be kept inseparable with their name.

One distinct faculty of Emerson was his habit of "discovering" men and taking a personal interest in such individuals as he could put forward. He talked little, but observed ever. Many a great writer, or preacher, or leader in some distinct movement he discovered, and helped to success and renown.

At an auspicious period in the history of the great religious movement in this country, of which I. Emerson's journal was the chief organ, this peculiar man discovered that the time was ripe for an advance movement in Bible study on the part of the masses, such as the world had not known before. So, quietly, he began looking for a young man with the temperament, the mental and spiritual qualities and also the powers of physical endurance, to grasp the idea, and carry it forward to success, to become, with the backing of Emerson and his journal, a conspicuous leader of the day in a forward movement to put the "Open Bible" intelligently into the hands of the great masses, and thereby hasten, as in no other possible way, the true evangelization of the world.

The true discovery was made in the person of

Henry Morgan, who was all and, if possible, more than I. Emerson had sought or expected. At the end of three years' work as Editor of Bible school literature, thousands were studying his works, thousands knew and loved him and as a leader of Bible school forces, he stood second to no man in America.

At the time of the dissolution of partnership between John Hatton and T. H. Lamar, Henry Morgan was at the head of a special Bible school movement in which there were enlisted, in different parts of the United States, two hundred thousand regular students, all studying text-books of which he was the author, preparing to become teachers in the Bible schools of the land.

John Hatton saw in the combination of the three individuals, Emerson, Morgan and himself, and the forces represented by these three, the success of his business plans.

He went to Emerson with his proposition.

Though Hatton did not know it, Emerson had been closely watching his career, having in mind larger things for the future of the young man at "Old Central."

John Hatton presented his plans in a simple, straightforward way to Emerson, and that gentleman, quick to see through a business proposition, at once approved the idea, saying he would present it to Henry Morgan, and, should it meet with his approval, the deal might be effected at an early date;

one week from that day the new arrangement was entered into between these three men.

The depleted treasury of the old firm was turned into prosperity in the new. Albert Strickland was retained as general manager. John Hatton, because of a recent change in his relationship to "Old Central," was enabled to give more personal attention to the business. Henry Morgan came into touch with thousands, and used his great influence for the success of the business, so far as he could consistently do so. I. Emerson backed the concern with his financial standing and advertised it in his paper, which had more than one hundred thousand readers.

From the day of its reorganization the business founded by John Hatton flourished.

This business was not simply legitimately mercenary, but was educational, helpful, beneficent in the end, to all who patronized it.

Because of the vast proportions and far-reaching plans upon which Hatton's great scheme was launched and executed, these men not only prospered themselves, but greatly benefited their patrons.

So well laid were their plans and so well executed, and so large was their patronage, that at the end of eighteen months from the date of its organization, the firm of "Emerson, Morgan and Hatton," had cleared above all expenses, seventy-five thousand dollars, with every individual who had paid a dollar to the concern the wiser, the happier and the better for it.

CHAPTER XXX.

One of John Hatton's dreams came true, and one of his long cherished hopes was realized when, with the success of his business enterprise he found himself able to give his service to the cause of the church, free of charge.

He had fondly looked forward to the day when he might announce from his pulpit the fact that no longer would he receive remuneration for his services as minister, feeling that all the people would rejoice with him, and that his act of self-denial and sacrifice would not only be a good example to all the members of the church, but would meet with general approval.

For the most part his course was commended, but there were a few members of the congregation who wondered what he had "up his sleeve."

Alas, how sadder is the world because of evil suspicion! How many hearts have been wounded and broken because their motives and deeds have been misunderstood, and, instead of being encouraged and appreciated, have been criticized and hounded to despair because of the evil-minded who, with evil eyes have looked only for evil, have thought only evil and with no vision except for evil, have called that which was *good* evil.

There were some people in "Old Central" Church who, from the beginning of John Hatton's ministry there, did not like him, and secretly did everything they could to thwart his plans, overthrow his work, and destroy his influence; but up to the time when he felt that he could render a nobler service by being free from a mercenary consideration upon his part, he labored faithfully and paid little attention to his critics or enemies.

For years he had been convinced that true service to Christ and humanity should be unrequited; he felt that the commercializing of Christianity in any sense can but be detrimental to the cause.

John Hatton's theme in thought and word was that service, sacrifice and love, are the successive steps in the altar-stairs that lead up to the mercy-seat where peace abides.

From his pulpit and in private conversation he ever pleaded with the people, both the rich and the poor, to render a nobler service to God and the people, by lifting the standard of Christian duty and religious work above the plane of commercialism by which one is expected to do so much work for so much pay, and by which so many would serve God by proxy, feeling that they may hire others to do their religious duty for them.

He longed to see that false system which distinguishes between the clergy and the people abolished, not only in that the clergy is expected to do the religious work for the people, but to be pious

and good for them as well. This false system, he claimed, had created two standards of propriety and conduct, one for the ministry and one for the people. Christ abolished this system, John Hatton claimed, when He called His followers, irrespective of class distinction, a "kingdom of priests unto God," thereby placing all upon one common level, with one standard of morals and duty for all, commanding all to be messengers of truth, all to be preachers of the gospel.

A salaried ministry was unknown in the New Testament church, and that system has lessened, and must continue to lessen the force and influence of the preachers of the Word.

From a purely "business" or mercenary point of view, the standard of ability on the part of the ministry has been lowered by the system, because the average salary received by the average preacher is very small. As a business consideration, there are no inducements for young men of strong parts, to enter the ministry, and, as the mercenary the commercial spirit is dominant in this age, we note a great falling off, both in numbers and in ability, of those who are choosing the ministry for their life work; but this very plutocratic spirit of the age will drive out of the divine work of saving the world, those who would turn it into a commercial proposition and preach the gospel and save souls at "so much per."

Finally, with the preaching of the gospel elevated to the lofty plane of voluntary service, the standard or quality of preaching would be elevated. Every preacher then would be ranked according to his ability, his consecration, and willingness to serve. He suggested that in all our churches there were people of great ability, eminently successful in other walks of life, who, had they the opportunity could and would deliver the gospel message with power, but have not done so, because the paid ministry, while perhaps not realizing it, have a "corner on the gospel" and constitute a theological trust.

John Hatton believed and felt all these things, and worked and prayed for business success, not for the sake of having money, but that he might be free to demonstrate in his own life and work what had by faith and conviction, been wrought into his very being.

He longed above all other things to see the work at "Old Central" a world-renowned success, not for his own glory, but for the good of mankind.

It was a happy day when John Hatton, by the approval of his official board, was enabled to announce that he would continue as their minister, but without pay for his work.

Some good members of the church feared that this decrease in the expenses of the church would cause a great falling off in the contributions, but, instead of that being true, the total receipts of the

church, after John Hatton began preaching without pay, were more than double that of any previous year in the history of "Old Central." John Hatton contributed largely from his income, he preached Christian beneficence as he had never done before, and all the people, moved by his earnestness and encouraged by his example, contributed according to their ability.

Not only did the contributions increase, but the crowds flocked to the church to hear the message the plain business man was delivering "without money and without price."

The rich, moved by John Hatton's example, came and contributed from their riches to the Lord's treasury; the poor, because they knew that in John Hatton they had a friend, and that the people of "Old Central" loved and welcomed them, and helped them in times of need, also came in great throngs and found rest to their weary bodies and hope for their future.

The Church in Indianati became known far and wide, and all strangers who were in the habit of attending church, and many who never thought of attending elsewhere, made it a point, when they chanced to be in Indianati over Sunday, to go to "Old Central" and hear John Hatton.

John Hatton's business prospered though he gave it but little personal attention, yet, thousands of dollars each year came to him from that source, the

greater part of which he gave to some beneficent cause. He often prayed to God for guidance in dispensing this money, and for grace to avoid thinking of it, save as a means by which he might do good. He thanked God for the demonstration in his own life of the words of the Master, "Seek ye first God's kingdom, and God's righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

CHAPTER XXXI.

One of the very few epoch-making books of modern times was one that appeared less than a decade ago, bearing the unique title, "The Tower of Trinity."

The theme of the story was drawn from existing conditions in the social, religious and financial life of the day.

Throughout the book there was a beautiful romance, reaching culmination in the happy union of two lives whose origins were widely different. The hero sprang from poverty, in an obscure district in the far West; the heroine was a daughter of one of Wall Street's richest and most conspicuous personages.

The young man of the story found the "plutocracy" of Wall Street very different from his preconceived opinions, gained from the meager misrepresentations of the "money kings" which had come to him through the prejudiced masses.

The force of circumstances under a strange providence had, as it were, snatched this young man from among the plebeians—one of whom he was and one of whom he delighted ever to remain, and pitchforked him into the very centre of the world's money market. He was also thrown, by force of circum-

stances, into personal association with some of the world's richest men, and found himself received into the inner home life of a man conspicuous in a circle of multi-millionaires.

From childhood this young man had been taught that to be rich was synonymous with being wicked, that no rich man could ever enter heaven.

He was surprised to find this man to be intensely human and humanly kind. He was surprised, agreeably so, to find this rich man's family also very human, and that they were capable of feelings, and appreciative of sympathy, especially the beautiful daughter.

The two grew to know eacn other well and to love each other devotedly; ere long they were married, receiving the blessings of the young lady's parents.

The great prince of finance rejoiced that his daughter had met, loved and married a *man*—a real, true, worthy man. He rejoiced, too, because in this marriage there was a practical demonstration that there is no essential barrier between capital and labor, that the castes and classes growing out of monetary conditions are unnatural and artificial, that a true man is not to be measured by what he has, but by what he is.

Thus, "Hans Ellil" wove into his story a simple, beautiful romance, but underlying it was a masterful discussion of the great sociological problem of the times.

The title of the book was peculiarly suggestive, for the most famous of all American churches is old "Trinity," on Broadway, at the head of Wall Street.

The spirit of the book was refreshingly optimistic. The author illustrated the truth of the universal fraternity of man and the universal need of all classes and conditions for a superhuman power to save them from selfishess and sin, by the "Tower of Trinity" upon the top of which stands the cross, the emblem of humility, the symbol of power, the sign of eternal dominion, all of which is embodied in the life and teaching of the One who "went about doing good."

"The Tower of Trinity" was a plea for an application of the Golden Rule in the real fraternity of man. It was a plea for the recognition of the real worth of everyone in his true place. It emphasized the universal obligation of everyone to "go about doing good," even as did the Christ, and that the rich may be as Christian and as effectually reproduce the Christ-life, as may the poor.

The book was exceedingly simple, plain and direct, but it touched a responsive chord in the human heart. The poor rejoiced because one from their class had triumphed, and still stood upon a sympathetic level with them. The rich were pleased that one had arisen who had seen and correctly interpreted their life.

At the suggestion of an Ex-President of the United States, a conference of fifty American mil-

lionaires was called to meet in Trinity church, to inaugurate a movement for the amelioration of the sad condition of the suffering thousands of our large cities.

At this meeting a plan was set into motion by which, in a systematic way, multiplied millions would be turned into a channel that should flow through the destitute districts of the cities, carrying upon its bosom healing and life.

Multitudes wondered who had written "The Tower of Trinity."

CHAPTER XXXII.

John Hatton found himself upon the verge of nervous prostration; he had carried the responsibilities and had done practically the work of three men. Upon him had rested the great anxiety and tremendously heavy task of making a conspicuous success of the work at Old Central Church; also, he had thrown his life's energy into the business enterprise in which he was engaged, and with unceasing vigilance had pushed it to victory; and, besides the tasks above mentioned, either of which was enough for any one man to perform with safety to his physical and mental health, he in the quiet hours of the night, and at such spare moments as he could from time to time snatch from the busy hours of the day, engaged in still another work which, ere long, was to bring him fame and fortune, far beyond that yielded by his efforts in the pulpit and in the world of business.

The expectant multitudes that attended upon John Hatton's ministry at Old Central, while being a great inspiration to the preacher, were unconscious of the fact that their very presence and unabated interest in the message he delivered from time to time, was undermining his strength, sapping his vi-

tality and hastening the young preacher to an early collapse and an untimely end.

The coming of the crowds, caused him with each successive effort to place the standard of his pulpit performance still higher. The thought weighed upon him continually that the people were expecting much of him, and they must not be disappointed.

Those nearest to John Hatton viewed with alarm signs whereby they discovered that his strength and powers were beginning to wane. This was not noticeable to the masses who saw him only in the pulpit, but his closest friends and intmate associates knew that on Sunday evenings he often went to his room in utter collapse and all night tossed nervously upon his bed. Frequently a physician had to be called to administer some opiate before rest would come.

It was also noticeable that the preacher was becoming exceedingly sensitive and nervous, often showing himself unreasonably irritable upon the slightest provocation.

Most of John Hatton's friends were wise and generous enough to attribute these unpleasant manifestations upon his part to his overworked condition of mind and body, and at the same time to regard them with no little apprehension.

It was after a few weeks of complete indisposition that, upon the advice of his physician and close friend, Dr. B. A. Traxler, a renowned specialist of Indianati, that John Hatton agreed to take a

two months' vacation, and go to the country for rest and recreation. Accordingly, he went to Tennessee and spent two weeks with the loved ones and friends of his childhood days.

By agreement he met his old friend Sam Langdon in Nashville, and returned with him to Princeton for a visit among his friends, in that town from which his heart had never departed.

While in many respects John Hatton's visit to Princeton was to him a source of great pleasure, it was in some other ways productive of deep sorrow and depression.

Some causes of John Hatton's sadness on revisiting Princeton shall not here be mentioned, save the fact that he had ever carried with him and kept sacredly, a ring, which upon a former occasion had been committed to his safe-keeping until the coming of a glad day, to which, through all his arduous labors in the time that had intervened, he had fondly looked. But now, upon his return to Princeton, instead of feeling nearer to his heart's desire, it appeared that his goal was farther away than ever before, and the future held no prospect of his ever reaching it.

By a previous agreement of long standing, John Hatton and Sam Langdon no more discussed a sweet sad subject, upon which in other days they had delighted to dwell. All of John Hatton's friends in Princeton, too, seemed to understand that there was one question too delicate and sacred with

him to be mentioned by them, and during his extended visit in the historic old town, a certain name was not mentioned in his presence.

One afternoon Sam Langdon suggested to his friend that they take a drive into the country, to which John Hatton gladly agreed.

Driving out a not much traveled country road, Sam Langdon, after having gone about two miles, with an unusual tenderness and pathos in his voice said, "Johnnie, you may wonder why I am driving out this way, but there is something out here you will be interested to see."

"What is it, Sam?" asked John Hatton.

"I prefer to wait, and have you see for yourself," answered Langdon.

At this point Langdon turned his horse into a narrow lane, drove down a few hundred yards, and stopped in front of a briar thicket, surrounded by a thick undergrowth of bushes, and rickety old rail fence. Inside this enclosure stood a few old cedar trees. The place was the family graveyard of the colored Tarvins.

The graves in this burying ground were not numerous, but some of them were very old. There were two, however, which had not long been made, and these were the last to be laid to their final rest in this weird ghostly place.

At the head of each of these graves stood a simple marble slab which Colonel Tarvin had caused to be placed there. Upon one was the inscription:

Here Lies
The Mortal Remains
of
—Stephen Tarvin—(Colored)—
He was true and faithful
In bondage and in freedom.
"Peace be to his ashes"—
His soul be at Rest with God.

*** *** ***

Upon the other slab was the following inscription:

Here Lies
The Mortal Remains
of
—Eliza Tarvin—(Colored)—
She was true and faithful
In bondage and in freedom.
"Peace be to her ashes"—
Her soul be at Rest with God.

*** *** ***

John Hatton stood over those graves with uncovered head and with bowed heart. He remembered the night when Uncle Stephen waited upon the deserted streets of Princeton to bid him good-by, and thought of all the faithful old negro had done for him. He likewise remembered Aunt Eliza, how good, how kind, how gentle and faithful she had been!

When he had sufficiently recovered to talk, he said, "Sam, how glad I am that you brought me here! Tell me about their illness. When did they die, the dear old creatures!"

"They were not ill long, John," said Langdon, tenderly, "for it was not long after something happened which we cannot now discuss, that they both seemed to just pine away.

"The last words Uncle Stephen uttered," Langdon went on saying, "were, 'God bless Mas' John Hatton, an' God bless—bless huh lil heart.' "

"The last words Aunt Eliza spoke," continued Langdon, "were, 'God bless my baby, and bring huh back to Mas' John.' "

Turning to his friend, John said, "Sam, they were both plain colored people, and once they were bound by the shackles of slavery, but within those dark bodies dwelled two heroic spirits. Their bodies have returned to the dust which knows no distinction of color, and their blessed spirits are pure and white as the holiest of the angels in the presence of God. The memory of them is to me now a benediction."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

John Hatton's friends were disappointed at seeing, upon his return from a two months' vacation, that his general condition instead of being improved was, if anything, worse than when he went away.

On the first occasion of worship at Central Church after his return, a great throng gathered to hear him, but the young preacher was not himself, and throughout the preliminary exercises was so perturbed as to attract the attention and provoke the anxiety of all.

There was in his eyes a vacant stare, his fingers twitched nervously, his face was pale, his body emaciated.

There was no coherency in his introductory remarks, and he paused, looking wistfully about him. Upon his face was a pained expression too pitiable to be described. A feeling of agony seized the entire audience, so deep was their sympathy for the young man whom they loved, but for whose mental and physical condition they now felt the gravest apprehension.

John Hatton stood clasping the railing of the pulpit. So tense was the anxiety of the people, that it seemed very long, until W. B. Warren who

occupied a pew near the pulpit, arose and stepped upon the rostrum, and, touching the young preacher upon the arm, said, "Brother Hatton, are you ill?"

The touch of that good man's hand seemed to restore John Hatton to a normal condition. Color came into his face, his nerves were steadied, his eye was clear, but his whole being appeared completely exhausted.

The young man looked fondly and longingly into the face of the elderly gentleman to whom he was so devoted, and kindly said, "I thank you, Brother Warren—presently I shall be myself again—perhaps I can proceed."

With some hesitancy the venerable but gallant gentleman returned to his seat.

John Hatton at once realized his condition, and, knowing that it would be impossible for him to continue the sermon, undertook to make a few remarks of explanation and apology before taking his seat.

So deep was his emotion, that it was with difficulty that he gave expression to the feeling that stirred within him.

He said, "My beloved and true friends, it is with deep regret that I am compelled to disappoint you to-day. I have learned to love you; your loving, sympathetic faces have been my inspiration. I have labored with and for you, and you have been my solace and stay. I have bestowed my heart's true love upon you as a people. You will pardon my weakness now, my dear people, when I tell you that

some strange, luring voice has been calling me—calling from afar. I know not whence this voice comes, but to me it is not unfamiliar. To it I have tried to turn a deaf ear, but still it calls, and to longer refuse to hear and answer means my death.

"To follow this voice, I must cross the sea, and roam, rest and wait in foreign lands. My only hope is to obey the summons of that voice. This, then, is perhaps the last time that we shall have communion together. I am ill—I must close.

"Let us proceed to the communion. Will you, my dear people, enter with us solemnly into this appropriation of, in symbol and by faith, the body and blood of our crucified Lord, for our redemption from sin."

Elder Dunkerman presided at the table, and the prayers of consecration offered by him and Elder Denton were different from any other prayers ever heard at that table. They both prayed as though they were prophets and had a clear vision of the future. They asked the Almighty to be with their Brother Hatton through his illness, and to go with him and save him from the perils of the sea, and to protect him while in foreign lands.

With solemn tread the deacons passed the elements of communion to the great assembly whose hearts were bowed in deep and mysterious reverence; the music passed from the mystic, weird, wailing theme to that of the calmest, sweetest, yet triumphant song.

John Hatton sat through it all as in a trance.

When the services were finished, W. B. Warren arose, and calmly said, "Dear friends, Brother Hatton is not well to-day. I fear he is seriously ill, and kindly ask that you will not come forward after the benediction. Will some one provide a carriage at the door? Let us stand and be dismissed."

The audience arose, and John Hatton in trying to stand, fell forward, prone upon the platform.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"All visitors, ashore!"" "Everybody except passengers must now go ashore!" cried officers on the steamship *Princess Irene,* a few minutes before she was to move out from the Hoboken pier for the long voyage to Naples.

Thousands who had come to say good-by to their friends and witness the departure of the ship, were standing upon the pier; hundreds of passengers and many visitors crowded the decks of the noble vessel.

Seated upon a steamer chair on the promenade deck, not yet having recovered sufficient strength after his long illness to enable him to stand or to move about among the people, was John Hatton.

Standing by either side of him were his friends, Sam Langdon and R. A. Strickland.

Langdon had come all the way from Princeton, stopping over a few days at Indianati to be with his friend, and to accompany him to New York, and take leave of him on board the ship.

Strickland, through Hatton's ministry and work in Indianati had remained constant to him; in fact, in most of his personal and business matters, had acted as his personal representative. It was but natural that he should accompany Hatton to Europe, especially as in his weakened condition the young

preacher was not able to assume any cares or responsibilities.

It was during convalescence from a long illness dating from the day of John Hatton's collapse, that his friend and physician, Dr. Traxler, advised that so soon as the young man was physically able, he should take a sea voyage. The doctor thought that the absolute rest of the voyage, freedom from care, absence from the scenes of toil, strife and continued strain, together with a long vacation in Europe, would restore him to the health and vigor of former days.

For weeks after the eventful day when John Hatton was last seen in his pulpit, his life was despaired of. The people were anguish-stricken when they saw him fall; many of them wept and sobbed, for they thought he was dead. Restoratives were hastily administered by some physicians who were present, and the people were in a measure relieved when it was announced that he had only fainted, and that there was no occasion for alarm.

But, in fact, John Hatton was carried to his room, more dead than alive; his physical vitality was nearly gone, and his lamp of reason was burning low. He talked but little, and that with voice very weak and ideas incoherent. In moments of delirium he talked only of "the sea"—"the voice that calls me"—"those distant lands," etc.

For weeks he lingered between life and death. His physicians said that he had no organic disease,

but that it was simply a collapse, a complete breakdown of body and mind, caused by overwork. Dr. Traxler said he believed the young man had been bearing some heavy burden, feeling some deep anxiety, carrying some great sorrow of which but few, if any, knew, and that this hastened his breakdown.

At last, under skillful treatment and careful nursing, the patient began to improve. Knowing John Hatton's strong attachment to Sam Langdon, R. A. Strickland had, from the beginning of John Hatton's illness, kept Langdon informed as to the preacher's condition; when he was strong enough to see his friends, Langdon was one of the first to visit him.

It was while Langdon was with Hatton that it was decided that he should leave Indianati and take the ocean voyage, and it was agreed that Langdon should return to Indianati and with R. A. Strickland accompany John Hatton to New York and see him aboard ship, as soon as he was strong enough to make the journey.

Instead of his being injured as his physicians thought he might be by the frequent calls of his many friends, John Hatton appeared to be benefited by them, and insisted upon seeing and talking with all who came.

Among his most frequent visitors and deeply interested friends was Elder C. I. Dunkerman. While being of that peculiar temperament which perhaps rendered him incapable of the strong, but tender

attachment that bound many of John Hatton's friends to him, Elder Dunkerman was genuinely interested in him. Beyond this personal regard, he (Dunkerman) had a wider view and more practical interest in the matter of John Hatton's going away, for he considered it with reference to the needs of the church both in Indianati and at large. He felt that John Hatton's work was not yet completed, and that it would be a calamity to the work so nobly begun and grandly carried forward in Indianati, that the cause of pure, practical Christianity everywhere would suffer great loss should the young preacher's career be cut short.

It was therefore at Elder Dunkerman's suggestion that the Official Board of Central Church recommended to the congregation that their minister be granted a leave of absence for one year, that he spend this time abroad, and that the church present him with three thousand dollars with which to pay his expenses; Elder Dunkerman himself headed the subscription list with one thousand dollars.

While the members of the church knew John Hatton to be abundantly able to bear his own expenses for such an outing, they unanimously and gladly adopted the suggestion of the board, and within a few minutes the entire amount was raised.

John Hatton's heart was rejoiced at this expression of love and confidence, this manifestation of deep interest in his welfare on the part of the peo-

ple he loved so much, and joyfully he accepted their offer.

All arrangements for the trip having been made by R. A. Strickland, on the appointed day, the three men, Hatton, Strickland and Langdon, left for New York.

When the hour arrived for the ship to leave, as hundreds were saying good-by 'mid smiles and tears, Langdon, holding Hatton's hand with firm grasp, said, "Brother John, I expect you to return a happier man, more than rewarded for all your labors and for all you have suffered. You will hear from me often, and you write me as you may feel disposed. I trust the voice which in your weakened physical condition you heard was not calling in vain. God is leading you into your own. May He be with you and by Him may you be returned to us, but not alone!"

"All visitors must go ashore at once, the gangway will be let down and the ship will start in five minutes!" shouted one of the ship's officers.

The great whistle of the steamer was blowing, and everybody was hurrying to and fro, as these two loyal friends gripped each other's hands, saying "good-by," and "God bless you."

The ropes were already unfastened, the men were just in the act of lowering the gangway when Langdon leaped from the ship upon the big plank, and holding to a suspending rod was swung over the pier. This was at the risk of his life, and sub-

jected him to a severe reprimand from a police officer who was standing by.

Gently, steadily, like a thing of life the big steamer moved away from the pier. The captain with several other officers in brilliant uniform stood upon the bridge. The decks were crowded with passengers leaning upon the railings waving and shouting good-by to the hundreds upon the shore.

The little "tug" had done its work of pulling the big ship out into the current of the great river, the ponderous engines began to work, the mighty screws began to turn, and with prow headed toward the far-plunging Atlantic; the journey was begun.

"Well, Parson, we are off," said R. A. Strickland, addressing John Hatton in a jocular way.

Upon John Hatton's face there was a serene smile, an expression of restfulness and contentment.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The voyage from New York to Gibraltar, where the *Princess Irene* stopped for a few hours, was without unusual incident.

John Hatton made the most of every hour, drinking in strength and vigor from the pure sea atmosphere. For the time being at least, he was in transition, leaving an old life behind him, and facing the new.

The ten days occupied between New York and Gibraltar worked a marvelous change. His complexion was cleared; the lines which had been furrowed by care and worry, were smoothed out; a new lustre glowed in his eyes; his nerves were steady, his step elastic, his spirit buoyant. When with his fellow passengers he stepped ashore to inspect the world-famed fortress of Gibraltar, John Hatton was a well man.

"You are feeling pretty good, aren't you parson?" remarked his friend Strickland, as they drove away from the pier at Gibraltar for a little tour of the interesting town, while the ship was waiting.

"I am, that I am," replied Hatton, "but say, Al," he continued, "you must not call me 'parson.' I don't want anybody we may chance to meet to know that I'm a preacher. When I think of my trying

experiences as a preacher, and of how near to death's door the ministry and all things connected with it brought me, I would like to forget it, at least until we return home, and I take up the work again."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Mr. Hatton," said Strickland.

"Now, that sounds better," said Hatton. "Understand," he continued, "while we shall violate no moral law, shall do nothing of which we would be ashamed, we are out for a good time; and, so far as I'm concerned, I propose to have it."

"Shake, old man," said Strickland, extending his hand.

The three hours at Gibraltar is an occasion one can never forget. Besides serving as a delightful break in the journey, the first experience of visiting this wonderful fortification where it seems that the God of nature conspired with man to set this impregnable guardianship over the entrance to the Mediterranean, is an event to be classed with those ecstatic heights not often attained along life's way.

But connected with John Hatton's first stop at Gibraltar there was another event, compared with which all other things there, calculated to make lasting impressions, were utterly insignificant.

As is usually the case, many of the passengers from New York debarked at Gibraltar to visit in Spain; also a number of new passengers embarked at Gibraltar for Naples and Genoa.

No more enchanting scene was ever witnessed

than that afforded the passengers of the good ship *Princess Irene* as, late that afternoon, she steamed through the straits and made for the open Mediterranean. In the background was the towering fortress, and sinking behind it the glorious sun. The historic associations connected with the surroundings, the poetry and romance in the lives of men and nations, in other days where proud fleets had sailed thither, some to sudden destruction, others to receive friendly greeting—all conspired to set one's nerves tingling, and to make one's heart beat faster.

Thus enchanted, John Hatton sat in his accustomed place on the upper promenade deck, with R. A. Strickland by his side, when, his eyes were blinded to Gibraltar; no longer saw he the glories of the setting sun; history, legend and song lost their interest.

Leisurely walking toward Hatton and Strickland were three passengers, two of whom were among those who had come aboard at Gibraltar. The three referred to were a young man and two young ladies. The young man, evidently a brother of one of the young ladies, was walking between them; the young lady next to the railing John Hatton recognized as one of the passengers from New York; the strange young lady walked on the inner side of her brother, and was nearest to Hatton and Strickland as they passed by.

The young lady from New York bowed a slight

but courteous recognition of Hatton and Strickland, and both of these gentlemen lifted their caps in response. The young man with the two young ladies returned the salute by lifting his cap, and the strange young lady slightly inclined her head without looking toward Hatton and Strickland.

John Hatton looked after her until the party of three turned the corner and passed from view.

"Al, she is beautiful," said John Hatton, after gazing for a moment at the grand receding rock of Gibraltar without seeing it. "Yes, she is wonderfully, deliciously beautiful!" he added with zest.

"Which one?" asked Strickland, with a shrug of the shoulders and a quizzical glance.

"Such grace, such a form, such a presence!" went on John. "There is the poetry, romance and tragedy of Italy and Spain in her smile!"

As he spoke the three again drew near.

As they passed immediately in front of Hatton and Strickland, the beautiful young creature in the most delightful English, addressing the other young lady with voice so mellow, so musical, so sweetly modulated as to seem more angelic than human, said, "Cousin, I have just finished reading a most wonderful American book—'The Tower of Trinity,' and I think it is lovely. Can you tell me who the author is? I should love to know. Oh, how I should like to meet the author of that book!"

A thousand emotions were surging through John Hatton's heart and brain. The bugle was sound-

ing the call to dinner, and, as Hatton arose, mechanically, involuntarily, he put his finger into his vest pocket and touched a ring. Was it an unseen, a mysterious power that guided John Hatton's hand to that ring, or was it only an accident?

Some of the people who had seats at the same table with John Hatton and Albert Strickland had left the ship at Gibraltar, and to his great surprise these places were occupied by passengers who had come aboard at that place. The young lady from New York also had obtained an exchange of seats, and she, with her two cousins with whom she had been promenading, were among the new ones at John Hatton's table.

When all were seated, this young lady, Miss Paolina Carraro, introduced to Messrs. Hatton and Strickland her two relatives from Gibraltar, Jose Juan and his sister Vesta.

By prearrangement these two young people had joined their cousin at Gibraltar, and the three were going to spend the summer in the beautiful villa owned by the Juans, at Lugano, Switzerland.

John Hatton, the Juans and Miss Carraro entered at once into mutually pleasant conversation. Albert Strickland was an interested listener, but as was his usual custom, had little to say upon first acquaintance.

During the dinner hour the conversation conveyed to Hatton and Strickland the interesting facts that Miss Carraro's mother was a sister to the

father of the two young people who had joined her at Gibraltar. The parents of these young people had died several years before, leaving large estates to their children. The Carraros many years back had left Italy and sought and obtained their fortune in America. Their only child, Paolina, with unlimited means at her command, lived alternately in America and Europe, spending much time with her relatives at Gibraltar.

But in John Hatton's eyes the attractiveness of all others, for the time, was eclisped by the transcendent charms and beauty of his new-found acquaintance, Vesta Juan. She, too, was an accomplished linguist; her voice to John Hatton was sweetest music. She had never visited America, but had become deeply interested in the recent literature of that land, especially a book that she had just finished, "The Tower of Trinity."

Addressing John Hatton personally, she said, "Mr. Hatton, you have read the book, have you not?"

"With considerable interest," John Hatton replied, as with great difficulty he concealed the embarrassment into which he was thrown.

"I notice it is published under a *nom de plume*," remarked the young lady. "Could you tell me the author's real name?" she added.

John Hatton blushed and stammered some inaudible something, his confusion being quite noticeable.

At this point Albert Strickland, always equal to

the emergency, completely diverted the attention of the little group by appearing to have lodged a fish bone in his throat. Excusing himself, and asking Hatton to go with him in quest of the ship surgeon.

The two men hurried to the upper deck, and when in safe distance from any who might hear, Strickland said, "Old fellow, it might not have been a very elegant way to do it, but I had to extricate you. You were in a close place, and I did the first thing that came into my mind."

"Al, you certainly are a trump. I'm obliged to you, but, shall we not return to the table?"

"Of course! There's no keeping of you away. The game is started, and will have to be played to the end. Honest, I must confess that I cannot see your finish," replied Strickland.

Without further comment, the two men returned to the dining-saloon.

As they walked down the stairway again John Hatton's fingers involuntarily went into his vest pocket and touched the ring. A sensation of commingled sadness, associated with that ring, and of joy on beholding the beautiful Vesta stirred within him and marked the beginning of an inward conflict which should ere long reach a culmination yet undreamed of.

The gentlemen resumed their places at the table, with Strickland yet red in the face from the experience with the fish bone. Hatton informed the

friends that the bone had been extricated without the aid of the surgeon, and had been "committed to the sea whence it came." With expressions of mirthful gratification the company received the intelligence and suggested that Mr. Strickland confine himself to less dangerous diet.

After dinner Jose Juan went to the smoking-saloon, and John Hatton, Albert Strickland and the two young ladies fell into line with the many who were walking on deck, Albert with Paolina, and John with Vesta.

For John Hatton, this beautiful daughter of the old world held a strange new fascination, different from anything he had ever felt. As her hand gently rested upon his arm, as her musical voice charmed his ear, he felt as though he had started upon a journey which, his heart wished, might never end. She interested him, she thrilled him, she captivated him.

Albert Strickland and Paolina Carraro walked in front, and it was at their suggestion, after going around the ship eleven times, making a mile, that the walk was terminated. The gentlemen bade the young ladies good night, Hatton and Strickland going to the smoking-saloon to join the young Jose Juan.

In the conversation that followed between the three young men, Italy, Spain and America were discussed at length.

The Spanish-American war was one topic of the

conversation, young Jose pathetically relating how his only brother, who had been a Lieutenant in the Spanish Navy, had lost his life in that memorable battle in which Admiral Cervera's fleet had been captured by the Americans. But with it all, he had bravely suffered his loss, and held no ill will for the Americans, believing that the issues of the war had been determined by a Supreme being, and that they were right.

At a late hour the three men parted, going to their staterooms; Albert Strickland and Jose Juan to sleep soundly, but John Hatton to lie awake through all the night long, with conflicting memories and emotions holding high carnival in his soul.

Naturally, John Hatton and Vesta Juan drifted together, and so far as was practicable remained in the company of each other through the remainder of the three days' voyage.

The five young people formed a mutually pleasant company, and it was agreed that after landing they should remain together while seeing Italy. Furthermore, at Vesta's earnest invitation it was agreed that Hatton and Strickland should visit her at Lugano, and that the entire party should spend the summer together in Switzerland.

After some weeks of delightful sightseeing in Italy, the land of music, art and architecture, the five young people boarded the train for picturesque Switzerland, where the God of nature in creation has wrought such wonders.

Through the delightful days spent in each other's company a strange, unusual attachment grew between John Hatton and Vesta Juan. Together they climbed the mountains, together they sailed upon the lakes. John recited to Vesta the thrilling accounts of American life, and Vesta, whose beautiful being seemed to embody the glories of the romance and story of Italy and Spain, held his heart captive as she recited the stories and sang the songs of those nations.

By mutual understanding these two young people loved each other.

At John Hatton's actions, Albert Strickland was puzzled, for often in the quiet secrecy of their room Hatton would take from his pocket a ring, gaze upon it and handle it fondly. Then lost in deep meditation the young preacher would sit and muse for hours at a time. Strickland knew that within the soul of his friend a conflict was going on, and being in possession of some facts which he had not communicated to Hatton, he (Strickland) was exceedingly anxious as to the outcome.

Strickland's conscience smote him because he had not communicated to Hatton—a reminder from Langdon which had, through the mails, recently come to him, but felt some relief from the fact that within a few days, in obedience to the communication, it would become necessary for both him and Hatton to go to Rome.

It is well to state here that Albert Strickland was

somewhat excusable for his seeming neglect of John Hatton's personal interests for there was an affair of his own in connection with Paolina Carraro that of late had occupied the greater part of his time.

So, one night just before retiring, Strickland said to Hatton, "I dislike to be the means of breaking up our delightful associations here in Lugano, but within a few days we must go to Rome."

"But, Al," said Hatton, "I do not care to go to Rome. It is much pleasanter here."

"Perhaps so," replied Strickland, "but we must go to Rome."

"Very well," answered Hatton. "Your word is law, in matters of this kind, and to Rome we shall go."

After some time had passed, and Strickland was asleep, John Hatton aroused him by saying: "Say, Al, if we must go to Rome why not invite our friends to accompany us?"

"Oh, go to sleep! We will talk about that to-morrow," growled Strickland.

The next day at John Hatton's urgent solicitation Jose, Vesta and Paolina agreed to accompany John Hatton and Albert Strickland to Rome.

This arrangement was against Strickland's better judgment, and had it not been that Paolina was to be in the party he would have opposed it.

Three days later these five young people were delightfully housed in the hotel "Grand Continental," at Rome. the city of the Cæsars.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

In the afternoon of their first day at Rome Jose and Vesta Juan and Paolina Carraro went to call upon relatives who lived near the Quirinal.

At John Hatton's suggestion, he and Albert Strickland called a cab and were driven to the garden on Pincian Hill. After arriving at that place the cab was dismissed, and the two friends walked leisurely over the beautiful grounds.

Pincian Hill is the pleasure resort of Rome, and this appeared to be one of the gala days of the season. The Royal Military band was giving a grand concert. The *elite* of Rome and many visitors from many nations were there, promenading through the grounds, circling around the beautiful driveways in splendid autos, and in magnificent equipages drawn by prancing steeds.

After a while Hatton and Strickland, being somewhat weary from continued walking, upon coming to the high balcony on the Pincian that overlooks the city, and finding a vacant settee, they sat down for rest and observation.

Around the driveway immediately in front of Hatton and Strickland the autos and carriages were still passing. In the band stand the great band, the pride of musical Italy, was rendering some

grand theme which to John Hatton seemed to interpret the history of Rome, as in solemn panorama the city lay before him. Drawn out like a thread in the distance was the famous Appian Way; yonder, in another direction, could be seen the ruins of the Palatine; and hard by stood the decaying Tower of Nero, near the Tarpian Rock. Within the compass of vision from that point of vantage might also be seen the oval roof of the Pantheon, under which the dust of kings has for centuries been sleeping; the ruins of the Colosseum and Forum, replete with historical wonder and thrilling story; and, silhouetted against the horizon, on the summit of a distant hill, far across the city, is the imposing equestrian statue of Garibaldi, the hero of modern Italy.

Wrought upon by some strange spell, John Hatton became deeply meditative, and was seemingly lost in a waking dream. Strickland, seeing that for the first time in a long while John Hatton had drifted into one of his moods characteristic of other days, thought it might be well to leave him alone for a short while, and discreetly arose, saying, "If you will excuse me, I will stroll around for a while and return within half an hour."

"Very well," said Hatton, only half conscious that Strickland had spoken or was leaving him alone.

The sun was sinking low in the west, and in the distance, between John Hatton and the sunset, tow-

ered the dome of St. Peter's; the vesper bell was ringing.

John awoke from his reverie as a carriage passed in front of him. In it were seated two ladies and a gentleman. As yet he had not a clear view of their faces. Suddenly, the younger one turned her face toward John Hatton, and instantly she stood up in the carriage; with a leap and a bound Eleanor Tarvin was upon the ground and in John Hatton's arms.

* * * * * * *

Here let us turn away from Rome, and go back to Princeton, Kentucky, and take up a thread of our story dropped when John Hatton left that town to take up his work in Indianati.

When John Hatton made his last visit to the Tarvin home, Mrs. Tarvin thought that affair between him and her daughter was closed forever. The dramatic scene at the door when John Hatton took leave of Eleanor Tarvin, the replacing of the ring upon her finger, and his taking it again to keep as a token of her fidelity to him had been kept as a sacred secret between the two young people. From that time until their unexpected meeting in Rome there had been no communication between them, and of each other they had heard nothing except indirectly.

From the time of John Hatton's departure from Princeton, however, Eleanor was very different from what she had been in former days. Most of

the time she passed in deep meditation, and for the society of others she seemed to care but little. Her activities in church and social life practically ceased, and what little she did do in this way was purely formal and perfunctory. All who knew her felt that she had suffered a great disappointment and was carrying a heavy sorrow.

Colonel Tarvin was deeply grieved, but silently shared with his beloved child the great disappointment that had come into her life. Mrs. Tarvin, ever anxious for the future of her daughter, tried in vain to cheer her, and continually planned social arrangements and brought about situations by which she hoped to divert the girl's mind and enlist her interest in other things.

After futile effort to cheer the heart of her daughter, Mrs. Tarvin conceived and suggested to her husband the idea of an extended visit to Europe, hoping that the sea voyage, with a complete change of environment, might cause Eleanor to forget the past experiences, which had so depressed her spirit.

To this Colonel Tarvin gave his earnest approval, and when the matter was presented to Eleanor she consented, but without any enthusiasm.

All arrangements for the trip were perfected, and Colonel Tarvin with his wife and daughter boarded the train for New York City. The journey carried them through Indianati. Only God and the broken-hearted girl can ever know the sad, sacred emotions that she felt as they passed through the city

in which lived the one and only man whom she had ever loved and for whom she could ever care. To see him, before sailing for distant lands, she knew would be impossible, but to have done so she would have almost given her life.

It was with great sorrow that Uncle Stephen and Aunt Eliza said good-by to Miss Eleanor, but they were reconciled to her going because they believed the change would be good for her, and, too, because with their simple, child-like faith they believed God would finally bring their "baby" and "Mas' John Hatton" together, to be separated no more until death.

The last few weeks before leaving Princeton Eleanor Tarvin was much with her dear friend Zanita Fulton. They talked together fully and freely, but in sacred confidence. Eleanor confided to Zanita that she still loved John Hatton, and that she could never again be happy while separated from him.

Miss Tarvin also talked freely with S. D. Langdon, and the understanding between them was that through her friend Zanita she should be kept informed concerning John Hatton's life and work while she was in foreign lands.

Colonel Tarvin, moved with tender emotion, bade a long, affectionate good-by to his wife and daughter.

On board the ship Mrs. Tarvin and her daughter soon formed many acquaintances and became very

popular with the other passengers. Eleanor was easily the most attractive young lady on board, and received marked attention.

It soon developed that the social lion among all the passengers was Count Rene de Lantenac, of Paris, who had been spending some months in America, probably in quest of some heiress whose fortune might be exchanged for the title which was his sole possession.

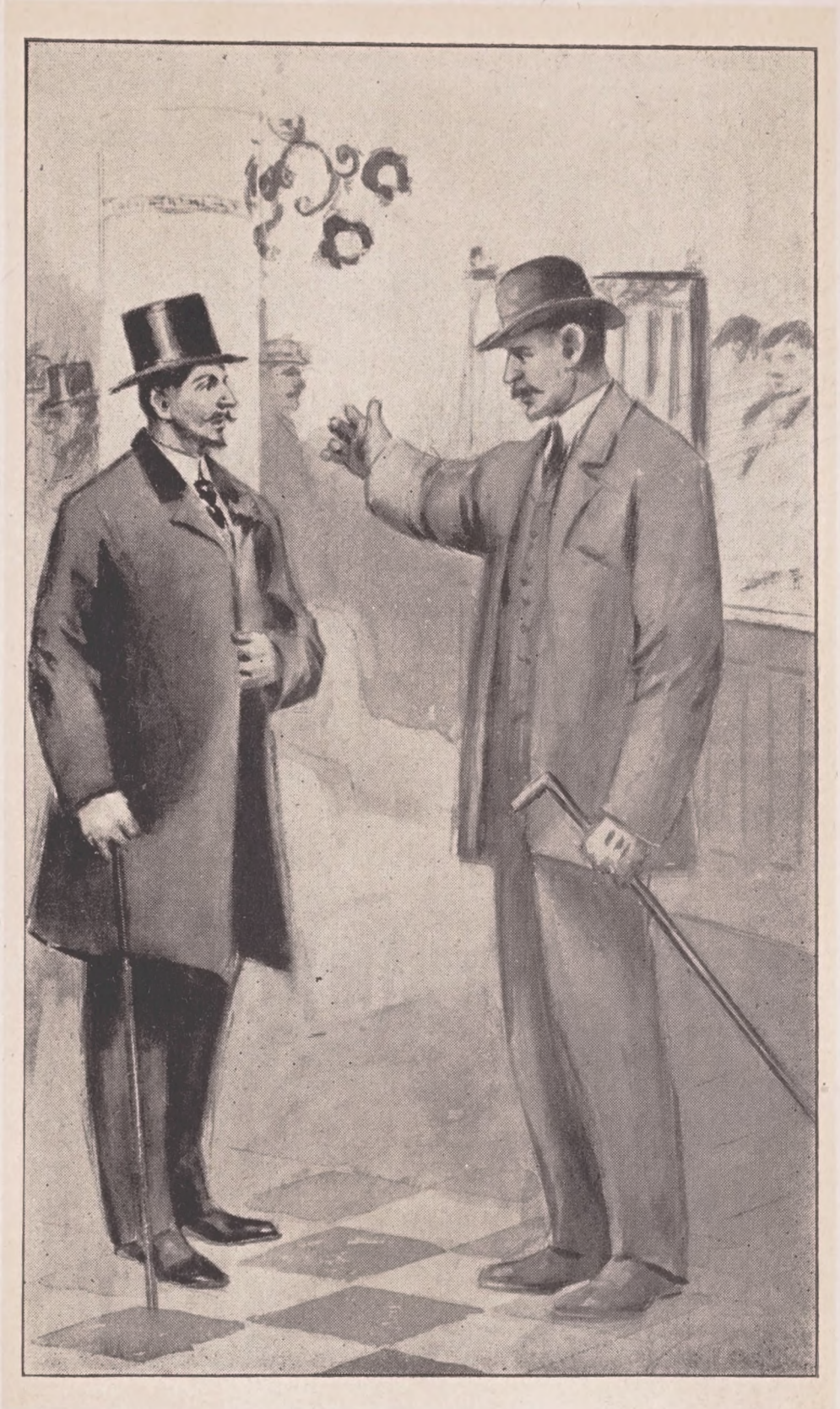
Mrs. Tarvin was much interested in the Count, and was greatly flattered by the marked courtesies paid to her by the Frenchman. Eleanor was polite to him, but, notwithstanding her mother's enthusiasm, she saw nothing extraordinary in that particular individual.

For some days the Count very wisely refrained from pressing his attentions upon Miss Eleanor, appearing to be more interested in Mrs. Tarvin than in any other lady on board.

In their extended conversation Mrs. Tarvin most adroitly let it be known that her family was possessed of large wealth, and, of course, that the daughter was the only child, and would eventually fall heir to all the Tarvin estate, all of which was very attractive to this Parisian, whose finances were at ebb.

A number of other young women on the ship were much interested in the Count, but in none of them did he see a prize worth the game.

So, while he knew Miss Tarvin as yet had not



"Albert Strickland met the Count in the hotel office."—P. 304.

(*Facing page* 284.)

given him a serious thought, he with great wisdom and cunning set about winning her, and the first task was to enlist the sympathy of her mother, which was easily accomplished.

Matters did not progress to Mrs. Tarvin's entire satisfaction, but the Count was not discouraged, for he had learned that "Madame" and her daughter contemplated spending some time abroad.

The distinguished gentleman was content to bide his time, feeling quite sure that after leaving the ship, in the gay life of Paris, the young lady would be more susceptible to his wiles.

Most graciously the Count proffered his services as escort to Mrs. Tarvin and her daughter from Southampton to Paris, which kindness and distinguished honor Mrs. Tarvin, of course, gladly accepted.

After arriving in Paris, the Count frequently called at the hotel where these American ladies were stopping; he introduced them into the social circles in which he moved, and in many ways made their stay in Paris most delightful.

Ere long Mrs. Tarvin's heart was rejoiced to see that Eleanor really appeared to like the Count and to find great pleasure in his company. Often when it had been arranged that the three should go out driving together, Mrs. Tarvin would suddenly become indisposed, and Eleanor had to accompany the Count, alone.

In the course of events, a friend of Mrs. Tarvin in Princeton, received a letter from Paris, as follows:

"ST. JAMES HOTEL,
Paris.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: We are having a glorious stay in Paris. Personally, I am enjoying it to the fullest measure, but my chief delight is from the fact that Eleanor—dear child—is so happy. Oh, you would scarcely know her, she is so well, and so different in spirit from what she was when we left Princeton. I think she has entirely forgotten the sad, silly experience which brought so much sorrow into her life.

"Believe me, it is with much pride that I tell you she is much interested in Count Rene de Lantenac, whom we met on board the ship, coming over, and who has been very constant in his attentions to her ever since. He is perfectly lovely!

"The Count confides in me, and has told me that he now feels confident of having won her affection.

"Will that not be grand? Oh, I wish you were here to rejoice with me! The marked attention paid us by so many distinguished people in Paris is just lovely.

"As you know, my dear friend, much trouble and care have fallen to my lot with reference to Eleanor, but this more than repays me for it all. Now, I can see that had it not been for the affair with that young man Hatton, we probably should not

have come to Europe when we did, perhaps we would have never met the Count, and the great honor that is to come to the Tarvin family by Eleanor's marriage would never have been.

But, it is one of those things that *was to be,* and we are happy.

"In this same mail I am conveying the good news to Colonel Tarvin. Am writing also to Dr. Ferguson—the dear good old man! He has been so lonely the past few years; the people seem to have forsaken him since that heretical young preacher led them astray. He will rejoice to know that at last his reward has come in the realization that he was one of the instruments in the hands of the Lord in saving Eleanor for the great, but worthy, honor she is about to receive.

"You may tell a few of our closest friends, but for a while do not let the public know of this affair. I desire that the surprise be sprung after the marriage has taken place.

"Believe me, affectionately yours,

"LAURA RADCLIFF TARVIN."

"Well, this is too good to keep!" said Miss Matthews, a maiden lady of fifty, formerly an active member of the church in Princeton where John Hatton preached, and a great friend of Mrs. Tarvin's.

Within a week, though Miss Matthews spoke of the matter "confidentially" to all her friends (who

were few in number), in some way her confidence was violated, and the Princeton papers got hold of the news; then the Associated Press took it, and it was published broadcast that Miss Eleanor Tarvin, of Princeton, Kentucky, was engaged to Count Rene de Lantenac, of Paris, and that the marriage would take place in the early fall of the present year.

Colonel Tarvin was furious at the news, but was unable to contradict it. He was making his plans to start to Europe, when Miss Zanita Fulton asked him to call on her as she had some important news for him.

To the Colonel Miss Fulton read the following letter:

"My Dear Zanita: I am simply frantic. There is not one iota of truth in the report of my engagement to Count Rene de Lantenac. He is a perfect bore. I dislike him! On mother's account I have treated him with respect. He has asked me to marry him. Mother has entreated me to accept him, but I have not consented and never shall! I would rather be dead than married to a man who thinks more of my money than he does of me.

"But, Zanita, did I know that he loved me devotedly and would marry me though I had not a dollar, I could never think of caring for him; for, my dear, you know I have no heart of my own to give to anyone. I love John Hatton, and though I may never see him again in this world, I know he

is true to me, and our love for each other shall be kept for eternity.

"I shall insist upon leaving Paris at an early date. Our plans are now practically made, but I fear my purpose is thwarted, for the Count insists upon meeting us in Rome, and mother will hear to nothing else.

"Your dear letter telling me of Mr. Hatton's illness, his partial recovery, and of plans to visit Europe, has just been received, and has filled me with commingled sadness and joy.

"Of course you do not know just when he will sail or for what port.

"Please make a note of this: no matter where else we may go, or whether the Count is with us, I shall on the thirtieth day of October be at the Hotel Grand Continental, Rome. That is some time off, I know, but there is a purpose in fixing it so. Please communicate these facts to Mr. Langdon. He will understand.

"Pray for me, Zanita, and give my undying love to Dad, when you see him. In to-day's mail I am writing him that the report of my engagement is false.

"God bless you always, my dear, sweet little friend. Faithfully yours,

"ELEANOR TARVIN."

"Thank God—thank God!" sobbed Colonel Tarvin as his stalwart body shook with emotion. "My

child and her fortune shall not be bartered away to a foreign pauper who has nothing to bestow upon a worthy woman but an empty title and unending misery.

"Then I shall not go to Europe now," continued the Colonel, "for Eleanor is able to take care of herself. There may be reason for my going later, but, if so, I trust it may be upon a happier mission than that upon which I was about to start."

Colonel Tarvin had been in a constant state of melancholia since the departure of his wife and daughter. Through the correspondence of his wife with some friends soon after arriving in Paris, it was generally talked in Princeton that Eleanor had completely forgotten John Hatton and had become infatuated with a foreigner. Colonel Tarvin took no account of this, but in some way it came to the ears of Uncle Stephen and Aunt Eliza, and was to their simple, confiding souls a shock from which they never recovered. At once they appeared to lose all lease upon life, some mysterious illness seized upon them, and ere long both of them died and were tenderly laid to rest by Colonel Tarvin and a few of his friends.

It was no mere incident then, when in their room at Lugano Albert Strickland said to John Hatton, at a particular time, "we must go to Rome." For before Strickland and Hatton left America Sam Langdon had said to Strickland "On a certain date which I have given you, Eleanor Tarvin will be at

the Grand Continental, in Rome. Wherever you go, or whatever you do between now and then is of little consequence," he continued, "but see to it that upon this date John Hatton and R. A. Strickland are registered also at the Grand Continental."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mrs. Tarvin at once recognizing John Hatton, threw up her hands and literally shrieked with terror, crying to Count Rene de Lantenac, "rescue my daughter from that villain!"

"But, madam," said the Count, "ze daughter did fly to ze villian. I am insult! Ze anger arise wiz Count Rene de Lantenac, and he demand ze exblanation from ze daughter, for in ze abruptness she leaves ze carriage with hastening to ze villain!"

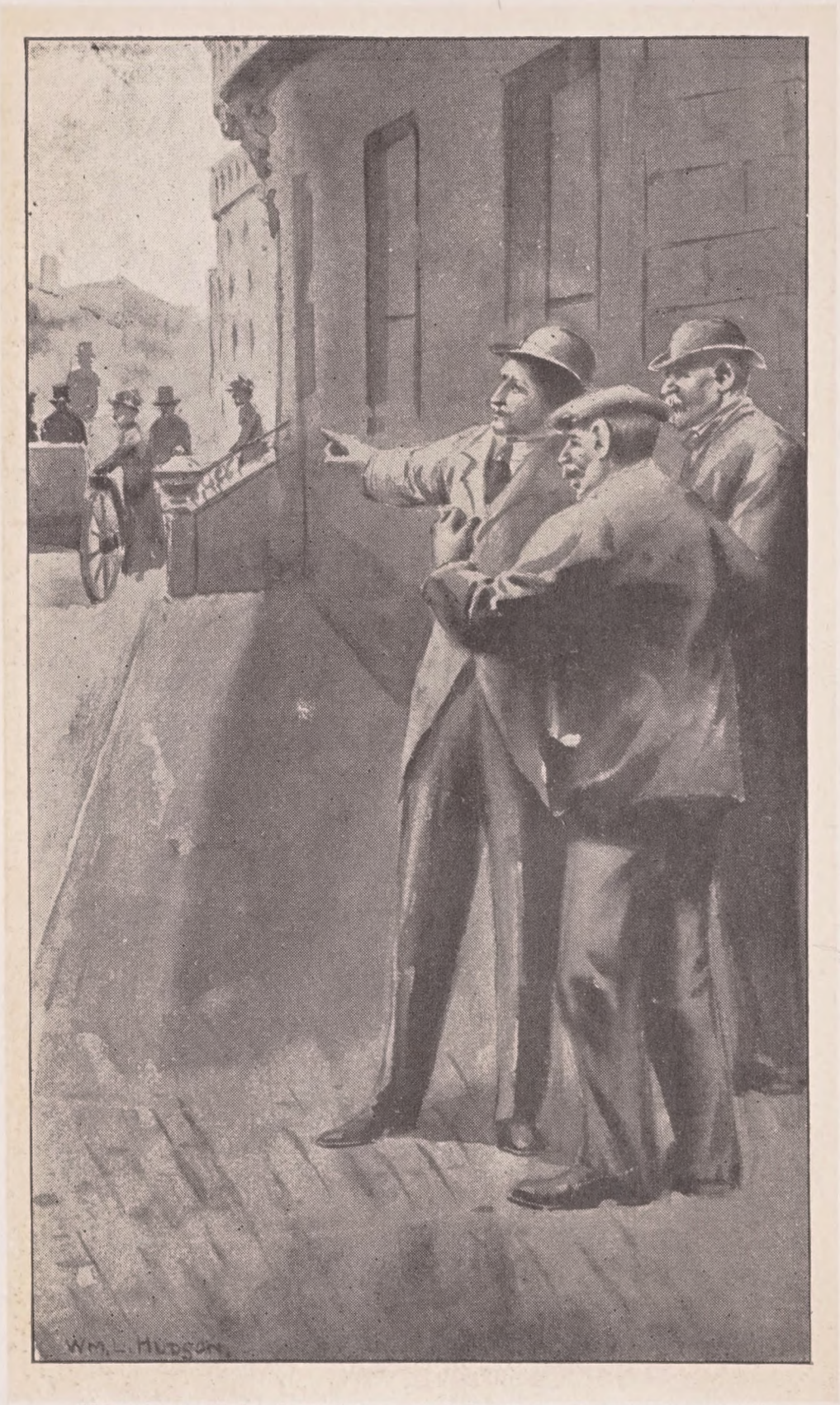
Mrs. Tarvin alighted, and with the Count approached John Hatton and Eleanor.

John Hatton bowed to Mrs. Tarvin politely, but said not a word.

Mrs. Tarvin said, "Sir, I do not understand this, and I demand that you leave our presence at once, and never speak to my daughter again."

"Mrs. Tarvin," replied John Hatton, "this is not the result of any prearrangement upon my part. I did not know that you and your daughter were in Rome, and can assure you, if I may say it, that this is the happiest surprise of my life."

The Count bowed low, saying, "And it is ze greatest surprise zat has come into ze career of Count Rene de Lantenac, and he request ze exbla-



"He is a rich American, and has much money on his person."—Page 300.

(*Facing page* 293.)

nation of ze young lady why she leave ze carriage in such discourteous manner. Is ze gentleman of blood relation?"

John Hatton, without speaking, bowed to Eleanor, then facing Mrs. Tarvin and the Count, stood attention, and waited the young lady's reply.

"Mother, and Count de Lantenac, all I have to say is that this is the most glorious surprise of my life. I have waited and suffered, and I have prayed God to bring us together, with the vow that should we meet again, it would be to separate no more.

"And now, Count de Lantenac," she continued, "please accept my thanks for the attention and courtesies you have shown me, but with the understanding that they end here and now."

"And, mother," the young lady continued, "I prefer to be left alone for a while with Mr. Hatton. I will join you at the hotel within an hour."

Mrs. Tarvin hesitated, but saw determination written upon the face of her daughter, and, turning to the Count, said, "Will you please, sir, be kind enough to escort me to the hotel?"

"Wiz pleasure, madam," most graciously replied the Count.

Then, bowing to Miss Tarvin and John Hatton, the Count said, "Your dismissal is accepted for ze present, and of ze gentleman I shall have ze satisfaction."

When left alone John and Eleanor sat down for a few minutes' conversation.

"Tell me, what can all this mean?" said John Hatton.

"I do not know," replied Eleanor, "unless it is just one of those things which, as mother often says, *'was to be.'*"

"Let us not try to account for it, but rejoice that it is true," said John Hatton.

"Where are you stopping?" asked Eleanor.

"At the Grand Continental," he replied, and asked, "And where are you stopping?"

With a laugh, she said, "At the Grand Continental."

"That is passing strange," observed John Hatton. "And we do not have to be separated again?" he asked.

"Not unless you so elect," she said.

John Hatton took from his pocket the ring she had given him at Princeton, and held it up before her.

He slipped it on her finger, and the hearts of both were again at rest.

"Do you know," Eleanor said, after a most appropriate intermission, "I fear trouble from this Frenchman. You remember he said something about 'satisfaction'—and perhaps that means a challenge to fight a duel."

"Duel!" laughed John Hatton—"what claim has he upon you, that should call for a duel with me?"

"None whatever, so far as I am concerned, save as mother has led him to expect that he could win

my hand. But perhaps he feels that we have insulted him, and that you, being the gentleman, should be held responsible for it," said Eleanor.

"Very well. I have no uneasiness upon that score," said John Hatton.

"We have some time yet," remarked Eleanor. "Let us sit here and talk for a little while. There are a thousand questions I want to ask you."

"I want you to tell me all about yourself and what you have been doing all this long while. I heard of your illness, through Mr. Langdon and Zanita. Why did you come to Europe? Have you succeeded with your work? Tell me about your preaching, and your church—I know you have had great success—have you ever thought of me? Oh, by the way, you of course have read 'The Tower of Trinity'?—everybody has read it—I could not but think of you when I read that wonderful book, for it is so much like you—just like the sermons you used to preach in Princeton. Oh, dear! tell me everything."

John Hatton saw Albert Strickland walking leisurely toward them.

"My dear, I can't tell you *everything* now, for I see my friend coming toward us—but one thing which you will rejoice to know, and which I will tell you now, is, that I am the author of 'The Tower of Trinity.' "

At this moment Albert Strickland approached the couple, and Hatton arose, saying, "Miss Tarvin, this

is my good friend and traveling companion, Mr. R. A. Strickland, of Indianati."

Strickland bowed courteously as the young lady arose and with extended hand said, "Mr. Strickland, I am very happy indeed to see you. Through Mr. Langdon, of Princeton, I have often heard of you, and now, especially in existing circumstances, I am delighted to see you."

"I thank you," said Strickland, bowing again.

A thousand thoughts shot through his mind in connection with the fact that he had a very complicated matter on his hands, for which he in a large measure was responsible.

Just what would be the outcome of the meeting between Eleanor Tarvin and Vesta Juan, which, he realized must soon take place, was the thing that puzzled him. His conscience smote him, too, because he might have avoided the meeting of these two young women, and would have done so, had it not been for his own attachment to Paolina Carraro, which had, to some extent, led him to neglect the interests of his friend.

"Al," said Hatton, "isn't it remarkable that we should have this happy meeting here in Rome, and especially that we should all be stopping at the same hotel?"

"Quite so," replied Strickland, and a knowing glance passed between Strickland and Miss Tarvin.

Strickland looked at his watch, and observed that

it was time that they should be returning to the hotel.

Upon arriving at the hotel, Eleanor found that her mother had become very much indisposed, and desired to be left alone in her room during the evening.

There was awaiting Miss Tarvin, also, a note from Count Rene de Lantenac asking that he might call that evening for a final conversation, to which she courteously, but positively, replied, declining to see him again.

Eleanor Tarvin, John Hatton and Albert Strickland were sitting in the large reception parlor of the Grand Continental, when from the adjoining music room came the strains of beautiful, pathetic music, an old Spanish love song.

Eleanor was at once all attention, and softly exclaimed, "How wonderfully sweet!"

Strickland was disturbed, and John Hatton turned pale, for it was Vesta Juan who was playing and singing.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Eleanor, just as the music ceased, seeing the very unusual expression upon his face.

Just then a beautiful young woman, the embodiment of grace and poetry, came gliding into the room, and exclaimed, "Oh, you are here! I have just been amusing myself at the piano, waiting for you to come. Jose and Paolina are out for a walk, but Mr. Strickland will not be jealous of Jose for

he is a cousin." And then, with a merry laugh, she gracefully glided up to John Hatton with extended hand, saying, "How are you, anyhow? Have you passed the day pleasantly? Is it as delightful in Rome as it was in Lugano?"

All the while, Vesta Juan had not taken notice of Eleanor Tarvin, as this was a public room, and the presence of strangers was not uncommon.

John Hatton was confused, and could say nothing.

Albert Strickland arose, saying, "Miss Juan, we have been delighted to-day by an accidental meeting with some friends from America. Miss Tarvin, will you meet Miss Juan?"

Eleanor Tarvin arose, the two young women looked each other straight in the eyes; in an instant each divined the purpose of the other's presence.

"Be seated, please," said Albert Strickland.

Then for a moment there was a painful silence, which John Hatton broke by awkwardly stammering, "Miss Tarvin, we met Miss Juan, her brother and her cousin on the ship coming over," then realizing how awkwardly he had put it, tried to make amends by saying, "but we have found it very pleasant to be with them."

"Thanks, Mr. Hatton," said Vesta, with a tinge of sarcastic irony in her voice, continuing, "I trust the months you have spent with us have not bored you, and feel at least that you should not regret it

on account of its significance to your friend Mr. Strickland."

Here Eleanor spoke for the first time, saying, "I'm sure Mr. Hatton has enjoyed your society, Miss Juan, and it certainly has been very beneficial to him. I understand he was in very poor health when he left America, but now he looks as though he was never ill a day in his life."

"Indeed I have been very happy, and shall never forget the marked kindnesses and courtesies extended us by Miss Juan and her brother," said poor John.

Just then Jose and Paolina entered the room, and were introduced to Miss Tarvin.

The six young people were seated near each other, John and Vesta, Jose and Eleanor, Albert and Paolina, and easily drifting into conversation, the high tension of the few minutes before was soon relieved.

Naturally, when it was time for dinner, the young people went to the dining-room in the order named.

During the progress of the meal, Jose Juan suggested that a delightful way to spend the evening would be to go to the Colosseum and view the ruins by moonlight. To this proposition they all agreed, and ordered cabs to be ready when dinner was over.

Count Rene de Lantenac's valet was standing in front of the hotel when the three cabs drove up and

stopped. From the hotel porter the valet learned that three young couples then in the dining-room were going to drive over to the Colosseum.

The valet hastened to the Count's room and conveyed to him the information just obtained. A low and hurried conversation was carried on in French between the Count and his valet.

The valet was standing in the shadow of the hotel when the young people came out to get into the waiting cabs. Standing in the shadow near him were two ugly specimens of the lowest Italian element, ragged and hungry, and muttering hatred and vengeance against the rich Americanos.

The valet motioned them over to him, and whispered to them that these people were going to the Colosseum, and might spend hours there seeing the ruins by the moonlight. Then, pointing to John Hatton, who with Vesta Juan was seated in the rear cab, said, "He is a rich American, and has much money on his person. Wait for him within some dark spot within the Colosseum and there is your opportunity."

As they drove through the streets of Rome, Vesta said, "Mr. Hatton, you love the beautiful American lady, and she loves you?"

"My dear girl," said John Hatton, "it is true. She and I have loved each other for a long while, but our meeting to-day was a complete surprise, for I did not expect ever to see her again."

"Then, Mr. Hatton, my heart is broken," said

Vesta. "I would to God I could die to-night, for there is no reason now why I should live. Death would be sweet now with the thought of the happy hours we have spent together, and that I should not have to suffer the pangs of knowing another to be in possession of that upon which my heart had been fixed."

"Do not talk that way, please," said John Hatton, "for it makes me very sad. There shall always be within my heart a warm place for you, even as there has been during these happy days we have spent together."

"After to-night I feel that we shall be separated forever," said Vesta.

"Oh, no, no, no!" said John Hatton, "there are many things I have yet to say to you. You must know the story of Miss Tarvin and myself, and you *must* understand me more fully, for then you cannot censure me. Then you will love her, and at least have sympathy in store which will render you completely happy. You are too beautiful and good to suffer."

"Perhaps there is something supremely good awaiting me, but not in this world," sadly remarked Vesta, as they were alighting from the cab to enter the Colosseum.

The three couples were met at the entrance to the Colosseum by Georgioli, a faithful Roman guide, who was to show them through and explain the wonders of the vast ruins.

Following Georgioli first, were Jose Juan and Eleanor, next came Albert Strickland and Paolina Carraro, and in the rear John Hatton and Vesta Juan.

After strolling for an hour or more through the ruins, listening to the thrilling story of Georgioli as he told the history of the Colosseum and the people associated therewith, the party becoming weary, decided to rest for a while.

John and Vesta were seated perhaps thirty paces from the others upon an old broken column which lay in front of one of the dark recesses where in other days the gladiators had stood waiting their turn to come forth into the arena.

Suddenly, quick as a flash, two dark figures shot out from the alcove, and one of them plunged a stiletto into John Hatton's back. At the same instant the other snatched from his pocket the wallet containing his money. With a scream, Vesta sprang up. A blade flashed in the moonlight, and she fell beside the apparently lifeless form of John Hatton.

The assassins disappeared by the time the horror-stricken party reached John and Vesta.

With the exception of Georgioli, all the party were too excited to do anything but wail and scream and run to and fro without purpose.

Georgioli lifted Vesta up, but saw she was dead. Then he discovered that John Hatton was still breathing, but unconscious. Rushing out to the street, he called for the police, and three cabs. The

wounded man and the dead girl, with the terrified party, were hurried to a hospital.

The entire police force of Rome were called into activity in search of the murderers, but never succeeded in apprehending them.

Count Rene de Lantenac and his valet chuckled with delight at the result of the evening, knowing that they would be exempt from the law, as the assassins had committed the crime for the purpose of robbery only.

Vesta's premonition that she should find no more happiness in this world had come true.

Albert Strickland and Eleanor Tarvin would not leave the hospital, for momentarily it was expected that John Hatton would die.

The sad intelligence of the evening was conveyed to Mrs. Tarvin, and she insisted that her daughter return at once. This Eleanor positively refused to do, and Mrs. Tarvin, thrown into a fit of nervous excitement, asked that Count de Lantenac be sent for.

The Count was profuse in his sympathy, and agreed to accompany Mrs. Tarvin and Eleanor to Paris at once, provided the young lady could be persuaded to go.

The physicians and nurses announced that the patient was still alive, and that there was one chance in a thousand for his recovery. Eleanor said that in no circumstances would she leave Rome while John Hatton was alive. She refused to discuss

the question with her mother, and would not speak to the Count.

Albert Strickland met the Count in the hotel office, and calling him aside, said: "See here, sir, your services are not needed any further in this affair. Since Mr. Hatton's sad experience, I am for the time being Miss Tarvin's protector. She desires that you leave her alone, and her wishes must be respected. Her mother is not now responsible for what she does or says. For your own good, I advise you to leave Rome on the next train."

With a scowl and a sneer the Count turned away without uttering a word, but on the next train for Paris, the Count and his valet were passengers.

The morning papers of Europe and America the next day announced that the Rev. John Hatton of Indianati, U. S. A., the author of "The Tower of Trinity," had on the previous evening been stabbed at Rome, and that the wound was probably fatal.

The same day, Colonel Tarvin at Princeton, Kentucky, received a cablegram from his daughter: "Come at once."

John Hatton lingered for a week at the point of death. Eleanor remained by his side, and prayed day and night for his recovery. His parents and loved ones at home prayed that he might recover and be restored to his people. Thousands of telegrams and letters of sympathy poured in to him at Rome from his native land.

Fourteen days from the date when the attempt was made upon John Hatton's life, Colonel Tarvin, Sam Langdon, and the Rev. M. J. Grandin (by whom he had been baptized when taken into the church, and who had been his constant friend), arrived in Rome, and were delighted beyond measure to find their friend out of danger. After a week had elapsed the patient began to improve and within a month, was able to leave the hospital and go to the hotel.

Upon the discovery of John Hatton's fame and riches, Mrs. Tarvin changed attitude toward him altogether, and humbly begged his forgiveness of all the injustice and wrongs she had done him.

The party of Americans remained some weeks longer in Rome until John Hatton was fully recovered.

Albert Strickland had been corresponding with Paolina Carraro, and it was arranged that she should return to Rome, and accompany the party to London, and thence to New York.

Ten days before Christmas this party of Americans stopped at the Hotel Victoria in London.

Through the American Embassador, a legal arrangement was made by which the Rev. M. J. Grandin might perform the marriage ceremony in Great Britain, and in the parlors of the hotel, Albert Strickland and Paolina Carraro, and John Hatton and Eleanor Tarvin were quietly married.

During the wedding dinner the following message was received:

"GIBRALTAR, Dec. 16, 1908.

"With sad memories I send congratulations.

"JOSE JUAN."

For a moment there was silence, and then the beautiful Mrs. Eleanor Hatton, lifting her glass, sweetly said: "Let us drink to the health and happiness of Jose, and to the memory of the sainted Vesta."

There were tears in all their eyes as they participated in the sweet, sad libation.

On Christmas eve the "Lusitania" landed at the New York pier.

A great throng had gathered to give welcome to the author of "The Tower of Trinity."

Standing upon the deck viewing the joyful demonstration, Mrs. Tarvin wept upon the shoulder of her husband and said: "Surely, Colonel, this *was to be.*"

John Hatton drew his wife close to him, saying: "At last, my dear, we have come into our own," and, turning to her mother, took her gently by the hand, saying: "Mrs. Tarvin, concerning Eleanor and myself, at least, your theology and mine agree."

THE END.

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